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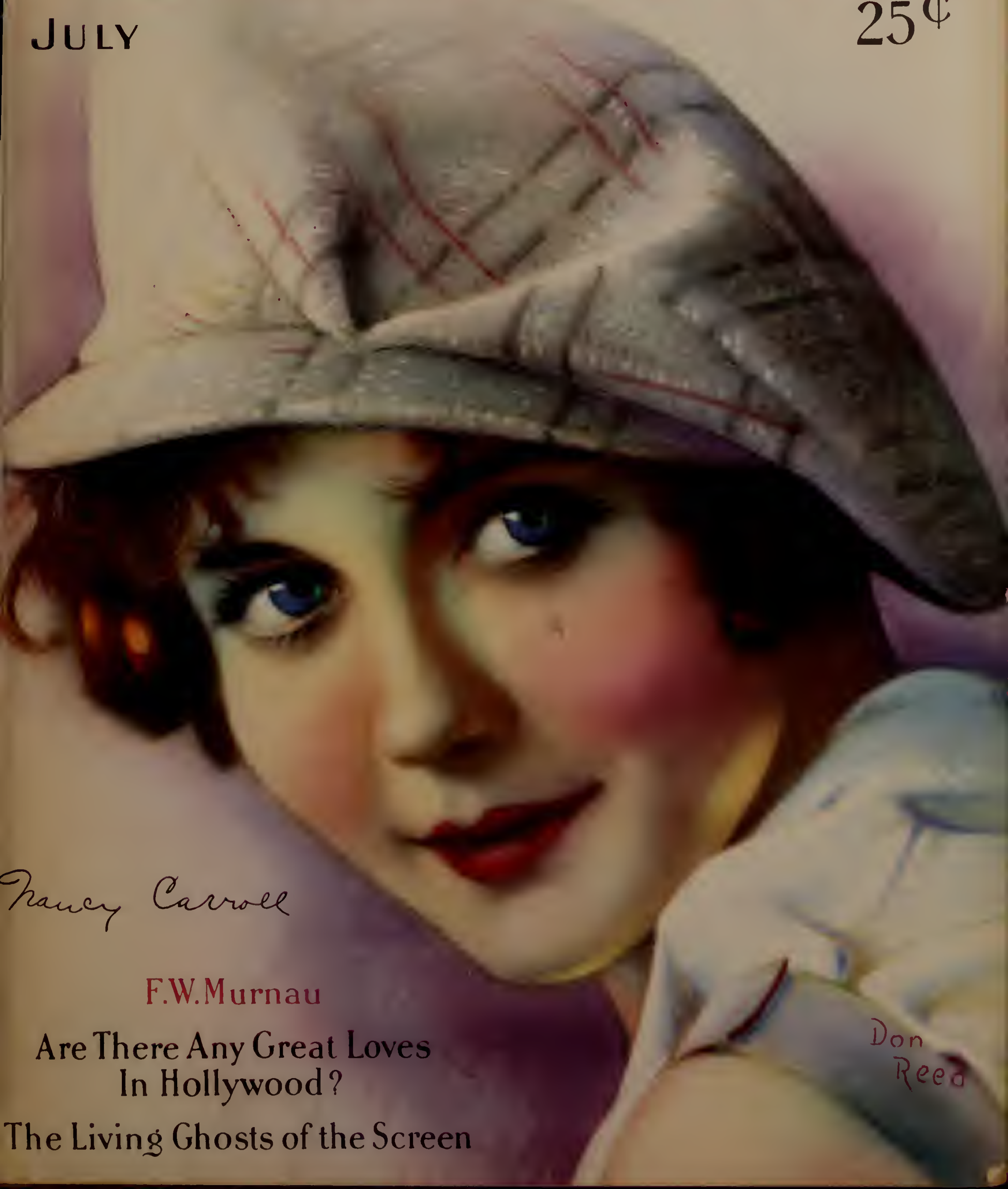
MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

JULY

25¢



Nancy Carroll

F.W. Murnau

Are There Any Great Loves In Hollywood?

The Living Ghosts of the Screen

ARTHUR LITTLE

Live Your Romances!

Keep That Schoolgirl Complexion!

In Paris, too,
It's now Palmolive

Today in France, home of cosmetics, Palmolive is one of the two largest selling toilet soaps, having supplanted French soaps by the score. French women, the most sophisticated of all women in beauty culture, by the thousands have discarded French soaps and adopted safe and gentle Palmolive.

BEAUTY, *Charm, Youth* may not be the fundamentals of Romance, but they *help*. Few readers of a "best seller" picture the heroine more than partially unpossessed, at least, of those attributes.

To *live* one's romances today, one stays young as long as she can, makes herself as *naturally attractive* as she can and trusts the rest to her womanly intelligence. Under modern rules in skin care, thousands of women have gone an amazingly long way in that direction.

Those rules, say experts, start with cleansing the skin *regularly* of beauty-imperiling accumulations; which means the use of soap and water The secret is that only a *true complexion soap* should be used on the face.

Do this night and morning

So, largely on expert advice, more and more thousands of women turn to the balmy lather of Palmolive, used this way:

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold.

If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake—then note the difference one week makes. The Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Ill.

THE PALMOLIVE PEET CO U.S.A.
PALMOLIVE
PALMOLIVE

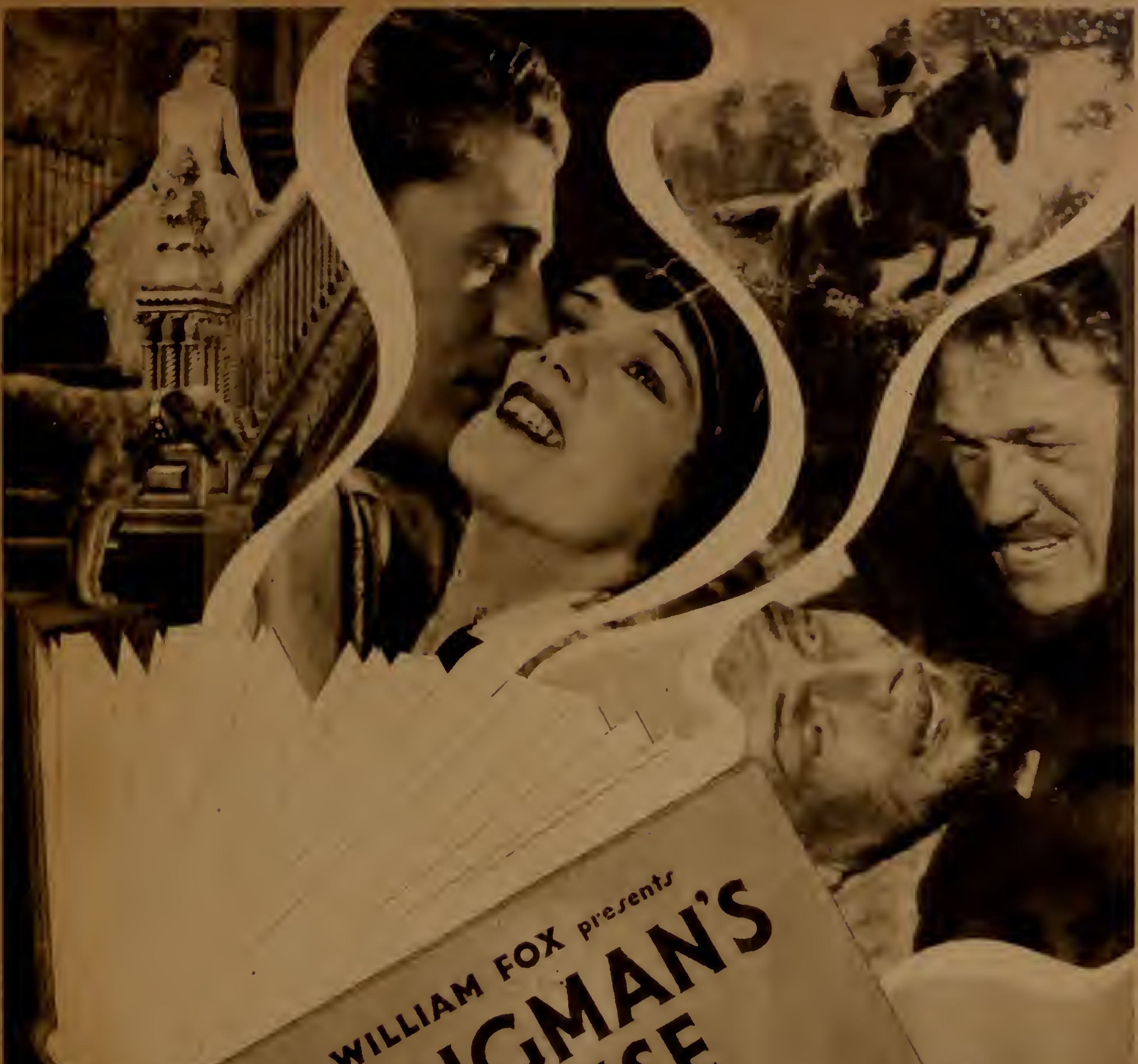
Retail Price
10c

3819

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper it is never sold unwrapped

PAMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Friday night—from 10 to 11 p. m., eastern time; 9 to 10 p. m., central time over station WEAF and 28 stations associated with National Broadcasting Company.

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION


WILLIAM FOX presents
HANGMAN'S HOUSE
with
VICTOR M'LAGLEN
June Collyer
and
arry Kent
John Ford
roduction

TAKING his story from "Hangman's House," the greatest novel Donn Byrne ever wrote and one of the world's best sellers, John Ford has again revealed his peerless genius for making screen history.

"Hangman's House" will be a great picture even ten years from now. Its wild, high-spirited tale of Irish love and hatred, Irish devotion and Irish vengeance, will never grow old!

You'll see your favorites at their best in this masterpiece of one of the world's master story tellers—Victor McLaglen as the mysterious Citizen Hogan; June Collyer as the unwilling bride of the Villain D'Arcy, portrayed with rare skill by Earle Fox; handsome Lawrence Kent as the faithful lover and loyal friend—a superb cast assembled by an incomparable director to do justice to an inimitable story!

Watch for "Hangman's House" at your local theatre. Put it down now as one picture you don't want to miss!

Special
One Dollar Offer

Subjects:

- Mary Astor
- Clara Bow
- James Hall
- Jack Holt
- Fred Thomson
- Sally O'Neil
- Ruth Taylor
- Ralph Forbes
- Olive Borden
- John Gilbert
- Dolores Costello
- Marcelline Day
- Renée Adorée
- Eleanor Boardman
- Charles Farrell
- Tom Mix
- Rudolph Valentino
- Janet Gaynor
- Joan Crawford
- June Collyer
- Vilma Banky
- Ramon Novarro
- Rod LaRocque
- Lloyd Hughes

You can have this wonderful set of pictures of your favorites if you act promptly. For a limited time we offer you this fine set of 24 new gravure pictures, size 5½ by 8 inches, with the next four issues of MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, for One Dollar. That's a bargain! The pictures are just the thing for your den or your collection. Suitable for framing, too. Just pin a dollar bill to the coupon and mail to-day. Subscribe for your friends and we will send them each a set of pictures. Do it now!

Canada, twenty-five cents extra—Foreign, fifty cents extra.

7 M.P.C.

MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC., Offer No. 3.
Paramount Bldg., New York.

For the enclosed $1.00 please send me the set of twenty-four new pictures of motion picture stars and the next four issues of MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC.

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Start with..................issue.

MOTION PICTURE

CLASSIC

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LAURENCE REID, Editor
Colin J. Cruickshank, Art Director
CLASSIC comes out on the 12th of every month, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE the 28th

Subscription $2.50 per year, in advance, including postage, in the United States, Cuba, Mexico and Philippine Islands In Canada $3.00; Foreign Countries $3.50 per year. Single copies 25 cents postage prepaid. United States Government stamps accepted. Subscribers must notify us at once of any change in address, giving both old and new address.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC., AT 18410 JAMAICA AVE., JAMAICA, N. Y.
Entered at the Post Office at Jamaica, N. Y., as second-class matter, under the act of March 3rd, 1879. Printed in U. S. A.
George Kent Shuler, *President and Treasurer;* Duncan A. Dobie, Jr., *Vice-President;* Murray C. Bernays, *Secretary.*

EXECUTIVE and EDITORIAL OFFICES, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City
European Agents, Atlas Publishing Company, 18, Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4.
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LETTERS from CLASSIC Readers

$15.00 LETTER

Something to Think About

DEAR EDITOR:

Come with me to a movie, fellow citizens, and bring your sense of humor and a bit of forbearance for the shortcomings of your neighbors.

Have you ever counted the number of times you have risen to let others pass, or caught your hair or hairnet on coat buttons of those passing behind you? Ah, an argument for persons with long tresses *not* to remove their hats! And how about those knees being braced against your seat or a medley played by feet thereupon? Not so good, eh?

Do you give or receive the "fifty-seven varieties" of perfume, powder, onions or other edibles, including gum? Are you the kind of gum addict that leaves the used article for the rest of us to further enjoy? It's a fine stunt, too, to shop, go to a movie, take all your packages—and rattle and *rattle* them! And oh yes—someone is always glad to read the lines for you, *unsolicited*, or the flappers will flap for you about their latest conquests. Ah well, a good time was had by all! But—have a heart—you, *you* and *you! ! !*

(Miss) Mary B. Davis,
Washington, D. C.

$10.00 LETTER

Give Them a Hand

DEAR EDITOR:

"YOU can never depend on the stars of today. They are so different, so fickle!" Thus spoke a friend of mine.

Is it really the stars that are fickle or are they merely trying to satisfy an ever-changing public? Heavens! Could it possibly be us—the public, that are fickle? When I see people changing their favorites as quickly as they change their clothes, I wonder.

Let us look at the stars' side of it. They have learned from experience how easy it is to be replaced by a younger face, a more beautiful profile, or for seemingly no reason at all. Yes, to be changed by the demands of the public who seemed to worship them a few months before. They have seen Charles Ray, Lila Lee, Bessie Love, Bebe Daniels, and Phyllis Haver all reach stardom and popularity. They have seen these same players fall from stardom and fight to come back.

The stars of today know the fickleness of the public. They know that they must be changeable in themselves, constantly giving the public new types. They work hard to render themselves worthy of the places they hold in the film world. Don't crab at them. Give them a hand.

Mabel Shelhart,
San Pedro, Calif.

$5.00 LETTER

A Bargain at That

DEAR SIR:

I SOMETIMES drop in to see a movie when it's raining, and on such occasions there is flashed before my eyes, previous to the starting of the picture, the information that the picture has been passed by the Board of Censorship. I have heard people say, "What is it that this board censors?" But let's go on with the story.

One of the pictures I saw a while ago, as the rain poured down outside, showed a scene in which a white man grabs a native girl in the tropics. He is on a couch, where she has just brought him refreshment. She fights him, but she's very small. The scene is cut, then flashed on again, with the native girl just gone. The man takes a drink!

In another picture a married woman gives her married lover the key to her apartment. She knows he is coming! She is shown, taking a nice bath under a shower! Next, we see her in bed. He's gone! She picks up the phone from a stand near the head of the bed and gets his message. A flash shows him giving it to her. Presumably he's just saying "Good Night!" Perhaps he forgot it before.

Censorship is certainly necessary. What is it they censor? Don't be silly! Well, what do you expect to see for fifty cents, anyway?

William Sanford,
Box 574, San Diego, Calif.

$1.00 LETTER

"We Americans" Solves the Problem

"WE Americans" is a phenomenon! When a picture can satisfy a universal demand, it is extraordinary. By its variety of phases "We Americans" answers the demand of practically every class of people.

Its spirit of patriotism for the military; its love story for the romanticist; its pathos for the emotionalist; its beauty and moral for the student and poet; its comedy for the fun lover! Whenever any one picture combines an interest for so many individuals, it is phenomenal. Few pictures have accomplished this feat.

It has, in addition, a duo-appeal, to Americans, as well as to the foreign interest, with its Italian, German, Jewish and Irish characters, each one made individually lovable and interesting. Pleasing nationalities has been a problem to producers. This picture is a solution.

Almost anyone from stenographer up to president and from manager down to bellhop may go to see it, and be pleased. Was there ever any one picture so constructed as to interest so varied a group of individuals? That is clever work and it should enjoy a long run, covering as it does so huge a scope.

Chrystine M. Rannells,
St. Louis, Mo.

$1.00 LETTER

Modern Stuff for Younger Generation

DEAR EDITOR:

GIVE us more of Clara Bow and Buddy Rogers. We, the younger generation, make up the biggest part of the theater-going public, therefore, why not give us what we want. We want modern life stories, not old-fashioned pictures. We go to the theater to be entertained, not to cry our heads off seeing an out-of-date tragedy. Young girls and boys want mirth, gaiety and laughter.

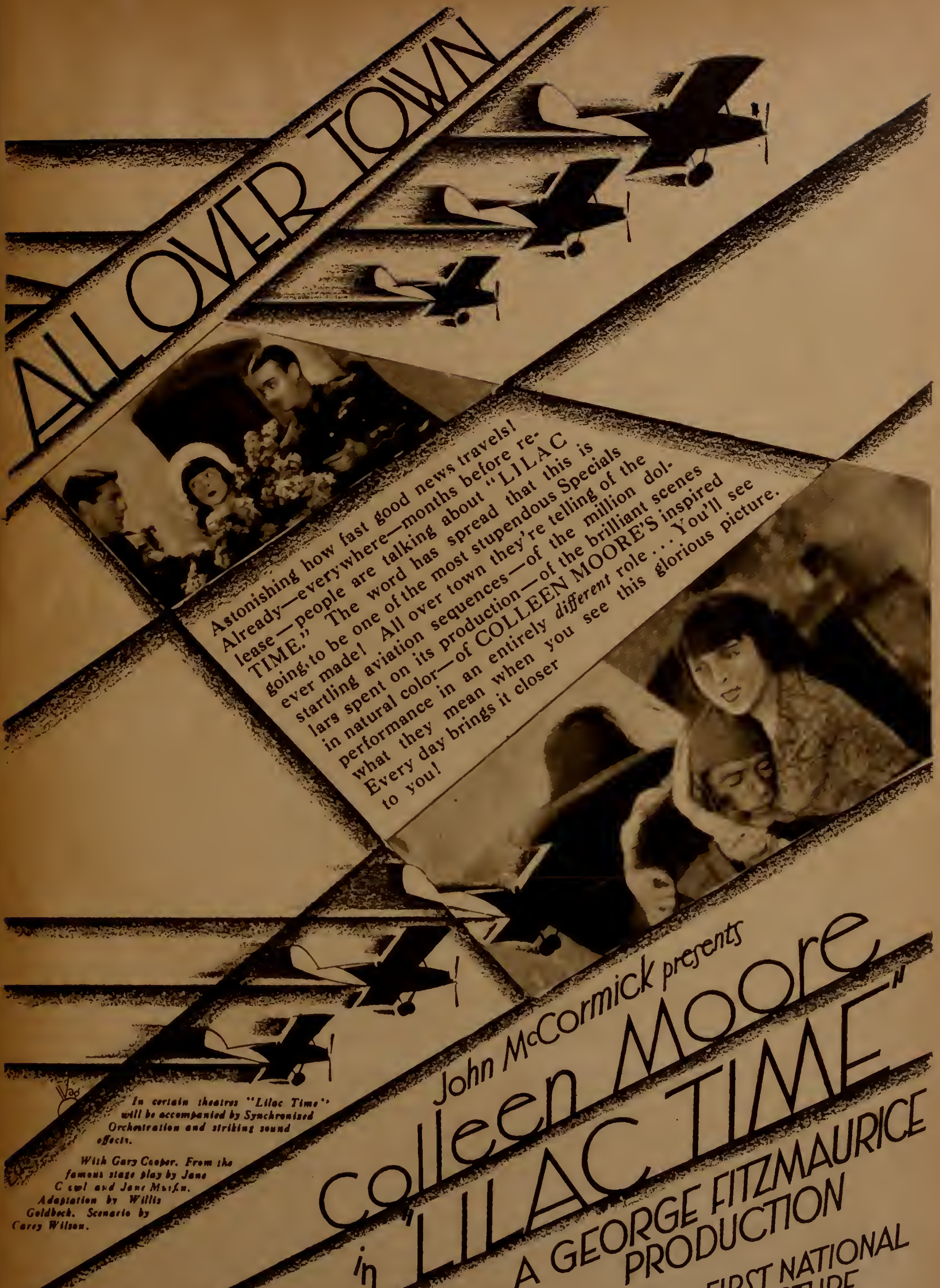
Eleanor Holtje.

We Want to Know

What you think of the movies and the stars. This page is devoted to CLASSIC's readers, who are invited to write about their impressions of the pictures and players. Be as brief as possible, as letters must not exceed 200 words. We also suggest that you be entirely fair in your views. In other words, CLASSIC would like to receive constructive criticism or arguments about the productions and performances.

Fifteen dollars will be paid each month for the best letter, ten dollars for the second, and five dollars for the third. Besides these three prizes, we will also pay one dollar for any other letters printed. If one or more letters are found of equal merit, the full prize will go to each writer.

Anonymous letters will not be considered. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. This is your department. We want you to take advantage of it. Letters must be addressed: The Letter Box, CLASSIC, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York.



ALL OVER TOWN

Astonishing how fast good news travels! Already—everywhere—months before release—people are talking about "LILAC TIME." The word has spread that this is going to be one of the most stupendous Specials ever made! All over town they're telling of the startling aviation sequences—of the million dollars spent on its production—of the brilliant scenes in natural color—of COLLEEN MOORE'S inspired performance in an entirely *different* role . . . You'll see what they mean when you see this glorious picture. Every day brings it closer to you!

John McCormick presents

Colleen Moore

in

"LILAC TIME"

A GEORGE FITZMAURICE PRODUCTION

A FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE

Takes the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"

In certain theatres "Lilac Time" will be accompanied by Synchronized Orchestration and striking sound effects.

With Gary Cooper. From the famous stage play by Jane Cowl and Jane Murfin. Adaptation by Willis Goldbeck. Scenario by Carey Wilson.

Last Minute News

As "The Patent Leather Kid," Richard Barthelmess' successful epic of the U. S. Tank Corps, presented the American side of the war, "Out of the Ruins," his next picture, will present the French viewpoint.

Mary Carr becomes a grandmother. No, not in real life, but for her rôle in Rod La Rocque's new picture for Pathé, "Love Over Night," in which Jeannette Loff has the featured feminine part.

Warner Brothers recently purchased the screen rights to "The Desert Song," the musical comedy which played on Broadway for more than a year. It will be the first Vitaphone musical show and will be produced in full length.

"Here Comes the Band" has been selected as the title for the new Harry Langdon comedy now in production. Doris Dawson, recently placed under contract by First National, enacts the rôle of Harry's sweetheart.

On account of her good work, First National has rewarded Alice White with featured rôles. Alice will play the leading rôle in "Show Girl," based on the story by J. P. McEvoy.

"Her Cardboard Lover," Marion Davies' next picture for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will have Jetta Goudal in one of the featured rôles and Robert Z. Leonard will direct.

A new leading lady has been found for Ronald Colman. Lili Damita, one of the most beautiful and most popular of the young Continental screen stars, was selected by Samuel Goldwyn to take Vilma Banky's place opposite Ronald. Mlle. Damita is the lightest of blondes with deep dark-brown eyes.

Things are getting under way at the Tec Art Studios for the new Dolores del Rio production, "Revenge," adapted from "The Bear Tamer's Daughter."

Another Vitaphone special production ready to go into production at the Warner Brothers Studios is "The Singing Fool," with Al Jolson. Irving Berlin and Lou Silvers have arranged the musical numbers.

No news page would be complete without at least one mention of a divorce. Louise Brooks recently brought suit for divorce against her husband, Eddie Sutherland. Along with her complaint of cruelty she charged that he was always too busy with his work to give her the attention due a wife.

The FBO production, "Taxi 13," with Chester Conklin and Martha Sleeper, has Marshall Neilan as its director.

The voices of the motion picture stars can soon be heard in every home where there is a phonograph. Records of the players' voices will be made in Hollywood where a special recording apparatus will be installed. Dolores del Rio's voice will be among the first to be recorded.

This picture shows why Dorothy Sebastian won't put up with anyone referring to Flash as a "dumb animal." Dorothy feels perfectly safe with Flash at the helm of this bicycle built for two

An adaptation of Peter B. Kyne's novel of the Northwest, "Tide of Empire," has gone into production at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios under the direction of Allan Dwan. Renée Adorée has the feminine lead and George Duryea, who has been loaned by Pathé, has the male rôle opposite her. George Fawcett and William Collier, Jr., are in the supporting cast.

Rex Ingram, who prefers to produce his pictures in Nice rather than in Hollywood, has announced that "The Three Passions" is the first of a series he will make for United Artists. It will go into production shortly with his wife, Alice Terry, and Ivan Petrovitch in the leading rôles.

The romantic Mack Sennett comedy, "The Good-bye Kiss," will be released by First National. Sally Eilers, Matty Kemp and Johnny Burke are in the cast.

Gotham is considering Betty Bronson and William Collier, Jr., Alice Joyce and H. B. Warner for the rôles of the two leading couples in "Companionate Marriage," Judge Ben Lindsey's famous story.

Howard Hawks is up in the air most of the time these days, but not mentally. He is directing "The Air Circus," a picture based on the drama of commercial aviation and most of the scenes are being shot in the sky. Sue Carol, David Rollins and Arthur Lake are in the cast.

Fred Niblo will direct Greta Garbo's new picture, "War In the Dark," an adaptation of Ludwig Wolff's novel of European military intrigue in which Conrad Nagel has the leading male rôle.

Upon completion of her new and yet untitled picture based on Sardou's "Fedora," Pola Negri will sail to make a picture in Germany and then she plans to come back and make several independent productions. Her husband, Prince Mdivani, will accompany Pola to Germany.

Barbara Kent has been loaned by Universal to British Canadian Pictures for "Retribution," which will be filmed on the Prince of Wales' Ranch in Alberta.

The first epic picture of the dirigible will be filmed by Paramount. The story, the title of which will be "Dirigible," is by John Monk Saunders, author of "Wings."

When "Beggars of Life," the picturization of Jim Tully's story, comes to the screen, it will have Wallace Beery in a heavy rôle, his first in a long time.

"His Lucky Day," Reginald Denny's new picture of the prize-ring, is now in the midst of production.

A story of the heartaches, romance and laughs of the gateway to America, entitled "Ellis Island," is one of the special productions Paramount has scheduled for Emil Jannings.

Richard Arlen will play the rôle of a prize-fighter who becomes champion with the aid of his Irish sweetheart, Nancy Carroll, in "The Man I Love," in which they will be co-featured.

Columbia has signed Elmer Clifton to direct John Boles and Olive Borden in a comedy drama as yet untitled.

Reduce *where you want to* **Reduce**

Why This New Safe Method Takes Off Fat Wherever You Wish — *Without Danger or Discomfort*

Now Banish Double Chin—Thick Neck, Fat Arms, Legs, Ankles —Large Busts, Waists and Hips—Quickly, Safely. No Starvation Diets, No Punishing Exercises, No Dangerous Drugs. Results Positively Guaranteed or You Do Not Pay a Penny

Through a remarkable new scientific discovery, it is now possible to reduce exactly where you want to reduce—easily, quickly and safely. Double chins that make you look ten years older vanish in a few days' time. Large busts, thick waists, big hips, fat arms and legs that fashion frowns on respond readily to the new treatment.

Hosts of women whose appearance was ruined by excess fat on various parts of the body, many of whom had given up all hope of finding a sure and safe reduction method, have quickly regained youthful slenderness and litheness of line through the discovery of Viaderma.

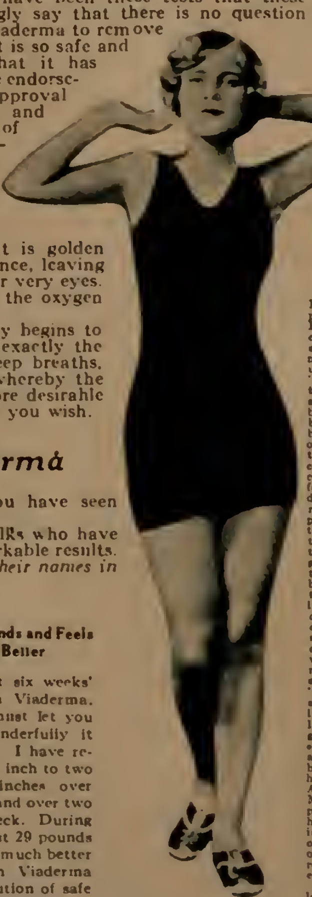
Accidental Discovery of Famous Chemists

The discovery of Viaderma was purely accidental. An eminent New York doctor, specializing in skin diseases, asked a group of colloidal chemists who, for years had enjoyed the highest professional standing with physicians and whose products were sold only to physicians, to try to find a remedy for chronic skin troubles. Colloidal chemistry is one of the latest developments in chemical science.

After a number of experiments these chemists prepared a cream which would liberate oxygen freely when absorbed through the skin. And then came the amazing surprise!

They discovered that whenever the part being treated was fat, this excess weight quickly disappeared.

Exhaustive clinical tests were then made to reduce excess fat on every part of the body. Results were obtained with a uniformity that was amazing. So convincing have been these tests that these specialists unhesitatingly say that there is no question about the power of Viaderma to remove fat. And it is so safe and harmless that it has received the endorsement and approval of chemists and physicians of high standing.



What It Is—What It Does

Viaderma is a colloidal, infiltrating cream containing double oxygen. It is golden brown in color, and when rubbed on any part of the body disappears at once, leaving a clean white foam. You don't have to guess—you see it vanish before your very eyes, proving how it is absorbed and penetrates right into the fat layers, where the oxygen (like the oxygen in the air you breathe) gradually melts away excess fat.

As Viaderma filters through the skin and into the fat layers it immediately begins to give off pure oxygen. This oxygen combines with and disposes of fat in exactly the same natural manner as in exercise. When you exercise you take fast, deep breaths, absorbing increased oxygen into your blood. This oxygen is the means whereby the fat is disintegrated. With Viaderma you accomplish the same and even more desirable results, for you limit the action to chin, neck, busts, hips, legs, or wherever you wish.

What Women Say Who Have Used Viaderma

You have read what scientists and specialists say about Viaderma. You have seen how they endorse and approve it. These scientific opinions prove that it is sure, safe and harmless. But more convincing than anything else to most people who want to reduce is the actual experience of folks who have bought and used Viaderma. Day by day letters come to us from grateful men and women telling of remarkable results. There is space here to print only a few. Read what these people say. *For obvious reasons we do not give their names in print, but these signed letters are on file at our offices:—*

Note the Difference

See what a wonderful difference youthful slimness—clean, slender, lithe lines—makes in one's appearance! Why permit heavy, unsightly lumps and chunks of fat to add years to your looks, to bar you from wearing the latest beautiful things, to make you less attractive in a bathing suit or dance frock? Let Viaderma end your fat worries.

"It's Wonderful"

"I am glad indeed that I took the Viaderma treatment for reduction. To be fat is both distasteful and ungraceful and I most certainly was over weight. At the end of eighteen applications I had lost over three inches waist measurement and more than four inches around hips. I notice that after using Viaderma that the flesh becomes firmer and of better texture. I am going to recommend Viaderma whenever I get a chance. It's wonderful.

Yours very truly,"

"Remarkable Reduction"

"I want you to know of how much benefit Viaderma has been to me. I have used it on my legs and the reduction has been remarkable—about three-quarters of an inch in six weeks' time. I shall certainly continue to use it and expect further results.

Yours very truly,"

"Surprised at Results"

"The cream is quite remarkable and although I've only recently given it any kind of a fair test, I am surprised at the results. One inch off my neck and that's going some. I shall certainly recommend Viaderma whenever I can.

"Thanking you again, I am

Cordially yours,"

Has Lost 29 Pounds and Feels So Much Better

"After about six weeks' treatment with Viaderma, I feel that I must let you know how wonderfully it has helped me. I have reduced from one inch to two and one-half inches over arms and legs, and over two inches in the neck. During this period I lost 29 pounds and feel ever so much better in general health. Viaderma is truly the solution of safe and sane fat reduction.

Very truly yours,"

Read What Doctors Say

Dr. Emil Sauer, practicing New England physician, and graduate of a prominent German university, says "Viaderma will take off fat on any part of the body. This is brought about by the release of oxygen contained in the cream, which combines with fat, melting it down so that the resultant by-products are thrown off by the body through the natural organs of elimination. Most cases begin to respond to the treatment in four or five days. Stubborn cases show results in fifteen or sixteen days, with very rapid reduction thereafter.

"Viaderma is safe and absolutely harmless. Its principal ingredient has a slight tonic effect and cannot possibly produce any harmful results."

A prominent Madison Avenue physician, who has long specialised in the use of colloids, says of the chief fat-reducing ingredient of Viaderma:

It gives up its loosely combined oxygen readily to the body tissues. From the action of this liberated oxygen to the fatty tissues, obesity can be successfully treated without danger to the subject.

How You May Try Viaderma Without Risking a Single Penny

Just mail the coupon at the right and we will send you, without any obligation on your part, free booklet on "How to Reduce Where You Want to Reduce." We will also send you our guaranteed order blank telling how you can order Viaderma on trial with the strongest and most liberal guarantee you can imagine. You must be satisfied or it does not cost one penny. When you consider that you take not the slightest risk in sending for this booklet and full information about Viaderma—not even a financial risk—there is no longer the slightest excuse for excess fat. There is certainly no reason when others stouter than yourself have easily gotten rid of their unsightly fat and surprised and delighted their friends with youthful and attractive appearance regained. Mail the coupon today.

COUPON

Colloidal Chemists, Dept. 135.
27 West 20th St., New York City.

Please send me, without obligation on my part, your free booklet, How to Reduce Where You Want to Reduce, and complete information telling me how I can get Viaderma on trial without any financial risk:

Name.......................................

Address.......................................

City and State.......................................

You'd Never Know Aunt Effie Now!

I DON'T mind telling you that it was pretty tough on Dick and me for a while. Dick's my husband, you know. And except for one thing about him I'd have been perfectly happy.

That was that he was one of these men with a sense of duty. Strong, you know. But not silent. What he thought he spoke.

So when he felt sorry for Aunt Effie, he said so.

"She's all alone in the world, with nothing on her mind but her hair," he said. I was prompted to make the point that that wasn't hers, but I let it go.

"We ought to go and see her at least once every two weeks. I know it's tiresome. But it cheers her up so."

Maybe it did—if you could live through it. Boring wasn't the word. Aunt Effie was the human weevil. Her idea of excitement was to show you how much better the fruit in the bowl on the sideboard looked after she'd renewed its schoolgirl complexion with water colors. If nature abhors a vacuum, it would have shuddered at her mind.

After two years of this I broke down. "Dick," I said, "I can't go on. Something must be done. I can't listen again to the story about what Aunt Effie's boy friend said to her twenty years ago."

But Dick was firm. Succinct, but firm. "We must," he said.

I was desperate. Then, as happens once in a lifetime, came an idea. I spoke of it to Dick. "What that old girl needs," I said, "is a good dose of Classic."

So, at the next ordeal, I left a copy with her. When we called two weeks later, she was out. And again two weeks after that. We had finally to pin her down to a date.

"I won't be home tonight," she said, "but if you like, we can all go to see Passionate Petting. They say it's a hot number." We went and it was.

"I knew this was no flop," said Ef—I got to calling her that before the evening was over—"because Classic gave it a good send-off. And Classic said, too——"

We see Ef frequently now. We discuss the love-life of Chester Conklin, Jackie Coogan's latest divorce and Dolores De Rio's most recent speech before the Epworth League.

You wouldn't know the old girl now. You wouldn't know she was old. In fact, at heart, she isn't. Just the other day she was saying: "This dress, of course, would be a bit youthful for Sally Blane, but I think on me——"

And it's all due to Classic.

I pass on this little slice of life to you. Have you any bad relations you want made good? Are any of your friends tired of life? Or are you?

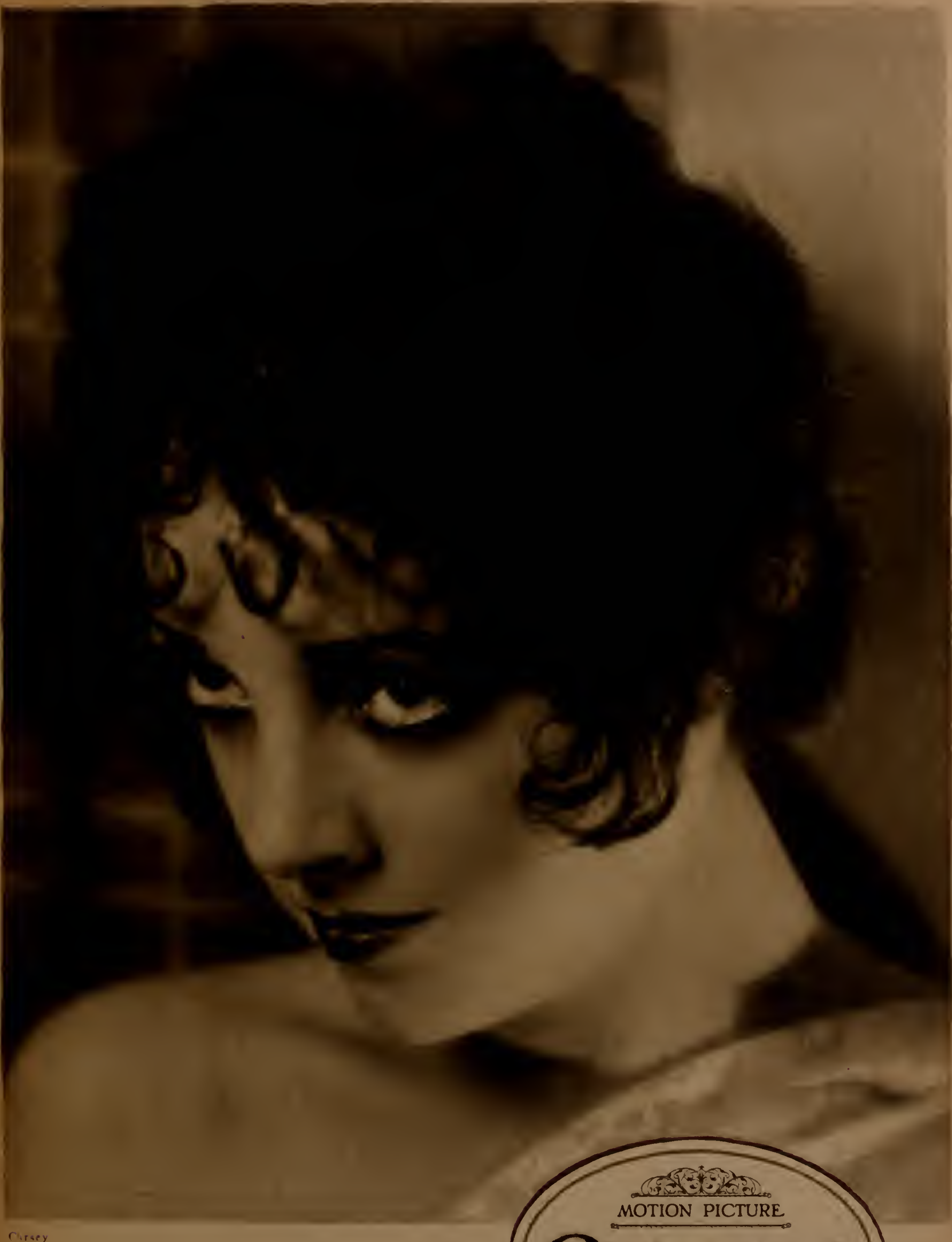
To them or to yourself, administer Classic every month. The prescription is one copy every thirty days, before or after or during meals.

Read

Motion Picture
CLASSIC

◆

It's
The Magazine
With The
Personality



Chrsey

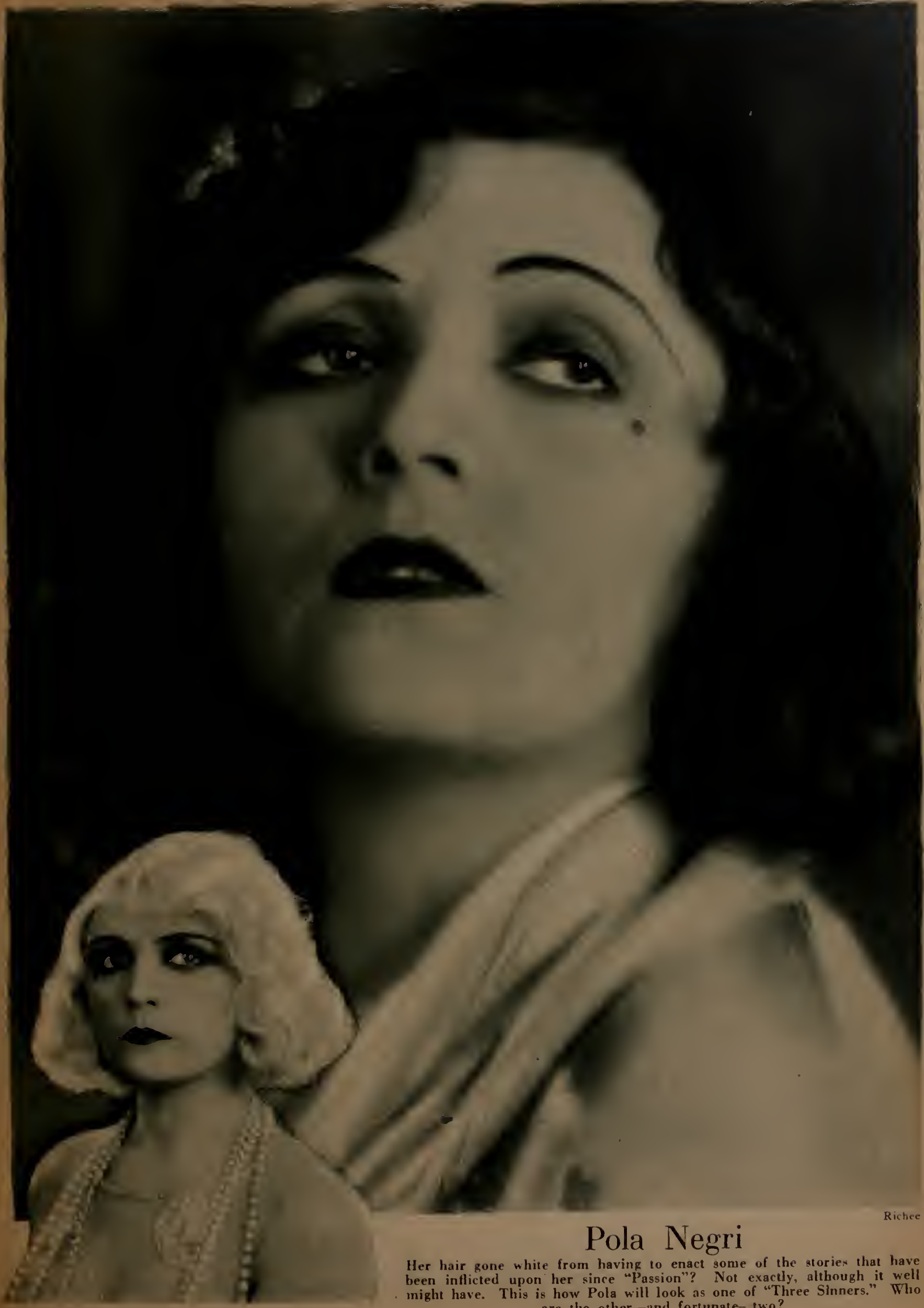
Nena Quartaro

Very B. V. D. we should say of her—meaning beautiful, volcanic and disturbing. Why send Lindbergh to Latin-America in the cause of amity, when Latin-America has already insured it by lending us Nena?

MOTION PICTURE
CLASSIC
JULY, 1928

Thelma Todd

Whether or not the test of a woman's beauty is how she looks in a kimono needn't concern her at all. She wins either way



Richee

Pola Negri

Her hair gone white from having to enact some of the stories that have been inflicted upon her since "Passion"? Not exactly, although it well might have. This is how Pola will look as one of "Three Sinners." Who are the other—and fortunate—two?

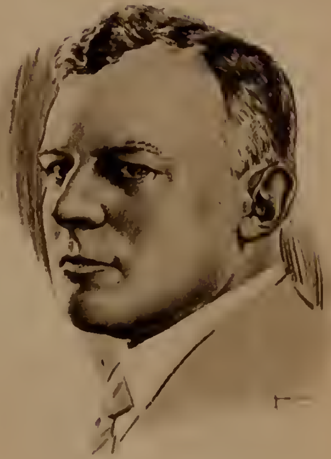
R. H. Louise Photos

Lew Cody

Proving that Hollywood deserves its reputation for dissipation. There he is, and before breakfast, reading big black headlines. And again and later, mocking the curfew by not starting to bed until half-past ten. Note, too, his villainous smile of defiance

The Magazine With the Personality
MOTION PICTURE
CLASSIC

Pictures and Personalities



By George Kent Shuler
Publisher

THE majority of observing people have no illusions concerning America's greatest industry. Statisticians of the textile, steel, automotive, motion picture and other industries may bob up to annoy them, but the wise ones know and know full well that all of these must fold up their tents when compared to the industry of attention-calling. Yes, indeed, attention-calling is flourishing as nothing else has ever flourished in this country since Plymouth Rock refused to land on the Pilgrims.

This great and growing industry is especially potent in journalism where its battalions already far outnumber those of the press agents. It is hard to believe, but calling attention, or to be more frank, finding fault, has become more popular than ballyhooing. It seems as if everyone had constituted himself an attention-caller in this day and age. Perhaps, the prevalence of the censorship spirit has had something to do with it. However, it is not always called censorship. Sometimes it masks under the lofty monickers of welfare associations, organizations for the improvement of this and that.

Agitation

THE purpose of them all is to call attention to something, to mind somebody else's business, in short, to reform. So it reduces itself in the end to that universal pastime of America—reforming your neighbor before he reforms you.

The movies are feeling the pressure of this tremendous movement. Not a day passes that they are not being reformed by armies of attention-callers.

Producers, directors, writers, news-gatherers and the boys of the bally-hoo have orders to keep their sensitive noses away from spectacular scandals, their sensitive ears away from the tolling of the sex o'clock bell, their sensitive eyes away from obscenities. They have concentrated their time and energy on the details of film production, content to let professional bodies take care of the more important items mentioned above.

And what has been the fruit of their labors? Looking over the tabulations assembled, I find that most of the attention-calling has been directed at wisecrack titles.

Business of Calling Attention

"TOO many wisecrack titles," reads a report. "Movie patrons say story, acting, directing and photography are being sacrificed to short and snappy clippings from the humorous weeklies."

"Some years ago," writes another attention-caller, "we protested against the persistent use of 'Came the Dawn' and 'That Night' in subtitles. The protest had good effect. I never see them any more, but I do see far too many puns from the comic weeklies lugged in without any real pertinence to the story. Can't something be done about it?"

Something probably can and will. Meanwhile, we shall set down briefly and accord the remaining items to the prominent display given them on the screen:

Reduce number of close-ups of heroine.

Reduce dental smiles of great lovers in embrace.

Reduce use of back of hand to mouth to express everything from horror to idiocy.

Reduce scenes of people climbing stairs.

Reduce number of athletic contests won in last foot of film.

Reduce use of clenched fists on the part of Irish female characters.

Reduce "shots" in news reels of battleship maneuvers.

Reduce sudden transformation of smart-aleck hero into humble, self-sacrificing hero.

Reduce embraces in which feminine partner is bent backward to an angle approximating ninety degrees.

Reduce "shots" of marching feet in battalions of soldiers.

Reduce scenes of bursting dams.

Reduce use of Oxford bags as representative of college boys.

Reduce number of disrobing scenes as means of registering sex appeal.

When it is considered that attention-callers were influential in the past in reducing, among other details, the use of puttees by directors, in eliminating the final fade-out of a couple, their arms entwined, walking down the road into a dying sunset, and in refusing to accept the age of a curly-haired ingénue as eternally sixteen, it is not beyond comprehension to believe that they will again make their voices heard in the world of motion pictures.

P. & A.

P. & A.

From left to right, they are: Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Meighan, Carmel Myers, Alice White, and Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno

Are There Any Great

Can Deep-Down Devotion
Glossy

By Gladys Hall

ARE there any great loves in Hollywood?

The answer is "NO!"

You can almost answer that for yourself. Great loves create great lives. Great lives create great deeds. Great deeds create great memories. When the tidal waves of the years have swept over Hollywood, how many great memories will survive? Where will be the reigning favorites of to-day? Inscribed on the pages of immortality? I'm afraid not. Among the Duses, Booths, Bernhardts, Rejanes? No. The stuff of suttee has gone out of the world. It never came to Hollywood. Can you conceive of any Hollywood houri casting herself upon the funeral pyre of husband or boy-friend? Don't be morbid!

Stars come and stay awhile, live their little or their longish hour and flutter into oblivion. Why?

May it not be because there are no great loves to mold the grease-paint gods and goddesses into enduring marble? Are they incapable of great loves? Lies the explanation in the fact that their emotions are only as thick as the grease-paint they spread on their higher-mathematically perfect cheek-bones? Is it that the razzle-dazzle of the Kleigs leaves them unlit when the last splutter dies down? Do these liberal dispensers of "It" give stones when asked for bread? In vulgar parlance, which it pains me more to use than you to read, don't they "come across"?

Has it ever occurred to you that no great people have ever loved the celebrated beauties of the cinema?

Here, gathered together in a garden of almonds, roses and orange blossoms, is a bevy of fair ones that would put Tennyson's fusty "Dream of Fair Women" to red and rabid rout. Titians and beamish blondes, fiery brunettes and imperious foreigners, *gamine* cuties and languishing Mexicans, curves and tints and petaled hands and lilting feet all swathed in the culled preciosities of the world, alight with jewels and housed like Semiramis and Scheherazade.

What of it? What does it get them in the marriage marts of the world?

Does a Lindbergh pay court in Hollywood?

Do the colossi of Wall Street offer up the Bull and the Bear to these photographic feet? They do not.

Do the giants of literature, forever seeking the ultimate perfection, take wives among the scintillating shadows? No!

Now and again Hergesheimer or Mencken drop in to play chess with Aileen Pringle. She's the exception.

Michael Arlen has been known to do right by Bebe Daniels in the matter of luncheons, teas and dinners.

Carl Van Vechten has been espied casting a pleasantly appraising eye on the vivid Carmel Myers. That's fair enough. But marriage?

P. & A.

Loves in Hollywood?

Be Found Beneath Its Glamor?

These men-who-matter do not marry them. They do not even posture as more-or-less permanent boy-friends. When the spectacular Joan Crawford or the super-charged Alice White stroll into a café or a theater lobby, they are followed by beardless youths, parentage unknown, recently hatched and feathery and unimportant.

Why? With everything to give, and we admit it—*why?*

Time Brings the Loyalties

A RECENT novelist says very beautifully what I shall say very stupidly.

He calls attention to the fact that those of us who experience only the exciting physical loves of the moment know less of love than does a child who has lost his dog yesterday. Much less. He says that only Time can place such loves among the loyalties.

The loyalties, lovely word. Loyalties that endure through the years streaked with sun and racked with storm. Through lean years and years of plenty. Through fair fortune and dull adversity. Through humble toil and obscurity. Through child-bearing and patient tears. Into exile and privation.

How many of the lovely Loreleis of the screen would forsake their Art for any such immolations? How many of them have said to me, vehemently, "I would not give up my work for *any man!*"

Are their roots in grease-paint, nurtured by fan applause? Their love fevers running now high, now low? Their lives like pictures, patterned like patchwork, stitched together by the glistening threads of publicity?

What do they know of the great loves?

Not necessarily *one* great love. There is no point in being fantastic. There may, in a lifetime, be two or three loves deservedly called great. But not two or three a week, a month or even a year.

Napoleon, whose love for Josephine came in with his adolescence and went out with the death-rattle in which he called her name.

Lincoln, whose love for Ann Rutledge overlaid his life with the veil of martyred tenderness.

Keats, whose love for Fanny Brawn stained his lyrics with blood and beauty.

Duse, whose single love for d'Annunzio carried the sovereign of the Tragic Muse to live like a suffering nun.

Shakespeare and his Dark Lady of the Sonnets—so deep in the roots of his being that even her obscurity has been immortalized.

Poe, who racked his midnight soul to hell because of Virginia Clemm. Who sang his love for her in dozens of tortured poems.

What does anyone to-day know of loves like these? Has the great heart of humanity been devitalized, mechanized, so that love turns off and on like a spigot?

(*Continued on page 68*)

From left to right: Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Joan Crawford, Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor, Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, and Aileen Pringle

The Living Ghosts

Yesterday's Stars Wait
Great Rôle That Will

By Dorothy Spensley

"LOOK, here's one that says 'America's foremost moving picture actress appears in Imp Films only.'"

She turned the page slowly, lovingly. The scrap-book was worn by much handling. It was yellowed and dingy. A tattered clipping flurried by. It commenced "The superb motion picture actress—"

"And here's a nice one," unfolding a frayed edge. "See, it says 'Florence Lawrence, at present credited with being the most popular and highest salaried emotional pantomimist in America, plays three hundred rôles a year, is photographed four million times and is mistress of a thousand faces.'"

Small, veined hands smoothed it carefully into worn creases.

Another clipping slithered by: "Florence Lawrence is really one of the most wonderful women in the world. . ."

Page after page of adulation.

"I started in pictures in 1908. I was the original Biograph girl. Why, I was once the most famous woman in the world! Not just in the United States. In the whole world! And now. . ."

Today, Florence Lawrence is manufacturing cosmetics, playing occasionally in obscure pictures, living practically in retirement.

What is the great tragedy of Hollywood? Not death, with its forgiveness. Nor spent love, with its forgetfulness. Nor lost ambition, hope, illusions, dreams. The greatest tragedy of Hollywood is in its living ghosts. Its stars of yesterday, rainbow clad in fame, who are now dim names. Overwhelmed by life and its complexities. By changing modes and manners. Overwhelmed by this avalance of youth. Of this younger crowd of Sue Carols, Charlie Farrells, Janet Gaynors, Gary Coopers. Resigned to waning glory. Philosophical.

Waiting for the Great Part

WHAT has become of J. Warren Kerrigan, Florence Turner, Ella Hall, Ruth Stonehouse? Harry Myers and Rosemary Theby, that once-celebrated team, have turned backs upon pictures for vaudeville. There, too, Maurice Costello, greatest leading man of them all, seeks conciliation. William Farnum waits in his hillside home for the part that is to bring him again into glistening prominence. His brother, Dustin, makes fitful returns to the stage. Doraldina of the agitated hips, the shimmy queen of the pre-Gilda days, is making little pots of lip rouge and cold cream, and so is Edna Flugrath. Mary Fuller studies art and languages and waits. For what? What do they wait for? For that part, that great rôle, that is to re-establish them to fame.

In no place else could it happen. It would have to be Hollywood. Topsy-turvy town. Up today, down tomorrow. Chaliapin, Schumann-Heink, Garden, can sing to death. There is no limitation in literature, in science, in art. In motion pictures a crow's-foot is the stamp of oblivion. Some have survived, of course. Skilful management, skilful lighting, skilful pat-pat-patting of the masseur.

Florence Lawrence bent a blonde head over a picture. "Recognize that one? He was a prop boy when I was a star. And now he's a big director. He doesn't always know me, these days. And this girl. . . I started her in pictures. She worked as an extra for me. I don't see

From top to bottom: Ella Hall, J. Warren Kerrigan, Florence Lawrence and Elmo Lincoln

# of the Screen

Hopefully For The One Renew Their Glory

very much of her, any more. She has her own production company. But, of course, I don't go out a great deal."

The book is crammed with ghostly dreams. Echoes of days of glory. So is the little frame bungalow. Curios from China, from Java, from Japan, salvaged from the great house in New Jersey. Two ukuleles add modernity to a table.

How does it feel to be forgotten? These living ghosts of Hollywood can tell you. Or are they entirely forgotten? There are still faithful friends and fans. Compatriots of other days.

Through at Thirty-five

"I HATE this sob stuff," Florence lit a cigarette. "I'm not dead yet. I'm only thirty-five. My cosmetic business is doing well. You'd think I was ready for the old ladies' home. A reporter came out one day. I was sitting here playing my ukulele, playing 'Fairweather Friends.' 'Play something, won't you?' he asked when he came in, and I repeated the song. You should have seen what he wrote. You'd think I was living in poverty, the way he described my antiques. There are thousands of dollars represented here," a sweep of the hand included the room, "and he said 'the little woman' sat playing her own composition, 'Fairweather Friends'!

"Can you beat it? Some of my fans wrote 'Dear Florence Lawrence, you don't have to starve. We will send you railroad fare and you can live with us for the rest of your life.' Oh, yes, they still remember. But, of course, I'm not really out of pictures."

Oh, no, tomorrow is another day. Tomorrow may bring that part.

"I made a picture just last week. One of those 'horse operas,'" an apologetic shrug of the shoulder. "These days, huh! do you know they asked me if I wanted glycerine for tears! Imagine, glycerine! As if I couldn't cry. But they all use it. We didn't in my day.

"My cosmetic business is doing well. I've had it for five years now. Of course, my name does a lot for it. 'The Florence Lawrence Hollywood Cosmetic.' You see I am known everywhere. . . ."

And what of J. Warren Kerrigan. Does he regret the passing of fame? Gray is creeping into his black hair. There is still the handsome aquiline nose, the flashing eyes. It has been three years since his last picture "The Blood Ship." Sixteen years in pictures. He pats Lady, the terrier, as he considers. Three tiny pups play at his feet. A passing oil-truck driver waves a greeting. Kerrigan still lives in the broad-verandahed bungalow that served him in the glowing days.

Kerrigan Isn't Sorry

"I DON'T miss it, really. I've had my day." No girth on Kerrigan. His body is slim and young. "I've got my garden to look after and my dogs. Some property investments, too, my radio and books at night. A good housekeeper. She's been with me six years. I've been at it a long time. Started working when I was thirteen.

"And the fans, they don't all forget. I was out in the rose arbor the other morning, dirty, in working clothes,

(*Continued on page* 84)

At the top, William Garwood; then Ruth Stonehouse and Florence Turner

Without ever missing a beat, Dolores Costello has stepped out of the run of historical rôles that have fallen to her, and into one likely to prove historic: that of the leading part in "Noah's Ark." Regard Dolores herewith. Oh, flood, where is thy sting?

No Mean Feet!

Conscience Doth Make Howards

At Last It Has Converted One—William K.—from High-Pressure Salesman Into White-Haired Boy

By Herbert J. Cruikshank

Spurr

THE belles of St. Mary's would have made far more fuss over William K. Howard had they known that one day he might have put their daughters into pictures. But they didn't even suspect. St. Mary's is the name of a town near Lima. Not Lima, Peru, but Lima in that state which is round at both ends and "hi" in the middle. William's old man was in the oil racket. Never did have much luck at it. But kept drilling along while Ma kept the home together. Little Bill was born back in the early nineties. At the time no one thought much of it. A few of the neighbors dropped in to accord Mrs. Howard the congratulations called for by the occasion. But later on, when they resumed the buggy-ride, they had to laugh that any mother could be so enthusiastic over such a red-faced, black-haired, funny looking little mite. He did have nice eyes, though. They admitted that.

Years before, that no-account Jim Tully had been born in the same town. And had drifted away. Never would amount to much, so they said down at the drug store. And they said the same thing when youthful Bill Howard turned his back on the local hay and grain emporium, and fixed those eyes of his eastward on the big city. Shoulders were shrugged. "Rolling stones gather no moss." A lot later, Jim and Bill met amid the plenty which Hollywood fame and Hollywood fortune had bestowed upon them. But that is a couple of other stories.

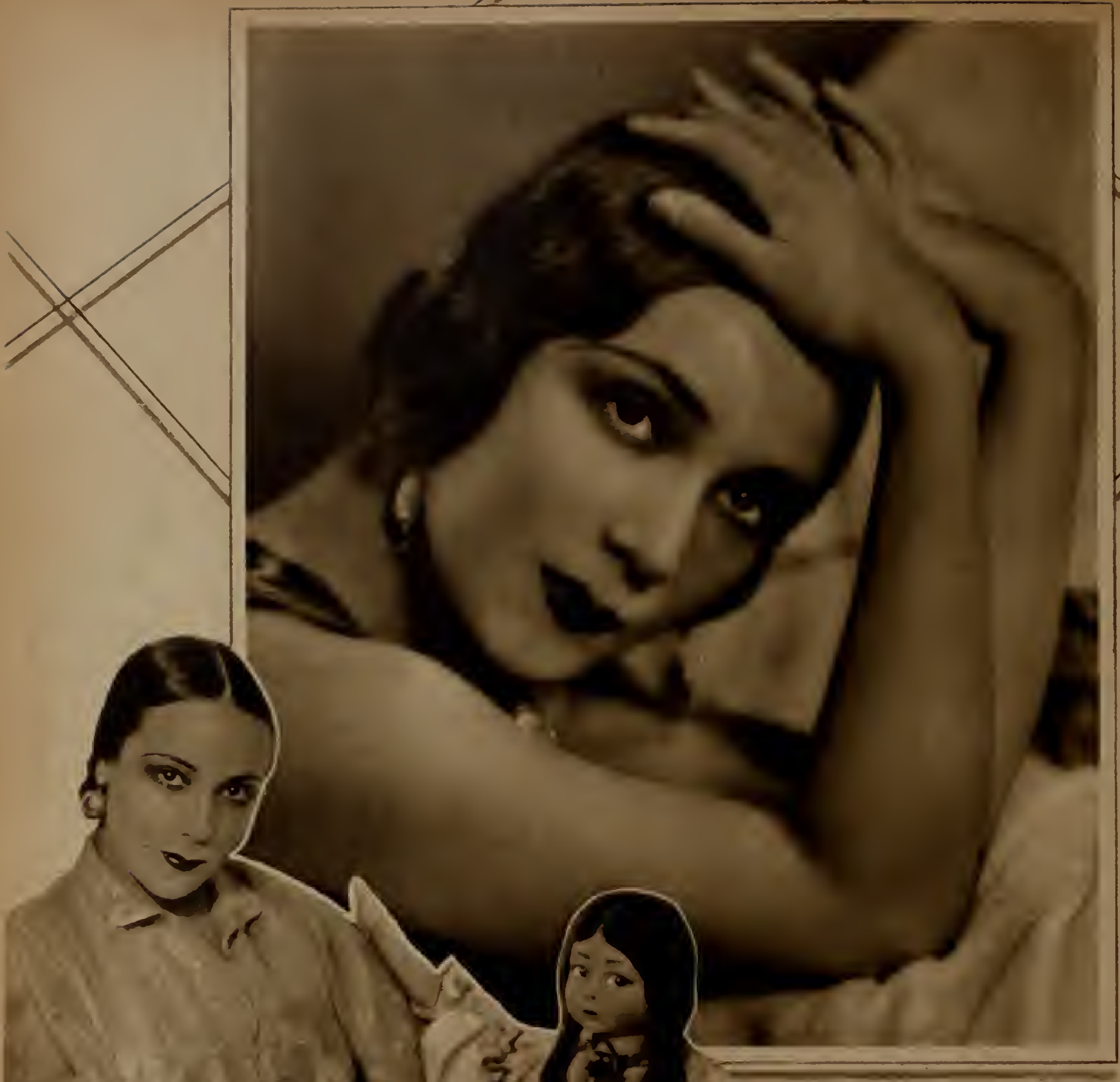
Bill floundered around a bit the way a young feller will. And when he finally got set, he found himself on the payroll of a motion picture company. As a film salesman. He was a good film salesman, too. To this day he admits it. There was just one fly in the ointment. Bill developed a conscience—or maybe it was inherited from his mother. He began to feel sorry for the exhibitors who bought the pictures he had for sale. They were pretty bad pictures. Bill felt sure he could do better himself. So he got to pondering things over in his mind. As a result, he kicked away his good, steady, lucrative job and took up directing. It began to look as if the cracker barrel censors back in St. Mary's were right. Next thing, that Howard boy'd be a movie actor. But this dire prediction wasn't realized. Because, strange to say, Bill liked his new line—and made good at it.

Reams of Film, Dreams of Stew

THEN came one of those times when the bottom falls right out of the production end of the business. Bill had no job and couldn't get one. He could have gone to work again peddling pictures, but he was unwilling to take a backward step. He tightened his belt and kept his resolve. With one exception he has never deviated from it.

The interlude occurred when he scurried from coast to coast with a few cans of film under his arm at the behest of a group of young hopefuls who had made some novelties aptly called "Hysterical History." When the pictures were finished, the youthful producers didn't know just what to do with them. They couldn't be eaten—yet

(*Continued on page 72*)



Russell Ball

Hands Up!

A glance at—much less from—Dolores del Rio, and surrender is inevitable. As for her pose above—isn't it pardonable, when hands have such beauty as hers, that it should go to her head?

Betty Blooms Again

From the Limbo of Retirement and the Quickies, Miss Compson Emerges to Regain Her Stardom

By Nancy Pryor

IT isn't given to many of us to repeat on our experiences as wiser and better men. "If I had it to do over again" is as sad a refrain as "It might have been." Certainly, few picture stars are given the opportunity to blossom again the second time as glamourously as the first—plus the experience of their mistakes and misjudgments. Prize-fight managers can tell you that 'they don't come back.' So could movie producers.

But, then, there's Betty Compson!

Five years ago Betty was as brilliant a star as the screen had to offer. Her twisted smile was as famous as Garbo's slinky walk. Her crook operas were box-office bonfires. Her love scenes were nifties. Then she married James Cruze. Paramount did not renew her starring option. The upshot of that was Betty's "retirement."

It was different from most retirements in that Betty really did want to quit the screen. She had worked long and hard and she had saved her money. She owned valuable properties in Hollywood and her savings account, independent of her successful marriage, would have kept her from any financial worry for the rest of her life. She didn't care about spotlights any longer. She wasn't interested. And so her name finally dwindled down into a complacent Mrs. James Cruze. She admits herself that she put on several pounds of superfluous weight, and when a movie star stops bothering about her calories, you just know it's all over!

The Call of "The Big City"

THAT might have been all there was to this story; there might not have been any more, if M. G. M. and Lon Chaney hadn't wanted Betty so much for the girl crook in "The Big City" that they begged her to do it with such an attractive offer that she couldn't very well turn it down. And it wasn't only the money involved. Betty had made her first hit opposite Lon Chaney in "The Miracle Man," and they were old co-starring pals. Besides, Betty told me one day when she was looking particularly elegant in a soft-colored orchid hat, if you've once been in front of the kleigs you just can't resist 'em.

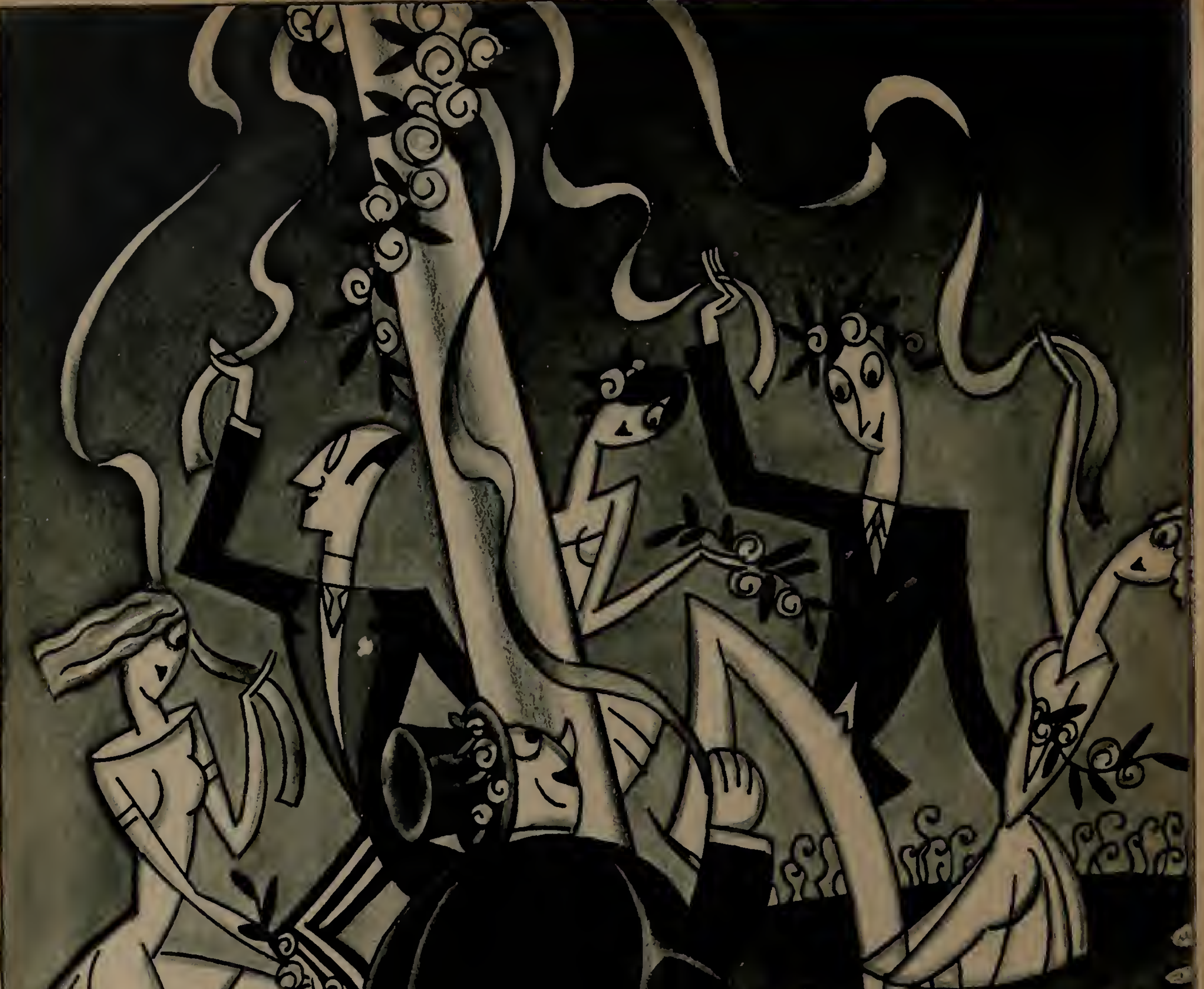
Spurr Photos

There's something about that old davil spotlight that even rich, retired ladies can't ignore.

She's lost all sorts of weight and looks as slender and interesting as Sue Carol and Joan Crawford and all these other new babies who have sprung up to make it difficult for the senior sorority. She's got a new enthusiasm that equals Janet Gaynor's. And not to be outdone by any of them, she's got a couple of new contracts that would make any Baby Star blush with envy. By the time this reaches print she will be working on George Fitzmaurice's "The Barker"—and what a part this picture will afford her. In the meantime she is bridging the time with a "quickie" production being made on Poverty Row.

"Oh, I learned a lot of things since I've been away from the screen and had a chance to think it over," she admitted between puffs of a becoming cigarette. "There was a time when I would have spurned a 'quickie.' But my managers have told me, and I agree with them, that it is better to be working all of the time than just occasionally in the good things that come along. I think that is wise advice, but I won't do just anything that comes along merely because it is an engagement and carries a big salary.

(*Continued on page 77*)



Ring Around the Rosie

The Jolly Movie Folk Sometimes Play Bean-bag, Too

The Most Misunderstood Girl *in* Hollywood

Because She Wouldn't Cross Streets in a Nightie They Called Olive Borden High-Hat

By Hal K. Wells

Hesser

Autrey

I AM growing most thoroughly tired of hearing about that very temperamental and Ritzy little actress—Olive Borden— Because no such person exists, or ever did.

There is the real Olive Borden, the strikingly beautiful kid from Virginia to whom I gave her first picture magazine interview some three years ago, and whom I have known rather well ever since.

But the volcanic and impossible Miss Borden who made life a misery for her film associates and "high-hatted" the press and the magazine world alike? Bunk!

When Olive first sprang from comparative obscurity to the lofty heights of Fox stardom, the powers that be formulated two policies for her future career: First, to present "clothes horse" sequences in all her pictures to show the perfect Borden figure to the greatest possible advantage: second, to create of the new star a colorful, exotic personality that would be a sort of combination of Gloria Swanson, Alla Nazimova, and the Duchess of York.

The first policy was carried out with grim thoroughness. Never for more than two reels of any story was Olive allowed to remain more than half-dressed. Then would come the lingerie sequence, the leopard-skin sequence, the bathtub sequence, or any one of the other countless screen devices for presenting the feminine form divine.

Olive despised such scenes. She loathes them yet. But she did them in a game effort to make good in her new status as a star.

She tried to make good on the second production policy assigned her also, but it wasn't long before she balked cold on that one.

It provided, in brief, that Olive was in real life to become an exotic personage who would be "good publicity." She was instructed to be aloof and coldly impersonal on the set. The reputation of being temperamental was to be given her. She was called into the office of one of the executives one day and told that it was no longer "in character" for her even to speak to such menials as electricians, stage hands, and prop boys.

This creation of colorful "personages" out of very thin air is a stunt that has been done dozens of times in screen history. One of its first famous examples was when Theodosia Goodman of Cincinnati, Ohio, became Theda Bara of Egypt and points south, a mystic vampire creation living in an atmosphere of black velvet drapes, lap cobras, and writhing spirals of most atrocious incense.

Olive tried half-heartedly to do the Duchess act for a few days, then refused point-blank to continue snubbing her friends among the studio's humbler workers. That is one serious flaw in Olive's character for any peace of mind in Hollywood, where "yessing" the powers that be has become one of the fine arts. Olive couldn't "yes" C. B. De Mille himself, unless she happened to mean "yes" at the time.

In spite of her refusal to play the part, however, the reputation for being temperamental and Ritzy has been slowly built up around her until today it represents a serious menace to both her happiness and her career.

Olive has one fatal personal characteristic that has helped build this web of false impressions, and that is her extreme shyness among strangers. It may be hard to believe that the brilliant and flashing Olive Borden of the screen is in real life very frankly scared stiff in the presence of a crowd of strangers, but it happens to be the truth.

And, being frightened half out of her wits when forced

(*Continued on page 71*)

He Plays Polo

And Between Chukkers, Jack Holt Does a Little Motion Picture Starring

By Helen Carlisle

Richee

What with the hazards he takes for fun in playing polo and those he takes for the films in playing the hero, Jack Holt is usually to be found either on horseback or on crutches

"IS Mr. Holt there?"

"Mr. Holt is playing polo."

"Where can I reach him? We want a story on him."

"But you can't reach him. He's at Midwick playing polo."

"When will he arrange to have some photographs taken for us?"

"I can't say. When Mr. Holt is playing polo . . ."

I hung up the receiver wearily, wondering if there ever is or was a time when polo did not occupy every moment of Jack Holt's time.

For several years I've had a speaking acquaintance with this actor. That is, we've progressed to the "Nice weather, isn't it?" stage. Mr. Holt's next remark is, invariably, "Excuse me, I'm just off to play polo."

Pinned down to an interview, Mr. Holt lets all the barriers down, tells you all about himself, his likes and dislikes. I mean, he does to this extent. He'll give you a firm, tight-lipped smile and say, "I like to play polo."

I wonder what polo has cost Jack Holt. In popularity, in prestige. Two years ago he was a star on the Famous Players-Lasky program, which means that his pictures played the best houses all over the country. Now—how many of you have almost forgotten Jack Holt?

Following his break with Famous, he entered the free-lance field, working often for companies so obscure that no one in Hollywood knew he *was* working. And when Hollywood forgets, or loses interest in an actor, the motion picture public quickly follows suit.

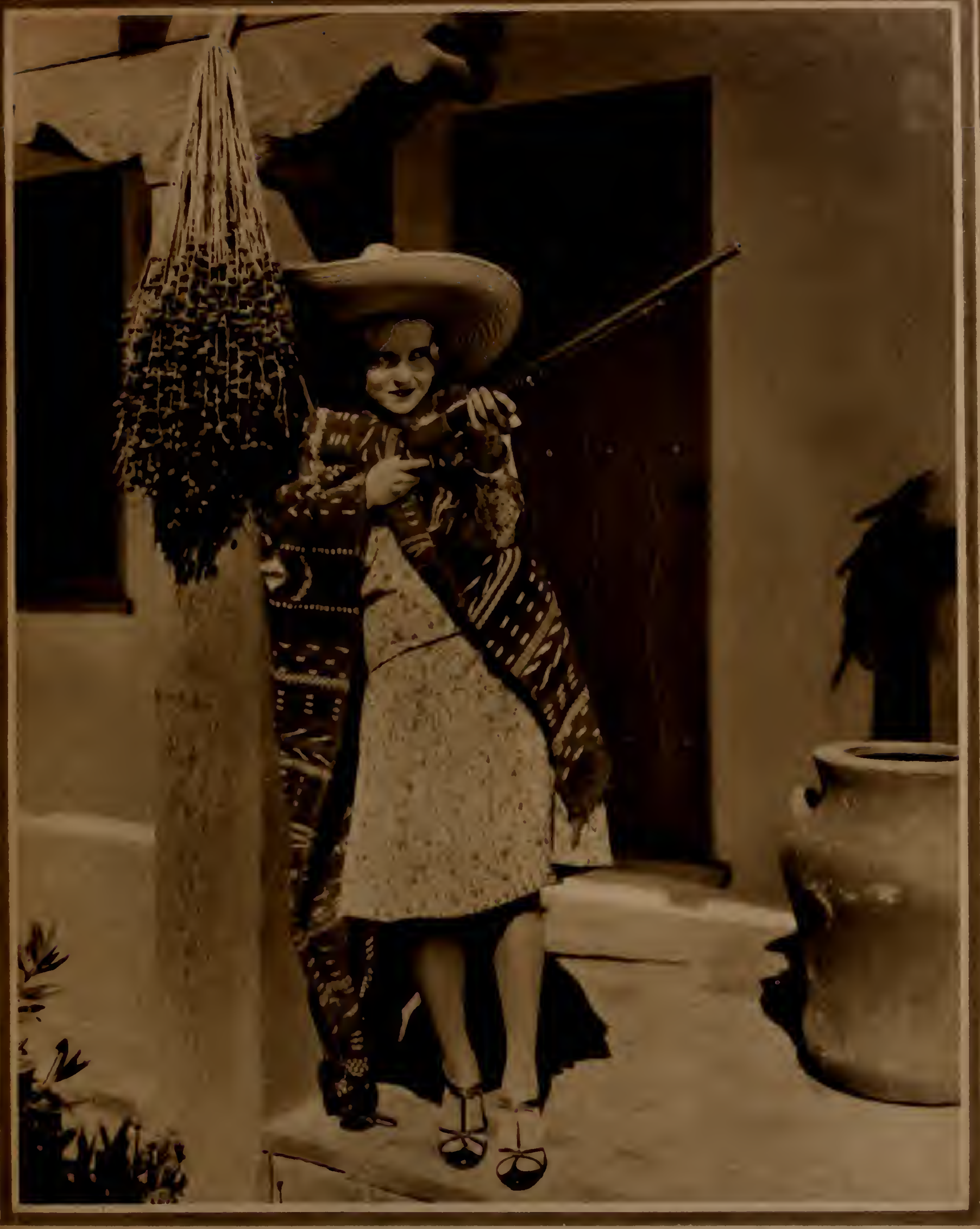
Starring a Side Issue

MR. HOLT tells me that his split with Famous was caused by a disagreement over stories. I think there may have been a disagreement over polo, too. Holt never tried to serve two masters. He served polo, and worked as an actor on the side.

Yet he was a good drawing card on the Famous program. He made a hit in the Zane Grey Westerns, and on his departure from the studio, no actor was found who could take his place. Gary Cooper, the first selection, couldn't drag folks in off the sidewalk, and so was groomed as a leading man in dramatic pictures. Lane Chandler was the second try. A tremendous publicity campaign was launched for him, but it was a flop. Nobody got excited over either of Jack Holt's successors. If the fans couldn't have Holt as a Western star, all right. But they wouldn't accept a substitute.

So, with the passing of time, the handsome Mr. Holt is again back with Famous, signed to star in four more Zane Grey Westerns. If he comes back to the popularity which once was his, he may remain on the program indefinitely. But only time will tell whether he can come back, never what he has lost by his two years among the "independents."

(*Continued on page* 75)



Otto Dyar

Ruth Is Stranger Than Fiction

Romantic as are the parts which Miss Taylor portrays on the screen, and colorful as are her costumes, none is quite so striking as herself in the little house-dress she dons on the maid's night off. Observe our Ruth all set to extend a Mexican welcome to the over-curious and under-cautious

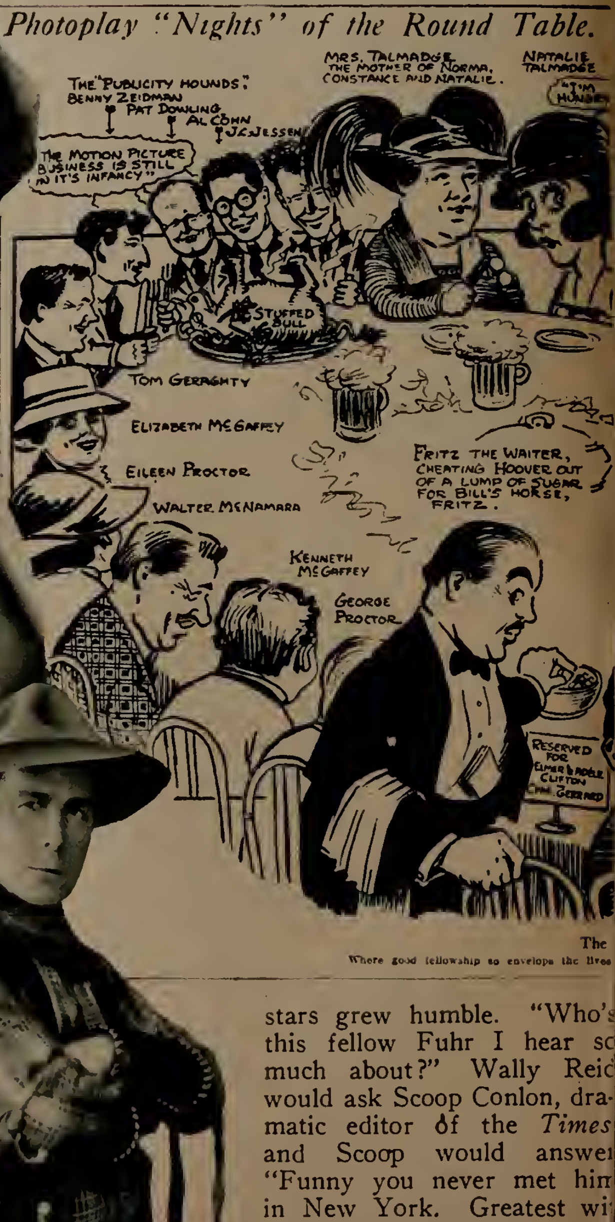
the Mysterious

Charley Never Existed But

More Heartaches and Laughs

Above is Scoop Conlon, inventor of Charley Fuhr; and adjoining his picture are Constance Talmadge and William S. Hart, two invariably favored guests of that international and elusive man-about-town.

Evans



Photoplay "Nights" of the Round Table.

MRS. TALMADGE THE MOTHER OF NORMA, CONSTANCE AND NATALIE.
NATALIE TALMADGE
"I'M HUNG
THE "PUBLICITY HOUNDS."
BENNY ZEIDMAN
PAT DOWLING
AL COHN
J.C. JESSEN
"THE MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS IS STILL IN IT'S INFANCY"
STUFFED BULL
TOM GERAGHTY
ELIZABETH McGAFFEY
EILEEN PROCTOR
WALTER McNAMARA
FRITZ THE WAITER, CHEATING HOOVER OUT OF A LUMP OF SUGAR FOR BILL'S HORSE, FRITZ.
KENNETH McGAFFEY
GEORGE PROCTOR
RESERVED FOR ELMER & ADELE CLIFTON CHAS. GERRARD

The

Where good fellowship so envelops the lives

"*CHARLEY FUHR, bon-vivant and famous big-game hunter, will entertain a select company of screen stars Friday evening, among them the Misses Constance and Natalie Talmadge. Mr. Fuhr is rapidly becoming noted as one of Hollywood's most delightful hosts.*"

A sprightly little notice like this in the society columns of the Los Angeles morning papers, date 1916, was enough to set famous teeth to grinding, and to fill famous eyes with tears of vexation. All you heard about in Hollywood nowadays was Charley Fuhr this and Charley Fuhr that! If he wasn't being quoted on politics or the proper wine to serve with mallard duck or European royalties he had known, he was giving a party to which they were not invited. He got more publicity than any movie star! Ever since he arrived in Hollywood people talked about no one else, but he was so exclusive that only a fortunate few had met him, and these few were simply insufferable about it.

"What, don't know Charley Fuhr?" Raymond Griffith would say patronizingly. "You ought to meet him! Great chap, Charley. Been around the world half a dozen times, knows everybody—everybody who *is* anybody. And what dinners he gives!"

Or Connie Talmadge would confide to curious girl friends that Charley Fuhr was simply one of the *dandiest* men she'd ever met, just a *peach!* And funny—you'd die laughing at him. And of course he was so rich he didn't care what he spent on a girl! She'd love to introduce them, but Charley was queer that way. Sometimes she thought that Charley was just a little bit of a *snob.*

The movie colony writhed. The most prominent stars grew humble. "Who' this fellow Fuhr I hear sc much about?" Wally Reic would ask Scoop Conlon, dramatic editor of the *Times* and Scoop would answei "Funny you never met hin in New York. Greatest wi on Broadway they tell me Decorated by the—the—ah— Smithsonian Institute foi shooting the—ah—the only specimen of tusked wallaby ever brought out of Africa.'

"Say, I'd like to meet thi bird, Fuhr, you fellows are always talking about," Lev Cody would urge to a grou gathered around the Hote Alexandria bar (remembe the date, 1916!), and Bi

Mr. Fuhr

Ie Caused Hollywood

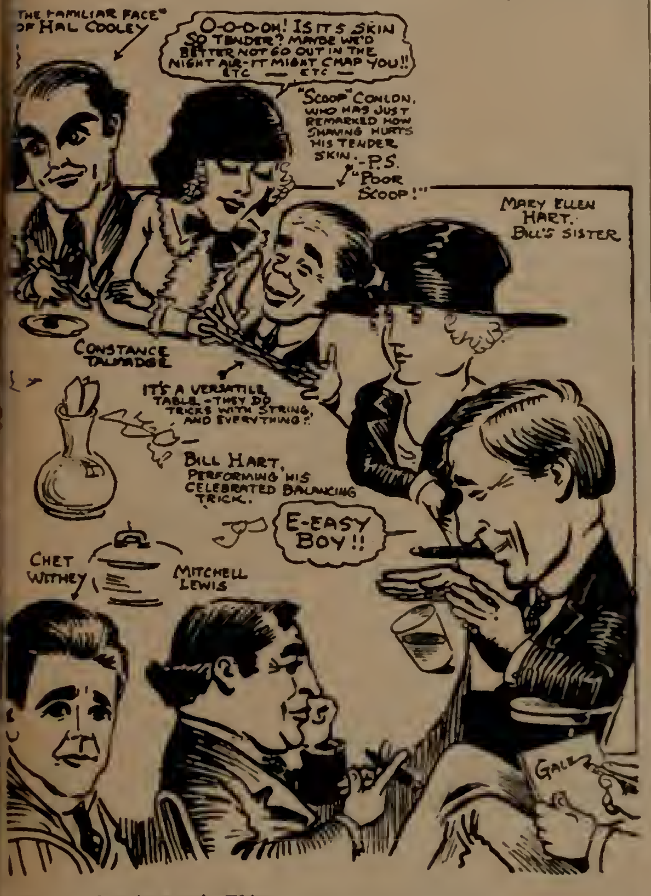
han Any Real Man Ever Has

y Dorothy Donnell

Evans

Tom Geraghty, scenario writer, had this picture taken to prove he could read. He was a member of the famous Round Table group, whose gathering in honor of Mr. Fuhr is here depicted in a newspaper cartoon

. . . . By GALE.


"THE FAMILIAR FACE" OF HAL COOLEY
O-O-O-OH! IS IT'S SKIN SO TENDER? MAYBE WE'D BETTER NOT GO OUT IN THE NIGHT AIR-IT MIGHT CHAP YOU!! ETC — ETC —
"SCOOP" CONLON, WHO HAS JUST REMARKED HOW SHAVING HURTS HIS TENDER SKIN.-P.S. "POOR SCOOP!"
MARY ELLEN HART. BILL'S SISTER
CONSTANCE TALMADGE
IT'S A VERSATILE TABLE-THEY DO TRICKS WITH STRING, AND EVERYTHING!
BILL HART, PERFORMING HIS CELEBRATED BALANCING TRICK.
E-EASY BOY!!
CHET WITHEY
MITCHELL LEWIS
GALE

dventures of an Artist and a Writer.

of screen folk that the hallowed spot never loses its high place in their affections.

Hart would say, "Too bad you were not here five minutes ago, Lew. Charley just left. He was telling us about the time he was captured by a cannibal tribe of pigmies—"

Call for Mr. Fuhr

If anyone went to Vernon for dinner, conversation had to be suspended while the buttons went through the rooms calling "Mr. Charles Fuhr! Paging Mr. Fuhr!" At a big film night at the Sunset Inn the head waiter was almost sure to ring for silence and ask "Is Mr. Charles Fuhr in the room? He's wanted on the 'phone."

For two years Charles Fuhr was one of the most famous characters in Hollywood. He would disappear for a time, then the morning's paper would bear the flaming headlines, "*Wanderer Returns! Genial First-Nighter Back in Land of the Living. Charley Fuhr who has been in New York, guiding the destinies of his sister Bessie, a concert pianist, returned to town today. Among those gathered at the Old Heidelberg table at the Hoffman café, glad to welcome him back, were William S. Hart, his sister, Mary Ellen, Buster Keaton, Tom Geraghty, Natalie Talmadge, Scoop Conlon, Johnnie Grey, Bennie Ziedman, Hal Cooley, Mitchell Lewis, Pat Dowling.*"

"*Recuperating Nicely,*" another headline would reassure an anxious world. "*Popular Bon-Vivant Expects to be Among Friends This Week End.*" Charley Fuhr, the story would go on to explain, had been suffering from a slight attack of epigastralgia, but he was expected to recover in time to entertain a few friends at his new home, "The Nest," among them Eddie Sutherland, George Procter, Frank Borzage, Bull Montana, Walter McNamara and Kenneth McGaffey.

Or perhaps it was an argument over the spelling of the name "Fuhr" that the newspapers chronicled. one authority tracing the surname back to the Norman "Feor," another claiming it was the Germanic "Fuer," while Charley himself upheld its origin as pure Celtic and derived from Patric O'Fuhr, one of the early kings of Ireland.

Though few of the lovely ladies of the screen had actually made the acquaintance of the mysterious bon-vivant, many of them had received evidence of his admiration for feminine beauty. It often happened that when some young man had invited a picture girl to dine with him at a restaurant patronized by the movie colony, the waiter would set a bottle of champagne down on their table with a flourish and announce "For the lady—with the compliments of Mr. Charley Fuhr!"

But when her empurpled escort, choking with rage, sought out the gallant Mr. Fuhr with the expressed intention of punching him in the eye, it was always to be told that he had just that moment left.

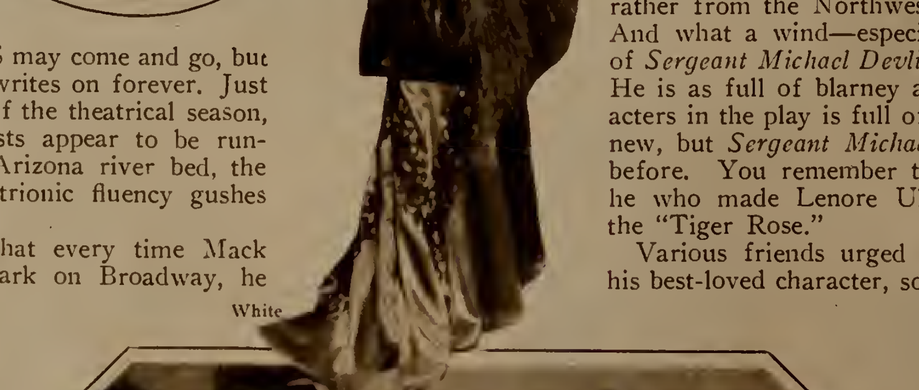
(*Continued on page* 70)

Murder and
Share the

By Frank Vreeland

Vandamm

White



Apeda

Directly above: A scene from "Bottled," at the Booth Theater; next, Mae West in the title rôle of *Diamond Lil;* and at the top, Ernest Cossart, Dudley Digges and Alfred Lunt in the Theatre Guild's "Volpone"

PLAYWRIGHTS may come and go, but Willard Mack writes on forever. Just at the waning of the theatrical season, when other dramatists appear to be running as dry as an Arizona river bed, the flood of Mack's histrionic fluency gushes on unabated.

I firmly believe that every time Mack sees a theater go dark on Broadway, he writes a play for it. So obvious is his love for the stage that I think he would sit up all night for a week in order to dash off a few thousand bright lines just to keep a playhouse open. And his ability to dash is unquestionable. No other writer for the mimes and mummers appears to have a fountain of inspiration — or a fountain pen — with such an incessant flow.

So his new Canadian melodrama "The Scarlet Fox," came along at a period when there were more than enough blank houses on Broadway, as a result of the early spring thaw, among the standing attractions. It appeared just when inveterate theatergoers had run into a welter of plays that strewed their wrecks along the main thoroughfare, and when something refreshing was needed to stimulate jaded Broadway—I had almost written Boredway.

Resurrecting the Sarge

THUS "The Scarlet Fox" arrived like a heartening wind from the North, or rather from the Northwest Mounted Police. And what a wind—especially in the person of *Sergeant Michael Devlin* of the Mounted! He is as full of blarney as one of the characters in the play is full of hop. The play is new, but *Sergeant Michael* has seen service before. You remember the Sarge. It was he who made Lenore Ulric to blossom as the "Tiger Rose."

Various friends urged Mack to resurrect his best-loved character, so he not only wrote the Sarge back into his red coat and black pants again, but he up and acted the part himself with his trusty six-shooter. In the interval Miss Ulric has gone variously Chinese, French and Harlem. Mack has remained staunchly Northwest Mounted under the skin. He swaggers through the rôle of this confident, clear-headed, boastful, capable, romantic, cynical stalwart quite as if Mack would rather be *Mike* than Belasco and Shakespeare combined.

This time he sends the Sarge after the murderer of a mine boss in a mining town, mixing him up in

-Music Summer Stage

he machinations of a drug ring, and proving hat a purveyor of such genteel doodads as haberdashery can own a scoundrelly black heart. This time Mack reverses the cur-ent procedure and implicates the real riminal pretty clearly from the start, instead of leaving him in the dark until he umps out at the final curtain and says 'Boo!" Whatever lack of surprise lies n that method is more than compensated by the picturesque developments of he melodrama, one act of which passes n a primrose house not usually mentioned before the children.

The Temple of Temptation

THIS episode, with the police actually dawdling acquiescently about the premises, avoids offense for the reason that Mack takes his tenderloin light-heartedly rather than fiercely. Does *Sergeant Devlin* seek the murderer in this fleshly temple solely in order to preserve law and order? Well, when did any fictional redcoated cop ever act on stage or screen from motives of law and order? He does it because Katherine Wilson is in the cast, being a sweet young ingénue, with Clark Marshall portraying very skilfully her brother, the young man who is suspected of the murder between sniffs of the stuff. As a movie-smitten servant girl, Alice Moe gives one of the best eccentric comedy impersonations in years, ranking her with May Vokes, and Mack, besides his own dashing performance, has ably directed Marie Chambers, Bessie Banyard, Joseph Sweeney and the rest to such a degree that in the last act they make even a laundry look thrilling. At the opening performance Mack said that if this play didn't go he'd turn to and write another, but it doesn't appear that he'd have to fulfil his threat for some time.

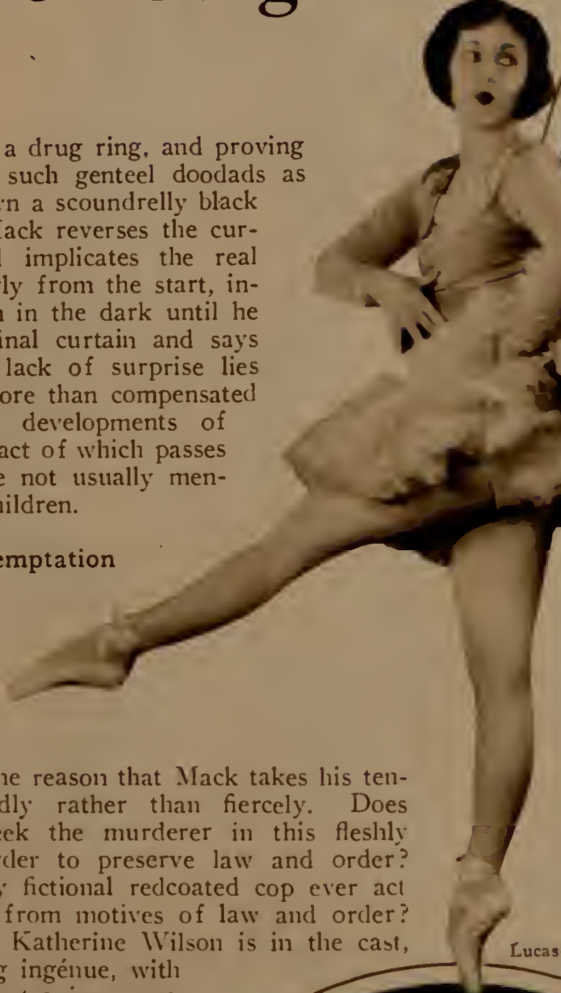
"Volpone," the latest production by the Theatre Guild, resembles "The Scarlet Fox," in that it seeks merely to give entertainment, rather than to dissect life and brood over it. Perhaps the Guild directors felt impelled to revive this four-hundred-year-old classic by Ben Jonson because in such earlier offerings this season as "Strange Interlude" and "Marco Millions" they had done considerable brooding.

Jazzing Ben Jonson

OTHERWISE, this gay interlude might seem to hold only an antiquarian interest, especially since the comedy in its original straggling state took almost as long as Eugene O'Neill's sprawling play to pass a given point. Yet it is rather diverting to see how immemorial are human impulses, particularly when brushed up with current sprightliness by Director Philip Moeller, and when Alfred Lunt turns the dialogue into modern slang with his modern twang. The same motives of greed, vanity and lechery

(*Continued on page* 83)

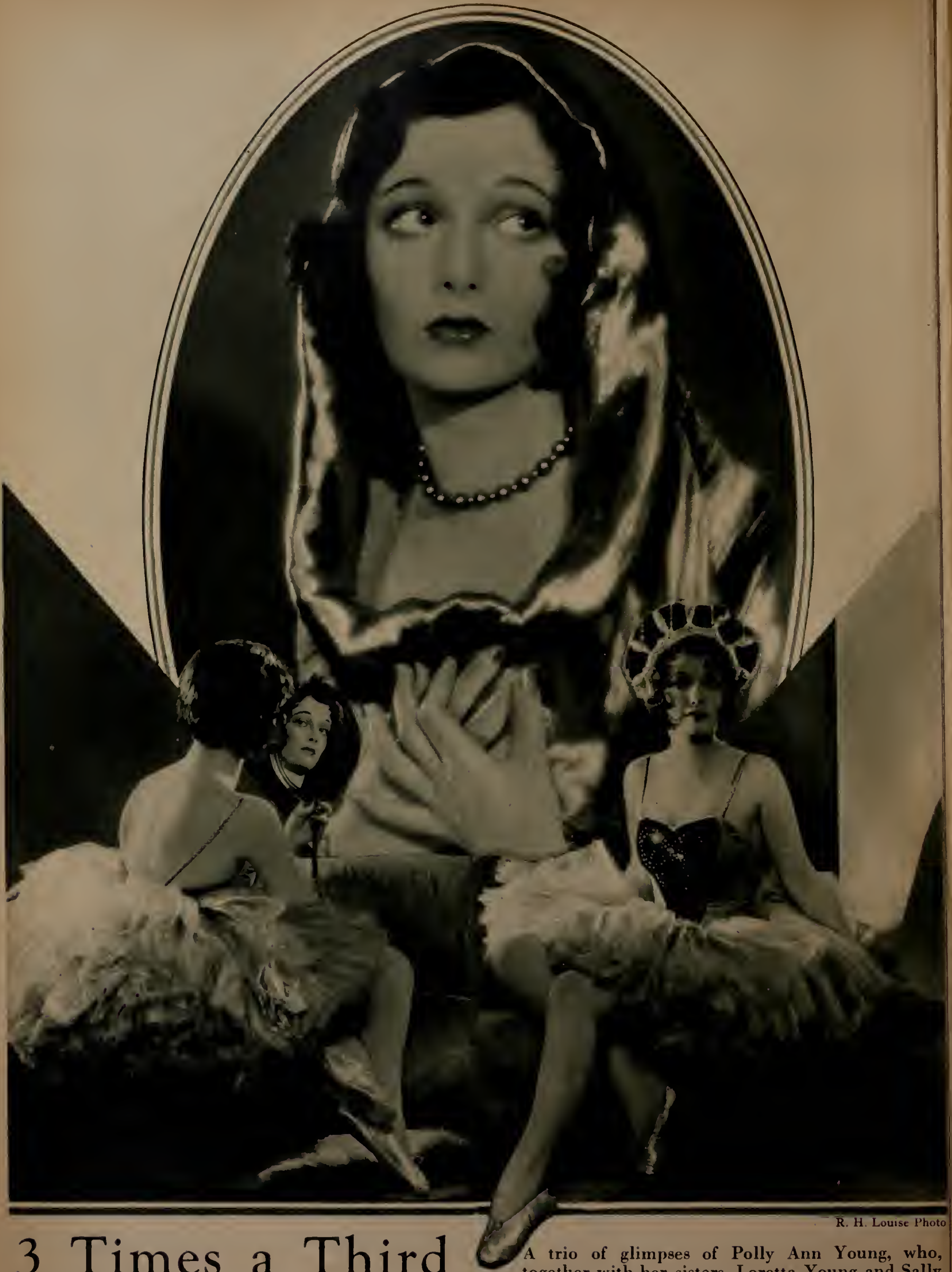
Vandamm



Lucas-Kanarian

White

From the bottom up: James Gleason and his wife in "The Shannons of Broadway"; Irene Delroy in "Here's Howe," and Willard Mack and Katherine Wilson in "The Scarlet Fox"



R. H. Louise Photo

3 Times a Third
of 3 Sisters

A trio of glimpses of Polly Ann Young, who, together with her sisters, Loretta Young and Sally Blane, is rising—confirm this by a glance at the pictures—head and shoulders above many aspirants for genuine screen prominence

Murnau or Never

An Intrepid Interviewer Trails the Red-Headed German Director to His Lair

By Herbert Cruikshank

"AND don't forget the motto of the corps," concluded Larry Reid, leader of our brave little band. "Now go—and *get your man!*" The colors of dear old Czecho-Slovakia were unfurled. A band of boy scouts, led by one who resembled Conrad Nagel, played that stirring anthem, "When the Red, Red Robins Come Bobbin' Out of Sid Grauman's Hair," with a patter chorus, "I Wanta Be There—I Wanta Be There," by Roxy's ushers, dressed as brigands from Fifth Avenue "Childs'." It was all very inspiring.

I kissed the little women good-bye (all except the blonde, who *will* eat Italian forget-me-nots) and, guided by the trusty "Rum-Tum-Tum," took the trail toward Hollywood.

My quarry, as we say in the R. N. W. M. P., was F. W. Murnau, German genius of the cinema, director of the immortal "Sunrise," and the toughest egg on the Fox lot when it comes to interviews.

On the evening of the fourth day, just as the Movie Mecca was settling down to serious nocturnal drinking, I arrived at the iron portals.

A Hard-to-Get Gateman

ALWAYS the most supercilious snob on the set is the gateman. The guardian of this den of Fox's was no exception. My inquiries for Herr Murnau brought that semi-lucid expression indicating, "Ah, yes, of course, the name sounds familiar." And who or whom, as the case may be, might I be, a presumptuous stranger at the gates?

Did Mr. Crankshaft have an appointment? No? The momentary smile vanished. Perhaps Mr. Cockshine would visit the office, or would Mr. Crinkshaw call another time. Really, Mr. Crushang, Murnau was not available. Here was a dilemma. Wot-to-do! Wot-to-do!

But as I pondered, came the sound of horses' hooves. And a moment later Lois Moran threw herself from a foam-flecked Ford with a breathless "Whoa, Emma," and passed through the barrier. Naturally a quick thinker, I followed swiftly behind her while the Cerberus of the studio was bent double in obeisance.

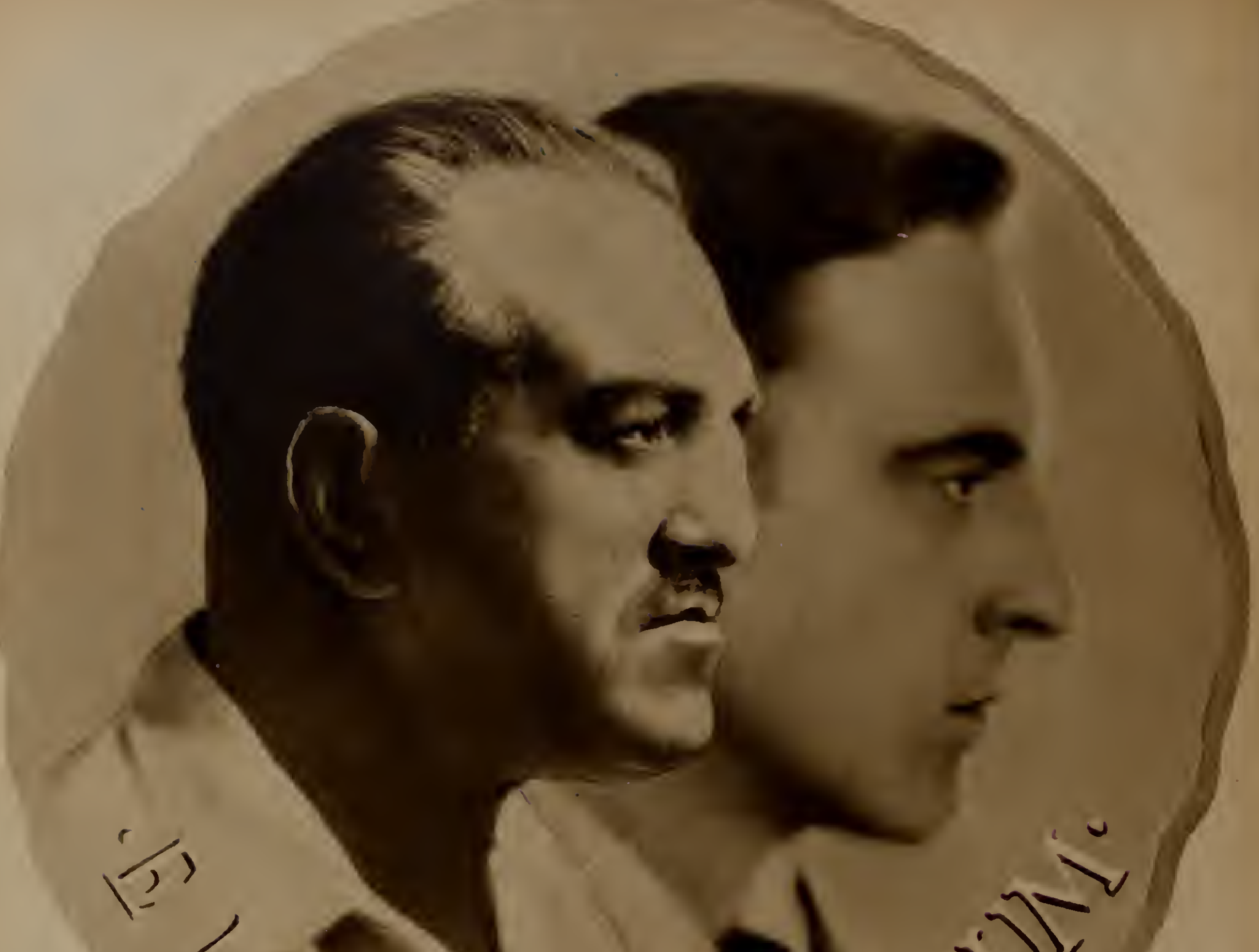
(*To be Continued*)

PART TWO

SYNOPSIS: Alleged scribe has been told to write impressions of Murnau and hasn't yet done so. Now read on.

Stumbling through a night dark as Dolores del Rio's eyes, the Hollywood heat suddenly departed and I found myself ankle-deep in snow. But this was neither one kind of "snow" nor the other. A single sniff convinced me it was really salt. Imagine my embarrassment! Rubbing my eyes to penetrate the half light, I saw Paris on a winter's night. To be exact, I was standing before

(*Continued on page* 80)



Otto Dyar Photos

Eustace Blatch, sculptor and handyman, has suggested a series of coins to commemorate for future generations the names and faces of the few celluloid celebrities who really can act, regardless of whether screen directors permit them to.

His first subject comprises Louis Wolheim and John Barrymore, both recruits from the legitimate stage.

The reverse side reveals simply the inscription *Nil nisi bunkum*, which means Our Men Know Their Jobs.

Blah-Relief

SECRET HISTORY OF THE MONTH

What We Hear From the Hollywood Press Agents

Domestic footnote from United Artists studio:

"When she isn't cooking or mending in her sunny California bungalow, Camilla Horn likes to curl up in a big chair and read."

Hereditary genius as displayed at Universal City:

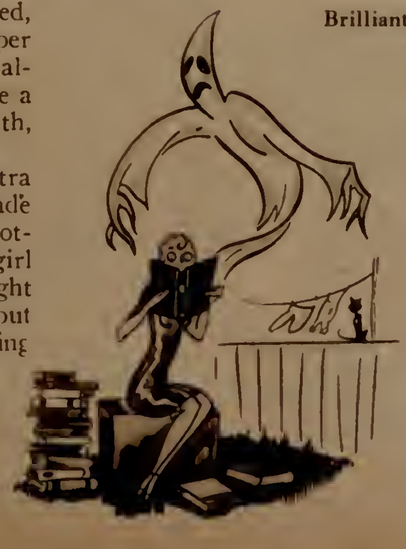
"The veil of secrecy that has surrounded details concerning the new type of motion picture perambulator invented by Carl Laemmle, Jr., has been lifted. The new perambulator is similar to a three-wheeled bicycle. A person sitting in the bicycle seat propels it by means of foot pedals that transfer the power to the rear wheels through a shaft. Airplane tires prevent vibration."

Hollywood's great work of converting the world to the gospel of sex appeal proceeds to the realm of science at United Artists studio:

"Love scenes between amœbas will form the novel introduction to D. W. Griffith's new film, 'The Battle of the Sexes.' They are to be employed in an allegorical sense, illustrating the fact that love exists in even the lowest forms of animal life."

What is Wrong in this Picture?

"Tiny Vera Reynolds is a 'bookworm.' She likes nothing better than the privacy of her own back yard where she may peruse her favorite books during her leisure hours. When asked the kind of books she preferred, Miss Reynolds replied: 'I do not like super sex stories or those of a morbid nature, although an occasional ghost story gives me a thrill.'" (From the persistent Nancy Smith, private press agent.)



"Only middle-aged ladies do the Cleopatra act in flowing tea-gowns beneath rose-shade lamps. This business of not being a hothouse plant is the stuff that wins. The girl who can go hiking with a man in the right sort of shoes, go fishing with him and put her own bait on her hook, and go skating with him without getting tired—that's the kid who is his real pal." (Item received a few days later from the De Mille Pictures Corporation under the heading "Men Like the Out-of-Door Girl," by Vera Reynolds.)

Illuminating sidelight on the unemployment problem among professional extras, from Fox studio:

"Henry Lehrman is busy shooting 'Mister Romeo,' utilizing one of the finest theaters in Los Angeles as his background. The extras were supplied gratis, as Lehrman was wily enough to have placed a one-sheet in front of the theater inviting folks in to see a real motion picture company in action."

Daring fashion sally from United Artists studio, under the name of the pious Norma Talmadge:

"Trousers are unbeautiful, no matter what may be said of their greater convenience, and women, as a rule, will not relinquish their present æsthetic apparel for the mere sake of utility. It is worthy of note that well-dressed conservative women have left this bizarre innovation strictly alone, not because they shun the trouser as immodest, but because its adoption would rob them of their greatest possible quality—charm."

Brilliant grasp of the meaning of words displayed in a United Artists studio broadsheet:

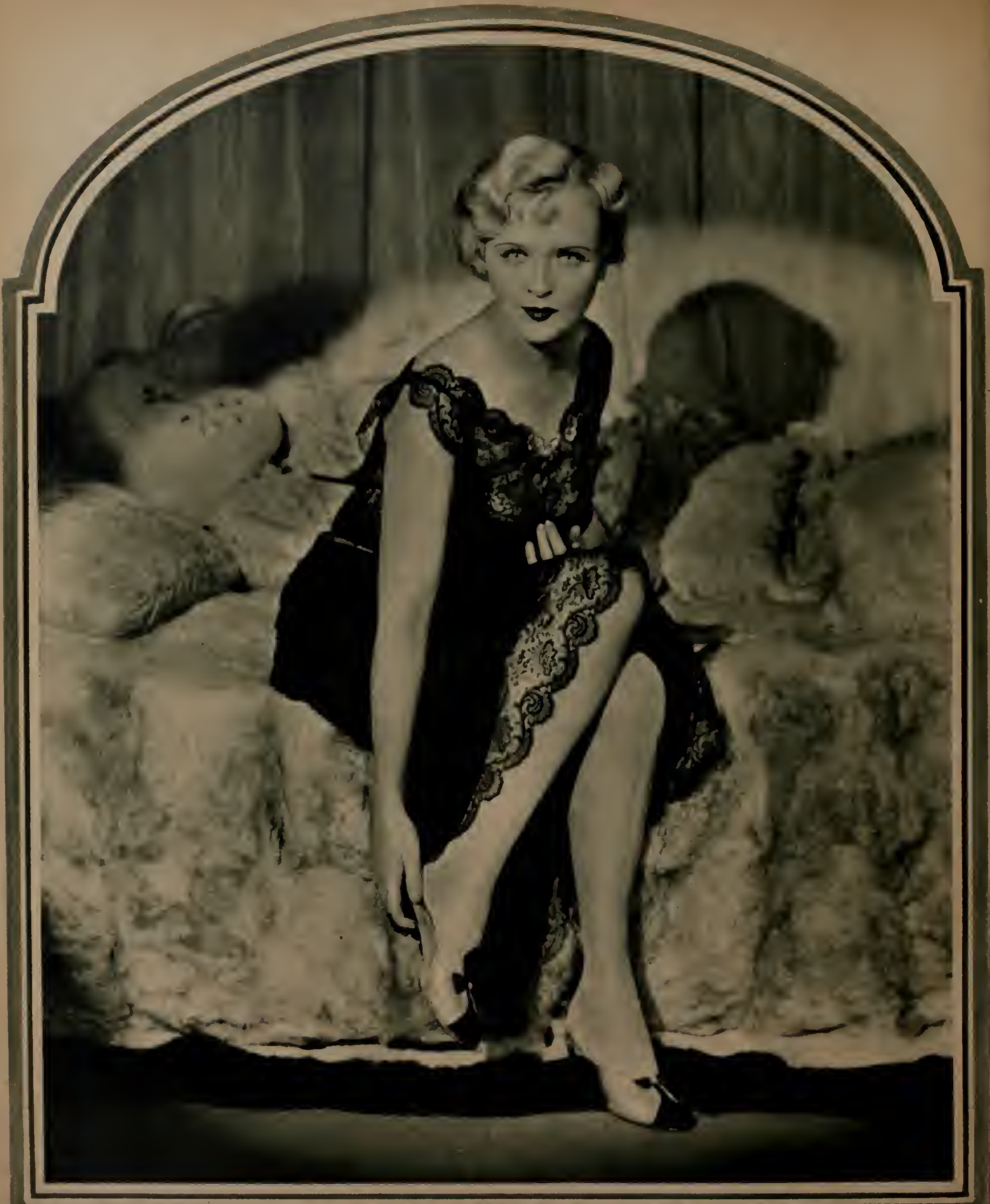
"Gilbert Roland's wavy locks have been sacrificed for the sake of art!

"Which means that Norma Talmadge's dashing leading man had to visit the barber before he started work in 'The Woman Disputed.'"

Saving yet another day for Art at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (from a studio announcement):

"Henrik Sartov was shooting a scene in Marion Davies' new picture when he heard a click. The magazine of his camera had sprung a leak, admitting light to the film. The cameraman took a wad

(*Continued on page 73*)



Russell Ball

Two Mules That Have No Kick

Privileged as they are to accompany Phyllis Haver to this point in her retirement from the day's occupation. The ni—pardon us—the *robe de nuit* Miss Haver is wearing is of black chiffon and lace, as filmy as her profession

from toast *to* Toast

Such Has Been Joan Crawford's Career. She Began by Eating It and Ended by Being It

By Cedric Belfrage

R. H. Louise

MRS. LE SUEUR'S little girl, Lucile, pulled into Hollywood with the indigestion of Christmas, 1924, still ringing through her sturdy frame.

The sandwich she ate for lunch was toasted. It was an omen.

For what had she been told by one who had come like a fairy prince into her life? "Leave all this," he had whispered hoarsely, barely making himself heard above the theater traffic in Times Square; "Come to Hollywood, little dancer, and you will become the toast of our well-known Boulevard!" Little had he known that for once in his life he spoke the truth.

And what was the life he was asking her to leave? The tinsel of the Follies, the feet that ached and the face that bravely smiled, the lure of wealth and the reprobates who laid it at her feet—at a price! On with the motley, ring up the curtain, all the world a stage—but why continue? Lucile gave the whole works the air.

A week later, eastern standard time, she was—among other things—happy, slightly sunburned, reducing, cured of the indigestion, on a long contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—and Joan Crawford. Lucile le Sueur (look it up in the French dictionary if you want to know why) had been peeled off her by the studio people like an old, worn-out glove. "You, girl," they said to her, looking up from their inter-executive game of pinocle, "your name is Joan Crawford, and don't you forget it."

Thus the genesis of the Toast of Hollywood Boulevard.

Fat But Filmable

SHE recorded herself upon celluloid, or "made a test" as she learned to call it in Hollywood's racy *argot*, on the fateful morning of January 9, 1925. For this, her first appearance in front of a movie camera, she put on a fussily modest and virginal frock which was her conception of what the screen he-man's ideal mate should wear. When they cranked the camera, she alternately smiled and frowned, much as though she were trying to make up her mind whether or not she believed in fairies. They made her play a little scene with Creighton Hale, who happened to be around the lot with nothing to do, and she tried to conduct herself as she had seen the stars do on the screen. Looking at this odd scene today makes one wonder what the Metro-Goldwyn people saw in her as an actress. As for her beauty, it showed but faintly through the excessive avoirdupois she was then carrying around. Personally I would have sent the girl back to New York by the next train

(*Continued on page 78*)

The fatter she got, the slimmer her chances, Joan Crawford found. The pictures from the bottom up, show her three stages of reduction

THE CRACK

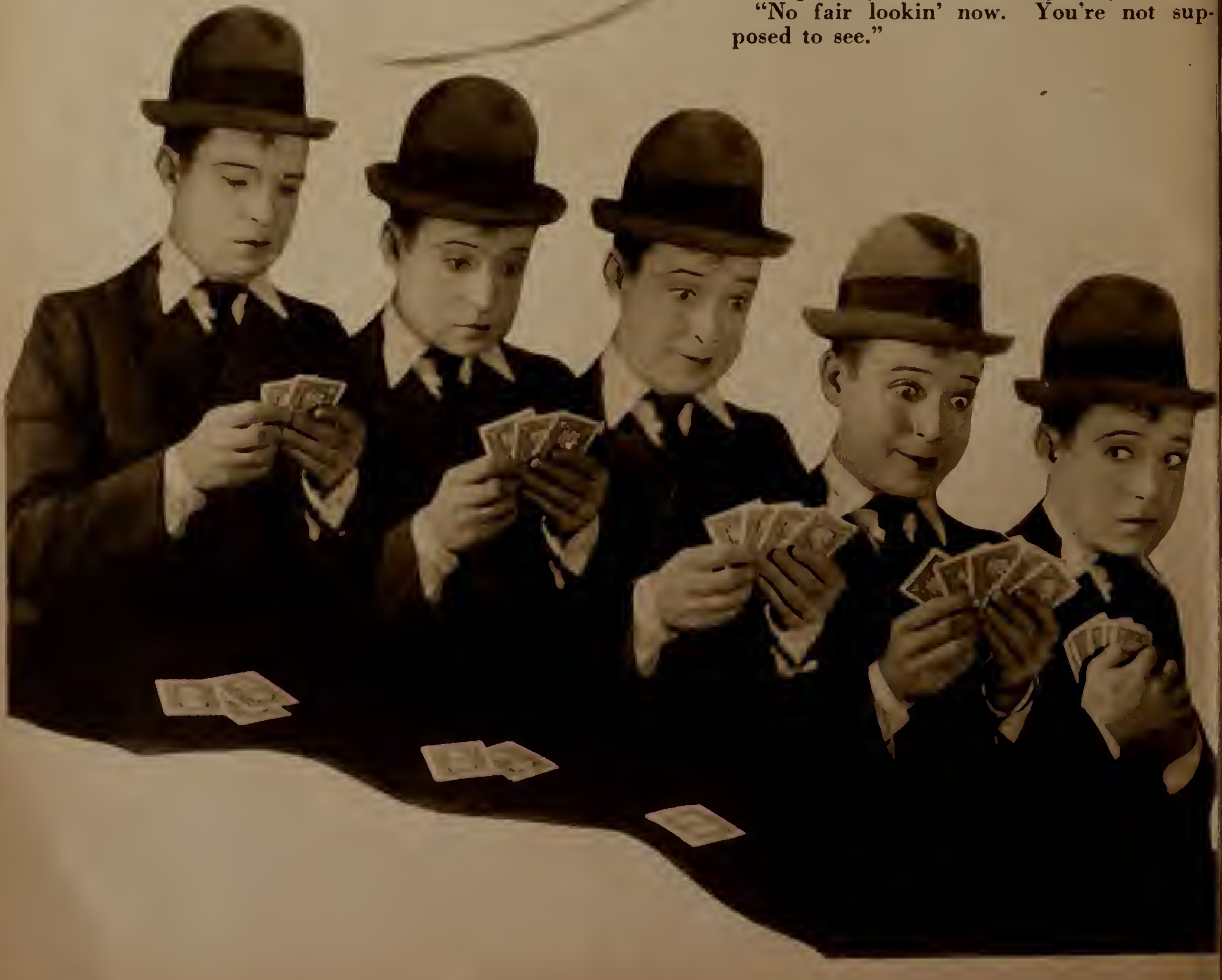
Funny thing this world!
How its lip does curl—
When it laughs at things you do,
After it's taught those things to you.
No wonder we laugh and cry
And sometimes want to die.
Why, we're so awfully full of moods
We scarce know what to do.
Some say it's the individual—
Others that it's quite conventional.
But hot or cold—
The crack still goes—
Funny thing this world!

—JOAN CRAWFORD

After the

Harry Langdon's
As Observed in the
Session of Cripple

AT top: "Just another one of those hands. I guess." And then from left to right:
"All right, if there was more of 'em."
"What's this! Wait a minute."
"Say. Wait. Lemme be sure."
"Yep; they're there. Lady, lady!"
"No fair lookin' now. You're not supposed to see."



Call Is Over

Poker Face
Course of a Recent
Creek Contract

AND now from right to left: "I might open for ten."

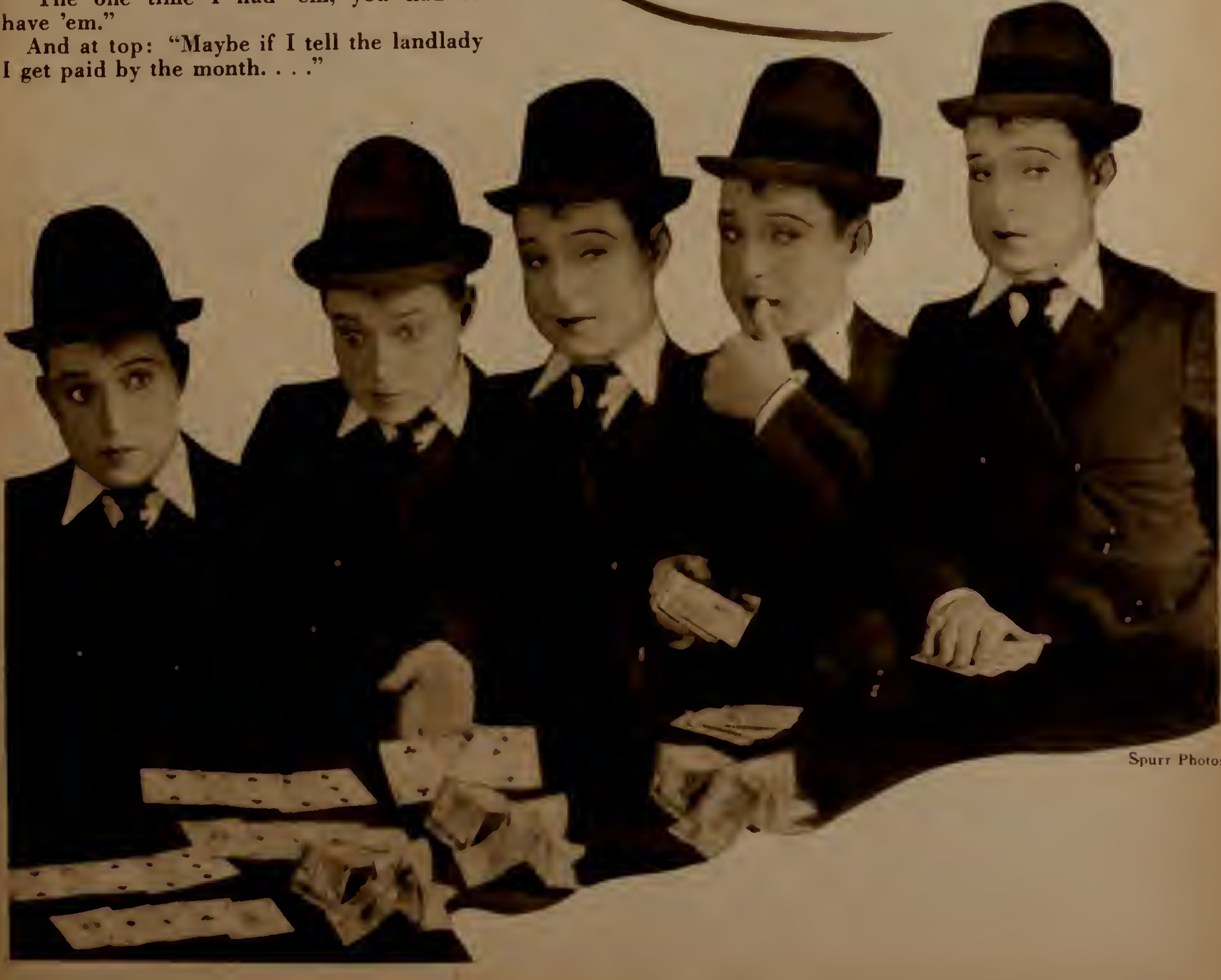
"Your fifty and fifty more."

"Look 'em over, boy."

"No. No. But—— Jees!"

"The one time I had 'em, you had to have 'em."

And at top: "Maybe if I tell the landlady I get paid by the month. . . ."



Spurr Photos

the Sucker who Succeeded

Believe It or Not, Tom Tyler Learned Movie Acting by Mail

By Dorothy Calhoun

HIS kid sister shrilled, "Mama! Tom's doin' it again. *Mama!* Tom's got his face all painted funny, an' he's talkin' to hisself."

His mother said worriedly, "Tom, if you put any more of that nasty dirty stuff on your face, I'll tell your father and he will give you a licking. Sometimes I think you're crazy, spending good money on such trash! It's going to those awful nickelodeons that's done it."

His father, heavy-handed superintendent of the iron ore mines on Lake Chamberlain, said grimly, "Not another word, d'you hear me? My son an *actor!* Fine business for a healthy man. You're going to learn to be an automobile mechanic and make a decent living."

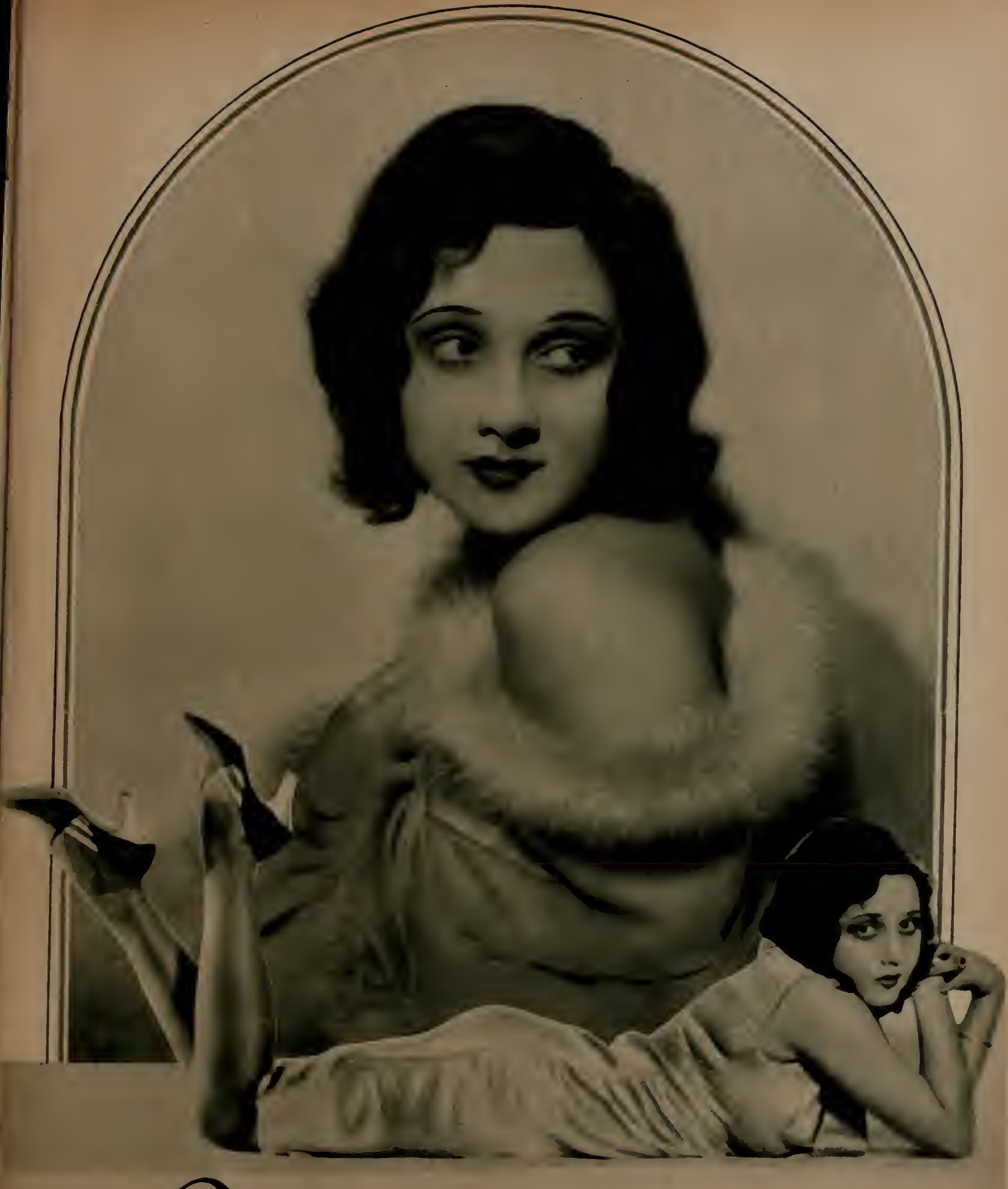
The letter from the correspondence school said, "Dear Sir: We are sending you the make-up kit. We feel sure you have great talent and would succeed on the screen. Kindly send the second instalment, $5, and the next lesson, 'Screen Technique,' will be mailed promptly. Yours truly, The ——— Correspondence School of Screen Training."

He was seventeen, tall, gangling. Evenings he would run himself ragged carrying heavy cans of film from one movie house to another two miles away, but he barely moved in answer to a call for a bucket of coal for the kitchen stove. He was driving a truck and saving up his money. When he had enough for his fare to California, he was going out to become a movie hero, like Eddie Polo or Hobart Bosworth. But not like Bill Hart. He didn't like Westerns. He always walked out when the first shot of sagebrush flashed on the screen. Besides, he was scared of horses. Always had been.

Registering Ambition

MEANWHILE he was learning how to be a movie actor, so's to be ready. The lessons covered everything: How to Make Up as an Old Man, How to Register the Different Emotions, Rage, Grief, Fear. How to Be a Comedian. How to Dress for Society Parts. Some of them were sort of hard to do alone, but it wasn't safe to ask the family to help. Better lock the door while you practised the lesson on "How to Make Love," and when you got the one on "Screen Fighting," where you had to choke yourself, it was wiser to do it in the barn where you could make plenty of noise without attracting attention.

(*Continued on page 76*)



Overlooking Her Position

It is all very well for Audrey Ferris to ignore herself. Knowing that no one else will, she can easily afford to. And this may be said, too, regardless of these two pictures of her you examine: that Audrey is indubitably prone to succeed

Reducing Herself to Riches

By Dorothy Manners

Doris Dawson's Soul-Struggl Is Caused by Hunger for Both Cake and a Caree

IF you've got a date with that great, big handsome, specialty number tonight, here's a little tip:

Wear a white sport dress with a red collar and red cuffs and a red hat. Doris Dawson did. And how! She wore it the day she went to see Harry Langdon about a bit in his new picture and before she left Harry had signed her for the leading rôle. She wore it the time First National sent for her for a test and before she left the lot she had been signed o a contract with a leading rôl with Richard Barthelmess i "The Little Shepherd o Kingdom Come," throwr in for good measure. Yo can imagine how she wear it! It's her lucky colo combination and Doris i right here to tell you that it's got it all over anything else for quick results.

Carsey

She ought to know. Doris used to dress in dark browns and blacks. That was when she first came to Hollywood and she wasn't so happy. Like everybody else, except Sue Carol, Doris had a hard time getting started in Hollywood. You wouldn't think it to look at her. If you like the baby-doll type, you'd swoon at Doris. And Hollywood does. But Hollywood didn't swoon right away. Doris almost starved to death before Hollywood got around to her cute little smile and her long Pickford curls.

Her Power Over Speed Cops

I THINK the right adjective for Doris is cuddlesome. If her hair were four shades lighter, she would have been perfect for "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." She's got that same guileless look, and even hard-boiled speed cops believe her when she tells them she didn't realize she was going forty miles an hour. When she smiles at them, they are convinced of it. She's got that helpless-little-woman-all-alone-in-the-world look, and only her intimates are in on the secret of how really capable she is.

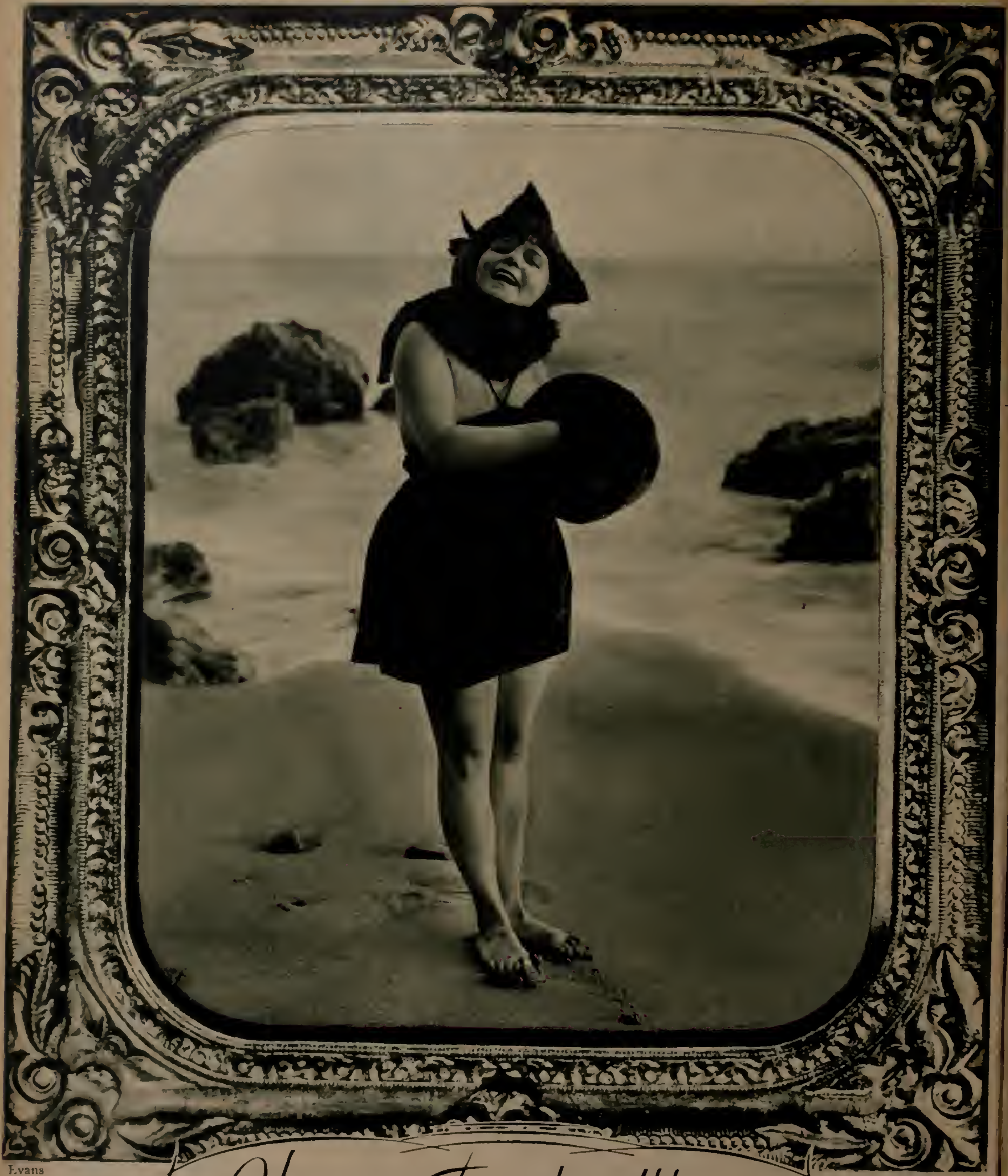
Believe it or not, she can cook and sew and make her own clothes and dye her own shoes and all sorts of things you wouldn't suspect to look at her. She'd make a great little wife for some young fellow just starting out in the world—if she wanted to. But she doesn't. She wants to be a movie star with a public—so there!

(*Continued on page* 82)

Raquel Torres and Monte Blue were two members of the cast under W. S. Van Dyke's direction to enact "White Shadows in the South Seas" on the original site, the island of Tahiti. Monte is the more celebrated player, but her he has chosen—and rationally—to appear in a supporting rôle

To provide a South Seas beauty fully up to expectations, the wisest plan is to import one from Hollywood. Hence Raquel Torres—destined to make, when she appears on the screen, an even bigger splash than she's creating here

She and Her Shadow



Evans

Classic's Family Album

Do you know her? She's as slender now as a husband's excuse. But in the old Keystone comedy days, she—well, the picture's right in front of you. She plays heavy dramatic rôles now. But it's a question whether you'd say that there's more to her at present than there used to be. Her name, incidentally, is Vera Reynolds

Our Own News Camera

When Ruth was a baby instead of The Babe, Mike Donlin of the New York Giants was the home-run king of the big leagues. Here is Mike today, as baseball technician for a new Richard Dix picture

As Spanish as an omelette is Charley Chase. After playing the part of the hen-pecked husband so long in comedies, he has revolted and gone desperado and become as insolent as garlic

Many times Richard Dix's face has been called handsome. But here, with Mary Brian in the picture, more must be said of it: that it comes very close to loveliness

Creations for castaways: Esther Ralston in a modish frock of sailcloth, gathered together with thongs. Low-heeled sandals, not from Paris, complete the costume

"The 4 Devils"—Count 'em—Four. They being, as one looks from North to South: Charles Morton, Barry Norton, Nancy Drexel and Janet Gaynor

CINEMA SHOTS FROM COAST TO

Speaking of limbs, we find here specimens of two contrasting varieties. And granting even beauty to be no more than shin deep, Lina Basquette qualifies for it unquestionably

Do animals think? At any rate, dogs reflect. For here is Flash, the cinema canine, holding the mirror up to nature, and occasionally to Louise Lorraine

Woodbury

Taking dictation is not characteristic of Dolores del Rio. But Johnny Hines's smile has won her over to the idea. She is typing for him a comedy sequence for his next picture

Victor McLaglen, formerly captain in the British Army, tells an old Arab friend from Bagdad—Yousef Eben Mansour—where to get off. Victor is just saying: "Be Yousef. Eben"

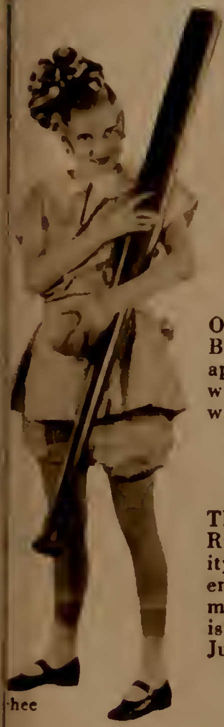
In one of the seats of the mighty, little Alice White looks —well, mighty little. But while she may not fill this chair, she does fill the bill of all fans who like their beauty piquant

Hollywood turns the tables upon critics of its indoor sports —turns them into ping - pong courts. Here Nils Asther and Joan Crawford engage in combat

OAST AND BACK TO COAST AGAIN

Proving that elbow-bending and light-and-dark are not necessarily to be associated with barrooms: Colleen Moore and Diane Ellis having a talk of that kind in "Heart to Heart"

From property man to man of property is Eddie Nugent's story. He's just been relieved of the responsibilities of the first estate and now—because he's recently signed a contract as an actor—is entering upon those of the second



hee

On his ear: Marjorie Beebe's hat. And Marjorie apparently has no regard whatever for the universal warning to keep away from that horse's head

The batting average of Ruth Taylor's popularity has been consistently above the .300 mark. And the reason is not hard to discover. Just take a look at Ruth's equipment

Autrey

Bangs are coming in again—bigger and louder ones, obviously. Here are Anita Pam and Cecele Cameron preparing to be well in time for the recurrent mode

Clyde Cook has always had the ability to provoke laughs without undue exertion. But he's seemingly not quite satisfied and has now begun really to extend himself

THE TATOOED MAN
SHE WINDS HER SWEETIES AROUND HER NECK!
GREA
SHO
ELDON KELLEY

Funny

By Gladys Hall

Drawings by ELDON KELLEY

OH, ho, ho, ho, *ho!* Oh, ha, ha, ha *ha!*

Come into the Big Tent, ladees and gennelmun! Come into the Big Top of Hollywood and see the Strange Peepul! The Lady wot twists her sweeties about her neck! The man with the Tattoed Skin, each adwenture of his life embossed on his own fair skin! Come in and see the Million Dollar producer of Mother Love stories as can't sign his own name to your check! Come in and see the little baby as gennulmen approves of as can read Nietsche and has heard of a brain or wot have you!

Come on, come on, don't stand back. Stranger sights to see than ever met the eye. Come in and see the guy wot thinks he's God an acts according. Come in and witness a Unknown Author tryin' to sell a story to a producer. See 'im writhe and twist. See 'im beat 'is brains out afore your very eyes. Watch 'im throw inkwells and holler and shriek. 'Ear 'im cry: "It's the story of a 'uman 'eart, sir, it's the story of a 'uman 'eart!" Look closely and see wot 'appens! See wot 'appens to the contortionist. A contract for fifty grand a week then and there!

Oh, c'm on in and see the Strangest Peepul in all the world, recruited from eve-ry walk of life, ladies and gents, from the wilds of Timbuctoo, from dim conventual walls, from wayside garages and lonely farms and the enviruns of Park Avenoo. C'm on in. On'y ten cents admisshion, on'y ten cents.

Right This Way, No Delay.

Right This Way, No Delay

COME into the Big Top of Hollywood!

You'll see it for yourselves, folks . . . you c'n take home first hand impressions for the old folks and the little 'uns. You don't have to wear the brain cells out reading the bilge water of the Freudians, the complexes and wot have you. You don't have to follow the ton mags as dissects the Strange Peepul. You don't have t deegest lectures by the Visiting Writers, by evangelists by gents of the pulpit purple, by cynicks an' excetera.

Ten cents and Hollywood will show its funny face, it clown face, its motley under which beats, ladees an gents, a breakin' 'eart.

Hollywood 'as its funny side, that's the answer. Don' take it too seriously. Hollywood is a baby, ladees, a should be taken to every mother heart and cuddled. It' the Greatest Show on Earth, not barrin' Barnum; and i it 'appen the funniest, the most side-splittin' things in al the world. It must be seen to be believed. It's funny that's all. It's nothing to get irate about, nasty about profond about. C'm on in and see!

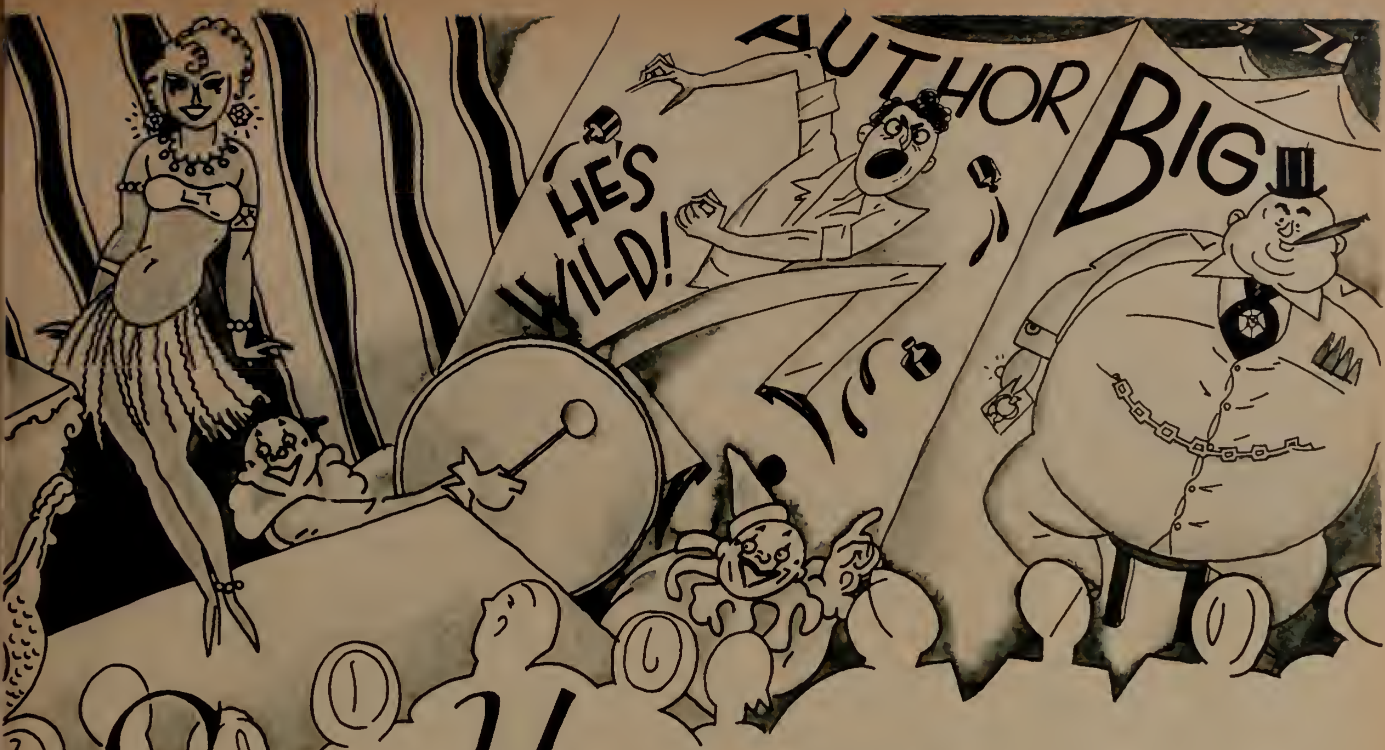
See the pallid lady with the diadem in her midnigh hair. See the string of boy-friends hangin' round he neck like lavalieres. Hear her purse her lips and say t another pallid lady as 'as a boy friend, too: "I can possibly dine with you; it's a matter of principle, yo see?"

Oh, hee, hee, hee!

Come in and see the little "It" huckster. Red 'ai Wiggles an' all. She'll give you sample parcels of S. FREE. No obligation on your parts if it don't work i stantaneous. Hear her tell how she was oncet a scri clerk and how it has helped her rise because it has give her a lit'ry background.

Oh, ho, ho!

C'm in and see the big yaphank from the Open Space You all know what he was oncet. Now he has a blonde, snappy car and some temperament. C'm in and see work. Watch him get jacked up for a Big Scene, for finger pressed into brow. Getting into the psychologic atmosphere.



Side Up

Step Right Up!
See the Wild Authors!
See the Marriage Carousel!
See Hollywood's Year-Round Show!

Oh, See the Parasites!

Oh, hee, hee!

C'm in an' see the Parasites. Complete collection of that species doomed to certain extinction when the Movies puts on rompers. God knows where they come from and maybe God knows why. A race of beings that crawls upon its belly, that never stands erect, that 'as no feet properly speaking. 'Uman tapeworms, that's wot they is. A race that curries favors from the gods and goddesses of Gelatin and in exchange spews pretty platitudes; a race that tells its benefactors they are always right, always perfect, always more sinned against than sinning. Watch the strange effects of this rare race, ladees and gents. The objects of their adulations begin to agree with them. The egos begin to swell an' swell, like balloons. Now watch the balloons break. Blow up. Watch the contracts blow up, too. And now, ladees, watch the curious and movin' phenomena of the parasite race creep and crawl away to suck anew in virgin fields. As pretty a sight, folks, as ever met the unsuspectin' eye.

Oh, ho, ho!

Step on to the Marriage Carousel of Hollywood. Watch 'em mount the first dolphin, blushin' and bridlin', blinkin' and blushin' for better or for worse. The musick starts, the carousel moves—we're off! Watch 'em catch the gold ring, watch 'em step off again, watch 'em jump again for another ride on another kinda animal, another gold ring, another, still another. Round and round and round. C'm on, ladees and gents, it's keepin' the mint in circulation for the gents of the pulpit purple. It's an ill wind. Come on, all, the Marriage Carousel is just about to start!

See the Story-Butchers

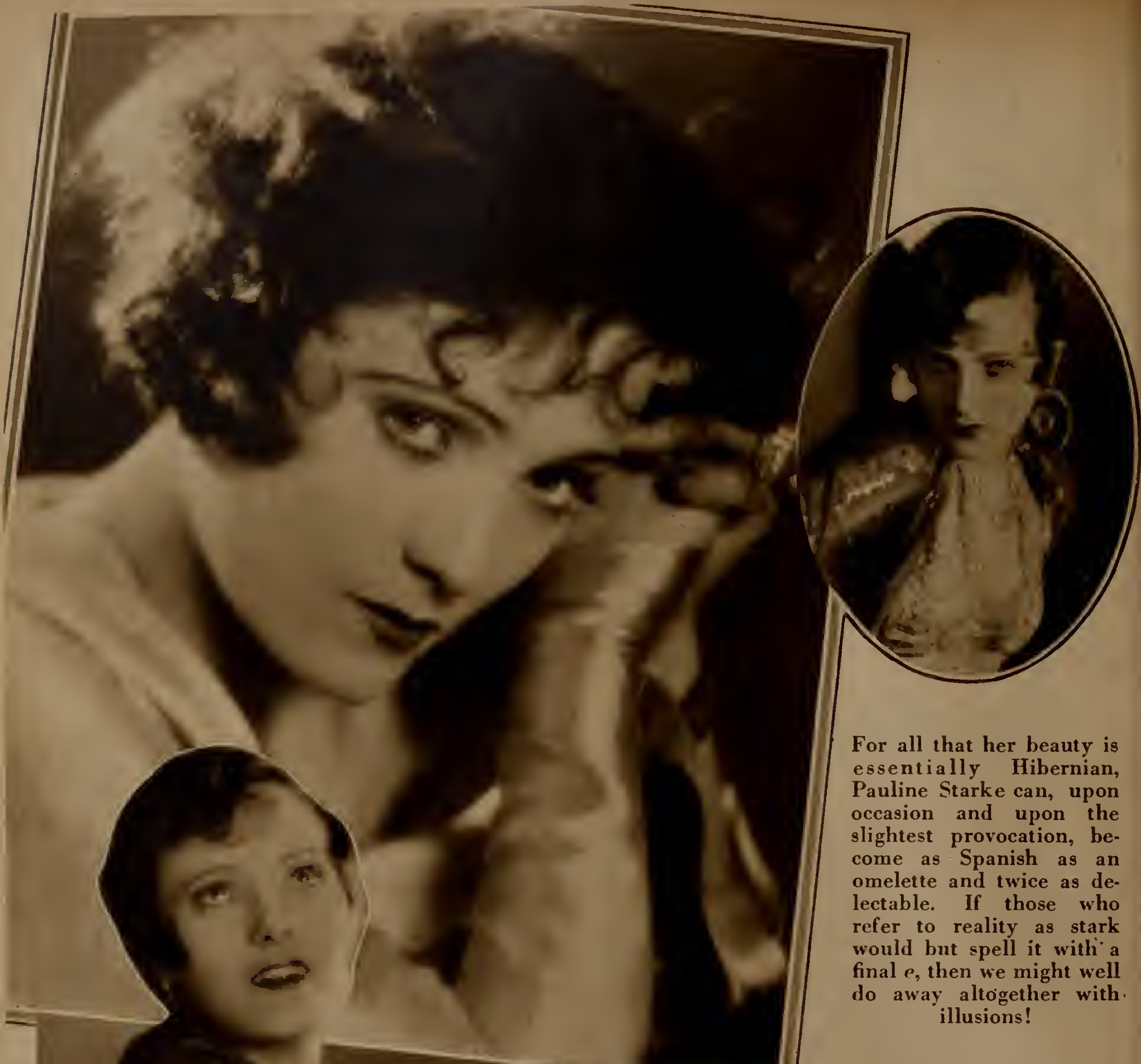
C'M on in and watch the Big Producers Work. The guys that press the buttons, that dish you up your favorites in all kinds of curries an' mustard. They yell for Bigger and Better Stories. Writers knock with ink-stained paws upon their conference-closed doors. Wot do they do? Why, they send for a man wot has made a name for himself manufacturin' sausage. That's fair, ain't it? He *has* made a name for hisself, 'asn't he? You've heard of his sausages, 'aven't you? Then why shouldn't you 'ear of his movies? No reason. Come right in and watch this phenomena take place afore your very eyes. Sausage-into-script, no sooner said than done. They'll strut their stuff while you wait.

Step up an' feast yore eyes upon the Turble Trick Title-Writers. Animiles with the kinda minds as would think paralysis is funny. Gaze in amazement upon 'em as they strain their brains thinkin' up things guaranteed to keep you from enjoyin' the picture!

C'm on in, step lively. Be in time for the Big Parade. The Grand March. Painted Ladies in Priceless Palanquins. Look closely, gents, on'y last year these Jewelled Ones knew the pernickety Pinch o' Poverty. Watch the silhouetted Sheiks turn on their devastating detonators afore your very eyes while fems drop by the wayside, hannilated. Watch the pack, the pack of lean-faced hextras, howlin' at the hubs, yelpin' like a pack of hounds for the throw of a bone. Watch the Big Guns turn thumbs down on a few hactresses who must admit to thoity summers or why-not. Watch the Hexalted Horder of Press Agents pull hadietives out of the hair and hang 'em about like diments. Watch 'em, right afore your very eyes, take a sow's ear and manufacshure a silk poise. You'd a thought it couldn't be done, but you will see. All for one dime, ladees and gents, one little, little dime.

C'm into the Big Top . . .

Oh, hee, hee, hee, hee! Oh, ho, ho, ho, ho!



For all that her beauty is essentially Hibernian, Pauline Starke can, upon occasion and upon the slightest provocation, become as Spanish as an omelette and twice as delectable. If those who refer to reality as stark would but spell it with a final *e*, then we might well do away altogether with illusions!

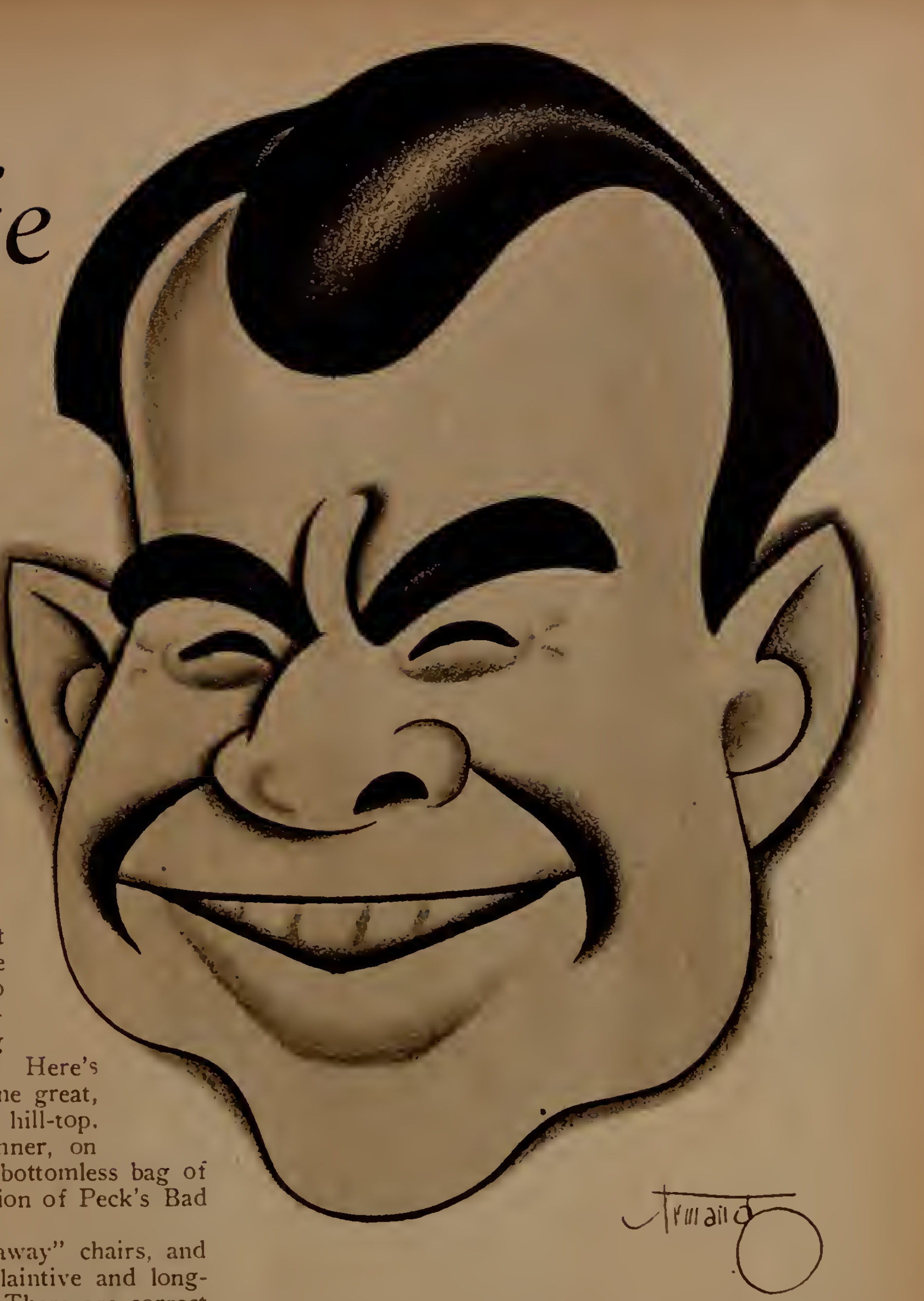
The Looks of the Irish

Spurr Photos

the Life of the Party

Johnny Hines Serves Rubber Rolls at Dinner, Likes His Cars Fast And His Women Sober

By Carol Johnston



HE'S the Life of the Party.

You've heard enough about tragic comedians. Here's a movie clown who works at it after studio hours. A *Harlequin* who's on a perpetual holiday. *Peter Pan,* in long pants, with titles by G. Marion, Jr. Here's Johnny Hines, to whom life is just one great, big gag. His house on a California hill-top, outwardly sedate in the Spanish manner, on closer acquaintance turns out to be a bottomless bag of tricks, presided over by a de luxe edition of Peck's Bad Boy.

In Hines's house there are "break-away" chairs, and couches with cushions which emit a plaintive and long-drawn-out "Mee-ow" when sat upon. There are correct and imposing appointments for dinner parties—costly lace table-cloths, gleaming silver, exquisite flowers; and—for a laugh—rubber rolls. There are drinking goblets of clearest crystal, with imperceptible holes, causing water to trickle slowly down the immaculate shirt-fronts and bejeweled bosoms of distinguished guests.

Taught Hearst the Black Bottom

When Hines comes in, formality flies out the window. If it doesn't, he kids it out or kicks it out. It was Johnny who, at a Hollywood party, volunteered to teach the dignified William Randolph Hearst to dance the Black Bottom—and did.

This clown is also a sheik in disguise. Probably Billy Haines is Johnny Hines's only rival as a wow with the girls. Both boys are older versions of the lad who loved to trip up the prettiest girl in the class at school, causing her delightful embarrassment. How the prettiest girl loved it, too—and still does. Johnny has been reported engaged almost as often as Patsy Ruth Miller or Connie Talmadge. It was Constance, who has known him since the days when both were still struggling for a foothold on the lens ladder, who declared he's the most amusing man she ever knew. He's usually seen at film first-nights with the latest and loveliest in screen ingénues.

He loves speed. He wanted to be an auto racer when he was a kid. Fate set him on the stage instead. But his passion for speed is satisfied now that fame has introduced him to all the racers and he can drive their cars around the speedways in his spare time. He drives his own cars like no motor cop's business. He has had several narrow escapes from death but these have only whetted his appetite. His latest smash-up, which completely demolished a brand-new car of costly make, amused him so much he insisted upon being photographed with the remains.

Never Spell It Johnnie

Nobody has ever called him John except his two brothers. The only time he has ever been even slightly annoyed about anything said or printed about him was when a well-meaning sob-sister spelled his front name "John*nie*."

He prefers the patrician type of femininity, and one of his favorite diversions is escorting examples to wild-west rodeos, Chinatown, or Coney Island. He is very critical

(*Continued on page* 85)

LAURENCE REID REVIEWS THE NEW PHOTOPLAYS

The Celluloid

THEY'VE given Dolores Costello in "Glorious Betsy" a picture which has much in common with her personality, something which could not be said about "Tenderloin." It is sheer romance and if it hasn't much imagination, at least it has feeling and is handled with fine restraint. Alan Crosland, who directed, doesn't get out of key with its theme. Some of the boys might have gone unduly sentimental and made it sticky, but this director has kept his balance.

The setting is of an early nineteenth century pattern as it was found in Baltimore and environs. And against this background the Costello lady makes a most personable figure.

The romance builds around the efforts of Jerome Bonaparte to woo and win the woman of his choice without benefit of either plain or fancy meddling by his brother, the newly risen emperor of France, Napoleon himself. The picture ushers in a deal of pathos as Jerome takes the glorious one back to France only to lose her when the Emperor turns thumbs down on the romance.

Follows then the unhappiness of Betsy as she returns to Baltimore alone. But it is indicated that Jerome will join her in spite of his powerful relative and the broad expanse of the Atlantic.

The picture is easy to spot in regard to its development and there isn't so much to it. But it provides a neat setting for Miss Costello. Which is perfectly Okay with me. She needs romances and not melodramas—and *Glorious Betsy* lives right up her street.

Rather an Old Story Now

THE racial-religious question capitalized by Anne Nichols as "Abie's Irish Rose," and which told its story of hearts and flowers and smiles and tears and hokum and dialect, reaches the screen a little late.

Several *Abies* have taken their *Rosies* for better or for worse since young *Mr. Levy* defied his orthodox parent and married the girl friend. And so the big suspense is missing. Which goes to show that it's the old army game—this movie grab-bag business. Let a stage hit become the property of a producer and it's a cinch that his rivals will beat him to the screen with imitations of the original.

"Abie's Irish Rose" is well done and follows the play in its conflicts and contrasts, though certain bits have been added to give it more *dynamite*. Scenes of the late war are introduced as a prologue to the romance, and while they are saturated with feeling, still the war looks like a side issue.

At the top are Nils Asther and Leatrice Joy, who carry on the romance for "The Blue Danube." At the left Dolores Costello and Conrad Nagel express pathos over their separation in "Glorious Betsy." Below, Chester Conklin is doing as well as can be expected in "The Big Noise"

Critic

THIS MONTH

Abie's Irish Rose
Glorious Betsy
Laugh, Clown, Laugh
The Big Noise
The Escape
The Blue Danube

That Overworked War!

It is much too long and there is a deal of repetitious detail, as for instance, the scene where the quarrelsome parents boo one another over the Christmas toys they are about to present to the young grandchild or two. It has its moments of merriment, the comedy relief being well taken care of by Bernard Gorcey and Ida Kramer—and its atmosphere of the various weddings is capably registered.

The characterization is exceptional as turned in by Jean Hersholt. As the elder *Levy*, he steals the picture. His portrait is as good as anything that has graced the screen in a dog's age. Nancy Carroll is appearing as the heroine and demonstrates that she can be trusted with a good-sized rôle. Charles Rogers enacts *Abie* with a sensitive grasp of the character, and the others are acceptable.

Not Strong Enough for Chaney

"LAUGH, CLOWN, LAUGH"—even with Lon Chaney portraying a *different* character and giving it all of his emotional feeling, fails to stir me to heights of enthusiasm. It has the simplest kind of a plot but never gets under the skin because its note of pathos gets out of key. Then too, the rôle of the young ward of the elderly clown is expressed with insufficient heart interest to warrant two men going into such tragic musings over her—with the central figure taking the exit *a la* supreme sacrifice. The film misses fire because of the emphasis given the feminine interest, and Loretta Young, while appealing and wistful, seems to be too immature for the part. The story is extremely old-fashioned and builds on the ancient premise that the clown must continue to make merry though his heart is broken.

Chaney is the whole picture, but this is the weakest one he's had in a long time. The title is alluring and the star has his public. So it will probably attract audiences. But Chaney, like Jannings, needs the strongest kind of plots. Otherwise, he suffers along with the stories.

At the top, Virginia Valli determines to make a man out of George Meeker in "The Escape"—and succeeds. At the right are Charles Rogers and Nancy Carroll as the perennial sweethearts of "Abie's Irish Rose." Below, Lon Chaney effects a still different character in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh"

Neat Number, Genuinely Human

A HUMAN little story, treated to a dose of satire and well-balanced wit, humor and pathos crops up in "The Big Noise," which projects the humble figure of a subway guard. He is carried to the heights through a political issue, the candidate running for the mayoralty

(*Continued on page* 88)

Bulloch

Hollywood has transformed Camilla Horn from a demure *fräulein* into a girl as colorful as a booster's description of Los Angeles. Here she is, looking like a Camillion bucks

Hang yourself on a hickory limb, but don't go near the water. This appears to be the advice that Camilla Horn has given herself. Have a care, Camilla. Mack Sennett'll get you if you don't watch out

Camilla the Chameleon

Still Going Strong

Johnnie Walker Has a Fine Future Behind Him—and a Finer One Ahead

By Walter Ramsey

Spurr

YOU'VE read many stories and interviews of the young man just on the threshold of success. Stories of what he hopes to do—of what he wants to find. But have you ever read the story of a man who said he was through—unless?

The Filipino boy had cleared away the table, lighted the Benedictine for one of his famous *demi-tasse de liqueurs* and left for the evening. Johnnie Walker and I were in front of his huge fire-place—alone!

"It's curtains, I guess, unless the last one hits!" Johnnie seemed to be thinking out loud rather than talking to me, so I decided just to lie back in the big chair and listen.

"It all started back there when I made 'Over the Hill,' the picture was a huge success and I was to have a happy future, but I *didn't*. I was immediately stamped and indexed by both the public and the producers as 'a sympathetic boy' and, for all my fans know, I must still be in rompers.

"Dash it all! I've grown up—I've grown older—and my future still pursues me. The pictures calling for a sympathetic boy are, at least temporarily, not being made.

"Of course, for quite some time after the picture was released, I played the same parts in other plays, but there never was a story like 'Over the Hill'—for a boy part—and I don't suppose there ever will be another.

"Sometimes, as I look back, I shudder to think how I went merrily on—playing one boy after another—happy in my ignorant belief that my time had come, that nothing could stop me—I was *made*. I sincerely believed that I would go right on, playing the same rôle, and that people would always like it—and the producer would continue to produce—and——

A One-Part Actor

"BUT now, I can see that had I done anything else—*anything*—I would have been better off. I had been unconsciously branding myself as a 'one-part' actor. The public *knew* that Johnnie Walker was a boy—a perpetual boy. They *knew* that, and they believed it to such an extent that I couldn't play another thing and get away with it!

"Yes, I tried, I did everything from a 'Tom Mix' to a 'Lon Chaney,' but there was no use—they just wouldn't have it. I didn't realize the full importance of my mistake until I did my last 'little-boy' picture. It was terrible—the worst story a player ever had to swallow, and the public *loved* it. Suddenly, as if I had been asleep and just awakened, it dawned on me—'I made myself what I am today'—why it even reached the point where I only received fan-mail when I stuck to my 'self-imposed' characterization. It was too much—I quit.

"A year or so passed. I was trying to forget pictures, but you know that it is impossible to stay away from either stage or screen once you have so much as *sampled* success. I decided to try producing—what a delightful pastime *that* is. Just like juggling bombs. One only has to spend thirty-six hours a day working and the other twenty-four trying to keep the pen—with that damn red ink—out of the bookkeeper's hands. You know I had four bookkeepers and each one's favorite color was red—RED. I got so I hated that color so that I came to the conclusion that I would have the books of my company kept in red ink entirely—of course, that necessitated blue ink for deficits—and it wasn't long before my books were *all* blue. I wasn't so easily fooled by this as I had been with my parts—so 'little-boy-blue' sold out.

"Then I takes myself aside and I sez to myself, sez I—'You're a cinch, Johnnie Walker, your success is surely

(*Continued on page 77*)

Old

C. S. Bull

R. H. Lou

One up on the tiger is Dorothy Sebastian: she can and does change her stripes. She has all the facility of a cross-word puzzle for having things either vertical or horizontal

At the right Dorothy Sebastian and Anita Page execute the drill that comes once in a lifetime. Dorothy may seem to be getting off on the wrong foot. But at least her instep is in step

Who says there is no loyalty between girls? We ask this pretty aggressively, too—for here are Dorothy Sebastian and Anita Page backing each other up very staunchly indeed

R. H. Louise Photos

Glorifying the American Girl

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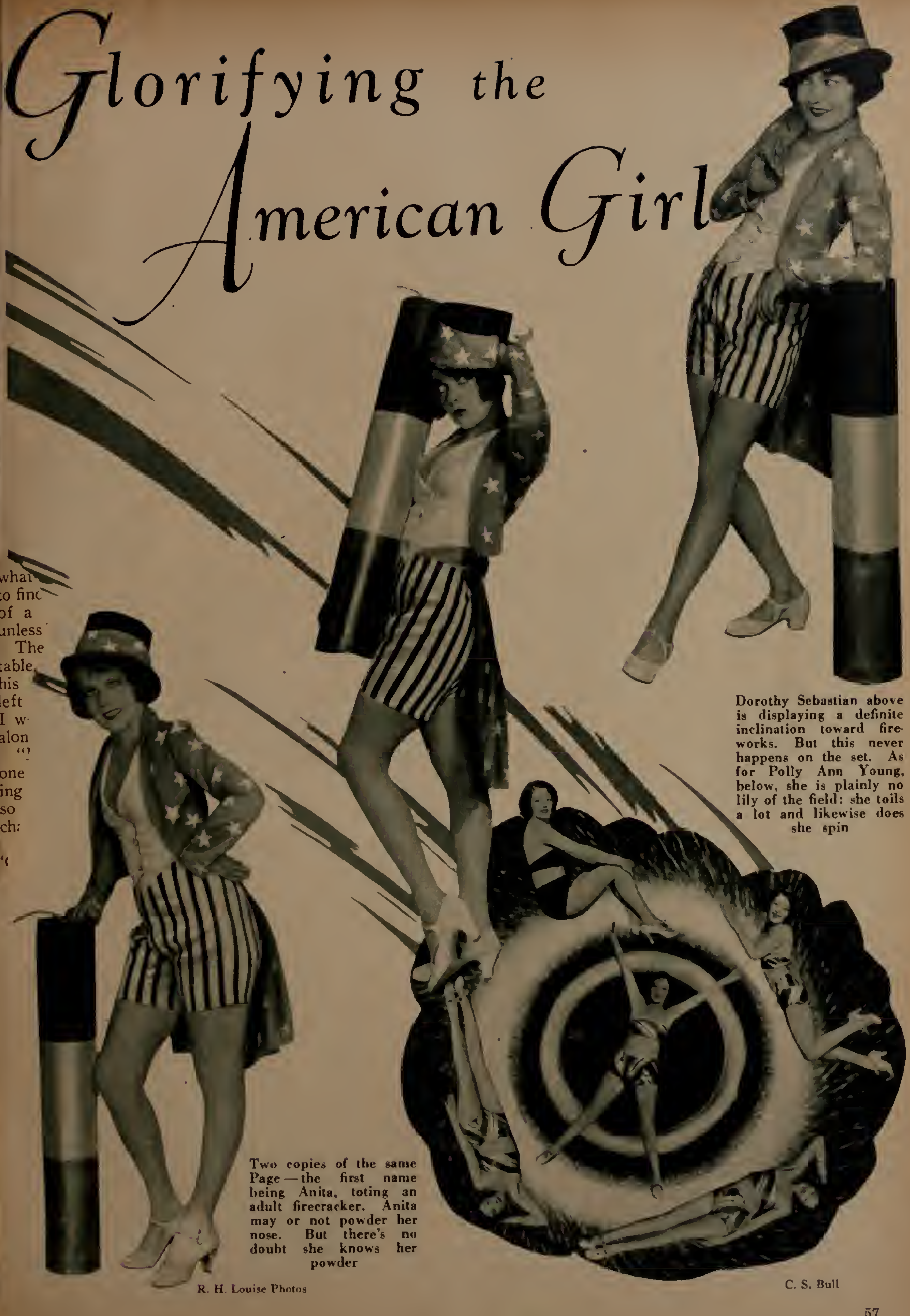


Dorothy Sebastian above is displaying a definite inclination toward fireworks. But this never happens on the set. As for Polly Ann Young, below, she is plainly no lily of the field: she toils a lot and likewise does she spin

Two copies of the same Page—the first name being Anita, toting an adult firecracker. Anita may or not powder her nose. But there's no doubt she knows her powder

R. H. Louise Photos

C. S. Bull

For Laughing Out Loud

You Never Can Tell What the Next Fellow Thinks Is Funny

By Hal K. Wells

No one can doubt, in the face of the evidence above, that the girls of today get plastered. Or, from that at the right, that the young Hollywood clubwoman doesn't do active work

THERE can be little doubt that the two-reel comedy still remains the cross-eyed stepchild of the motion picture industry.

It alone of all the screen's varied entertainment has failed to show any real progress whatever since those dear dead days of yore when the first Keystone cop socked the first custard pie into the shrinking countenance of the first dignified old gentleman in a high silk hat.

Today the average two-reel comedy has attained an innate triteness, childishness, and absolute vulgarity that is little short of appalling.

No, I haven't gone high-hat. I still have a sense of humor that regards a good stag party anecdote superior to the best treatise on relativity ever written, and I still prefer Ring Lardner to Sherwood Anderson any day in the week.

But I am becoming most thoroughly fed up with the alleged comedy of the two-reelers. Several years ago, when I still thought that a stick of striped peppermint candy was Heaven's one great gift to a starving world, I got a big kick out of seeing a screen funny man fall on his terminus. I screamed with glee when he got a broadside of gooey pastry on the snout. I howled with joy when a large gob of ice cream slid down the back of a lady's evening gown.

But I've sort of outgrown those juvenile ideas of wit. I've even reached the intellectual stage where I no longer regard the injection of either limberger cheese or a belligerent skunk into a scene as being the very last word in exquisite humor.

Too Much Tripe

AND I believe that among the motion picture audience of this country there are several million other adult above the mental age of six and one-half years who fee the same way I do about it.

We tolerate the present gosh-awful crop of two-re comedies for the simple reason that we can't get anythin better. We don't expect caviar, necessarily, in the twc reel field. But we are getting mighty tired of tripe.

There are a very small number of current sho comedies that really are clever, original, and reasonab subtle. But these exceptions are so few and far betwee that they merely make the rest of the product loom u as more crude and hackneyed than ever.

These few different comedies have, strangely enoug proved riots wherever shown. They appealed to tl

(*Continued on page* 86)

The first is the way John Gilbert likes his garments and the second how he likes his gardens. The blazer he wears at the right would make any awning turn pastel with envy. He has removed it in the picture below to give his scarlet hibiscuses a chance to do their stuff

Clarence Bull Photos

Louder and Sunnier

Richee

Neither the presence of a white collar nor the absence of his team-mate, Wallace Beery, can affect the good-humor of Raymond Hatton

Mary Ashly is a nice name. But we question whether it really fits her. Should she not have one, like herself, with two capital I's?

Looking Them Over

Close-Ups From the West Coast

As a master of ceremonies, Eddie Lowe is a great publicity man for William Fox. At the opening of "Street Angel," Eddie seemed to have entirely forgotten that he was there to introduce the cast and launched into a glowing tribute to Mr. Fox, Mr. Sheehan, Mr. Wurtzel, the Movietone, the Fox vaudeville theaters, the Fox movie theaters and the wives and relatives of all the executives.

Maybe, it wasn't quite that bad. But I think it was a little worse.

Eddie mentioned each one of the new Fox pictures individually and superlatively. Starting with that "masterpiece," "What Price Glory," he worked on through "Sunrise" and "Four Sons" to "Street Angel." As a little after-thought, he casually mentioned that these pictures placed the Fox Company undisputably at the head of the production business.

No Who's Hula can be considered complete without the name of Billy Dooley

You can imagine the discomfiture of Carl Laemmle, Harry Rapf of M.-G.-M. and B. P. Shulberg of Paramount. They all had paid five dollars to find this out.

Doris Displaces Alma

Little Doris Dawson is beginning to get some nice breaks in pictures.

Doris was signed for a small part in Harry Langdon's new picture in support of Alma Bennett, the leading lady. I don't know just how it happened, but before the picture was half over Doris was promoted to the featured part.

They're pretty proud of her out at First National where they hold a five-year contract on her services.

Snoring a Success

In spite of Eddie, Hollywood was not as sold on "Street Angel" as it might have been if the picture had been half as draggy and drawn out and more definitely removed from the influence of "Seventh Heaven." Several celebrated gentlemen around me slept throughout the entire showing, and one of them snored unmusically along with the Movietone accompaniment. The critics found Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell adorable, but Janet and Charlie would be adorable in even less worthy material than "Street Angel."

Feud for Thought

The dove of peace must be nestling over the M.-G.-M. lot, for the announcement comes that John Gilbert and Joan Crawford are to appear opposite one another in "Four Walls." Joan and Jack have never previously admired one another to any great extent. In a newspaper interview, Joan even went so far as to say that she enjoyed working with all the men on the Metro lot except Jack Gilbert; and though Jack never bothered to print his opinions, you got the idea that there was no love lost.

It's nice that these little difficulties have been ironed out. Feuds are fun for everyone but the producer.

Norma Next Door to Herself

Norma Talmadge has sold her Santa Monica beach house to George Bancroft and has rented Bebe Daniels' place next door.

Russell Ball

When you want people for a mob scene, call on Ethel Jackson. In one picture she played eight different parts. A plain case of where one's a crowd

Arthur Stone—a rolling one, headed for success. He may be gathering little moss, but he is attracting something more valuable—attention—for characterizations

Out Hollywood Way

By Dorothy Manners

Stars in the Daylight

The big stars of Hollywood are becoming more and more democratic. For a long time no player of dramatic standing would consent to shoot scenes on the streets of Hollywood surrounded by the staring mob. In deference to this, most of the big studios built street sets which boasted bank buildings, stores, garages, traffic signals and everything. Only comedy companies saved expenses by working out in the open.

But lately I have spotted Clara Bow, William Haines, Harold Lloyd and Virginia Brown Faire busily at work in front of some building in Hollywood.

The day Clara Bow shot scenes in front of the Bank of Italy, one excited tourist lady waved frantically at a friend parked across the street and yelled:

"Annie, come see Alice White!"

The prospect of midsummer heat waves can hold little terror for Doris Martel

Molly O'Day Climbing

Saturday afternoon tea at the new Roosevelt Hotel is becoming as compulsory as Wednesday lunch at the Montmartre. At a recent get-together, Molly O'Day gave away the dancing trophy, which was won by Sally Phipps.

After the important business of the dancing contest was over, Molly confided that her next picture would probably be a Molly O'Day production. Stardom is coming quickly to these new kids. Molly has had no particularly outstanding success, but her consistent releases have kept her so much in the public eye that she is worthy box-office material.

The Female of the Wampas

There's a new movie club. For a long time "Our Club" and "The Regulars" were about the only girls' clubs in Hollywood, but now along comes the Wampas Girls, made up of the Wampas Baby Stars of this year. The girls got so friendly that they organized a club to meet every Monday night. Lina Basquette is president. She ought to have a lot of fun calling Lupe Velez to order and getting Sue Carol to give a little lisping speech.

Modest Little Dolores!

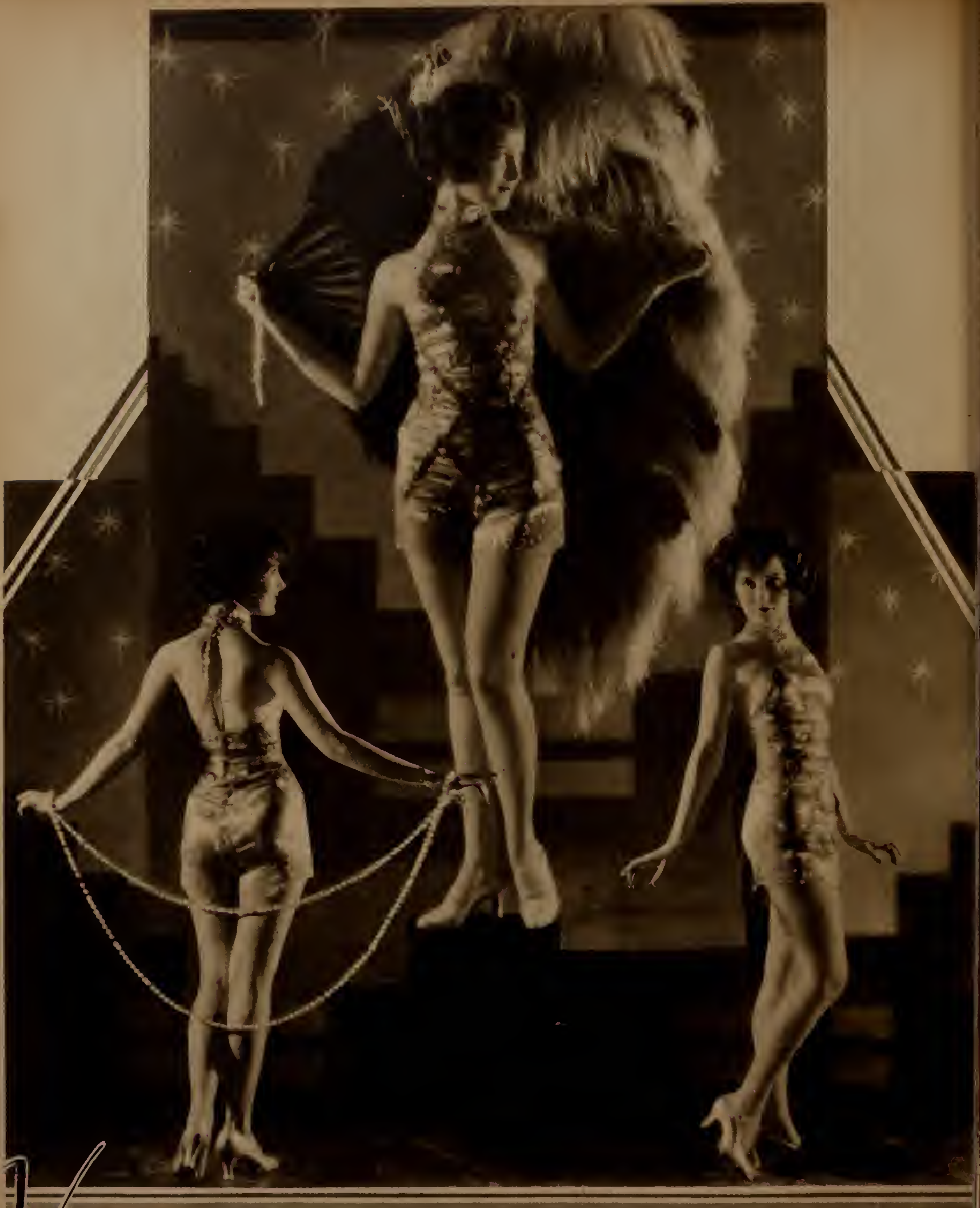
Finis Fox tells an amusing story on Dolores del Rio. Finis is the scenario writer of the Edwin Carewe-Del Rio unit and also the brother of Carewe. He says the three of them were lunching one day between scenes of a picture and some one remarked on how splendidly they teamed together. Finis says Dolores mulled that over for a moment and then nodded her head gravely:

"Yes," she agreed, "thees is right. Where Finis is weak, Eddie is strong; and where Eddie is weak, Finis is strong, and where they are both weak *I* am strong."

Buddy Broadway Bound

Buddy Rogers, more formally called Charles, has left for New York. It's Buddy's first trip. Will he have a good time, or not? I ask you.

(Continued on page 87)



Richee

Vanity, THIGH Name Is Doris!

A great deal has been written from time to time about screen tests. But have you ever seen one? If not—or whether or not—then observe this one of Doris Hill. Not only a screen test, but one with the screen removed

Thar's Gold In That Thar Boy

Mr. Fox Left No Doubt About It When He Signed Rex Bell To Whoop Up His w.-k. Westerns

By OSCAR HENNING

WHAT clinched it was somebody's sudden idea that he looked like Lindbergh.

This George Beldon had been in the running for weeks for the honor of stepping into Tom Mix's shoes. The Fox people had made tests of everybody from Rin-Tin-Tin down to the iceman in their frenzied search. George Beldon had been tested standing on his head, eating asparagus and brushing his teeth, among other informal poses. Perhaps it was something brutal in his attack with the toothbrush that made them uncertain about his sex appeal, for instead of crowning him king of the wide open spaces they cast him as a heavy and gave the hero business to young Rex King. After King had passed into the movie never-never land by breaking his contract in six different places, they made up their minds that Beldon was the chap they had wanted all along. So (you know how it is) he got the job. And they proceeded to rename him Rex Bell, under which snappy cognomen he will shortly burst upon the screens of the country, wearing chaps, a great big Stetson lid, and a smile that gets 'em comin' and goin'.

The smile is first cousin to the rather well-known Lindy grin—the grin that for every man, woman and child in the country spells hero. As Mr. Fox aptly put it, in the Western accent he adopts for such occasions: thar's gold in it.

Autrey Photos

One Rex After Another

THERE'S gold of another sort in Rex Bell. He's not the boy to lose his head and go prancing around Hollywood like a maniac, just because he has a five-year contract and is all set to be the new fad in Western *hombres.* Certainly he has, in the sad story of the rise and fall of Rex King, an object-lesson which it would be hard to disregard. But it's wasted on him, because he's got the modesty as well as the smile of the young gentleman who hopped over to Paris.

When I came upon George on the Western Street set at Fox Hills studio, he was playing the same scene he had done a few weeks before with Rex King, but in reverse order. They were re-making the story King started on, with George transferred to the hero rôle and a newcomer, Neil Neely, put in his old place as the heavy. George (they all call him George at present) had to flash his fetching smile at the heroine, who, in a becoming gingham, stood with her father at the door of the gospel tent. The heavy objected on principle and delivered his grinning adversary a nifty one to the point of the jaw.

They faded out on this tense situation and George Beldon, alias Rex Bell, came over to tell me all about himself.

"My own particular way into pictures," he said, pointing with a smile to the sets around us. "I sold 'em the materials for the sets as a salesman for the Blue Diamond Company, and so got to know the picture crowd. Being around the different lots a good deal of the time, they got to noticing me, and the first time an assistant director

(*Continued on page* 89)

She undoubtedly has a pash for apache parts, has Beth Laemmle, niece of the Mr. Universal himself. And her success in enacting them entirely vindicates the merits of the theory of relativity

Uncle Carl's Beth Girl

Not only is Beth Laemmle on her tip-toes to please fans—but fans will be on theirs to see her. She provides an added incentive to Watch This Column

Ray Jones
Photos

As told to PRINCESS PAT by 10,000 Men

"Women Use Too Much Rouge"

THE MEN, poor dears, are not quite correct. They judge by appearances solely. What they really protest is the "painted look"—and "too much rouge" is not really a question of quantity. It is a matter of kind; for even the tiniest bit of usual rouge *does look unreal.*

Women have startling proof of difference in rouges once they try Princess Pat. Have you sometimes watched fleecy clouds at sunset shade from deepest rose to faintest pink, every tone pure and luminous? So it is with Princess Pat rouge. Every tone is pure and luminous, seeming to lie beneath the skin and not upon it. You obtain more, or less, color by using freely or sparingly. But there is never a question of too much, never the unlovely "painted look" to which men object.

Purity, delicacy, the most costly color tints, and a secret formula combine to make Princess Pat the *most natural rouge in the world.* And whether blonde or brunette, you can use any and all of the six Princess Pat shades with perfect effect—instead of being limited to one as with usual rouges.

Velvet Your Skin with Princess Pat Almond Base Face Powder

Velvet is just the word; for the soft, soothing Almond Base imparts to Princess Pat an entirely new "feel," makes its application a veritable caress. Most powders contain starch as a base—hence their drying effect. The Almond in Princess Pat definitely helps the skin, assists it to remain pliant and fine of texture. And there has never been a powder to go on so smoothly, or cling so long—never because only in Princess Pat do you find the soft, naturally adherent Almond Base—instead of starch.

Princess Pat Almond Base face powder now comes in two weights. Medium weight in the familiar oblong box—lighter weight in the new round box. It has been possible because of the Almond Base to make the lighter weight powder just as clinging as the medium.

Wonderful New Color for Lips

Just what you've wanted—lip rouge that colors the visible part of the lips and that also adheres to and colors the inside, moist surface. Thus, parted lips show beautiful color all the way back—no unlovely "rim" of color as with usual lipsticks.

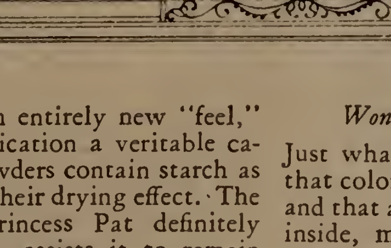
Try the Seven Famous Aids-to-Beauty in Princess Pat Week End Set

This is really an "acquaintance" set—enough of each preparation for a thorough trial—enough for two weeks. And the beauty book sent with set contains information on skin care of real value—besides artful secrets of make-up which vastly enhance results from rouge, powder and lip rouge. You will be delighted with the set.

PRINCESS PAT

PRINCESS PAT LTD. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Get This Week End Set —SPECIAL



The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON *and 25c [coin]. Only one to a customer. Besides Rouge, set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and SIX other Princess Pat preparations, including perfume. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.*

PRINCESS PAT LTD.,
2709 S. Wells St. Dep. A-87 Chicago

Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week-End Set.

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City and State..

37 H*ollywood*

"Smooth exquisite skin is

In the luxurious bathrooms of great stars and in the dressing rooms of all the big film studios this soap cares for the skin of the most beautiful women in the world . . .

Renée Adorée—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. "Lux Toilet Soap gives my skin that beautiful smoothness I thought only expensive French soap could give—it is certainly a lovely soap. I enjoy it!"

ONLY exquisitely smooth skin—"Studio Skin"—can defy the cruel lights of the close-up which permit of very little make-up, say leading directors.

Every star in Hollywood knows that smooth velvety skin means even more to her than it does to most women—it means her very career.

*Nine out of ten screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap**. It cares for the skin the true French way. For it is made by the method France developed and uses for her finest toilet soaps.

All the great film studios have made it the official soap in their dressing rooms. Beauty is important in Hollywood!

You too, will delight in the smoothness this fragrant white soap gives your skin. Order some today.

Janet Gaynor — Fox Films. "There's a caressing quality to Lux Toilet Soap that I have never before found except in fine French soaps—my skin feels so smooth."

Phyllis Haver — Pathé De Mille. "It leaves my skin gently smooth!"

Irene Rich—Warner Bros. "It gives the skin the same smoothness as fine French soaps!"

Clara Bow — Paramount. "Lux Toilet Soap is a great help!"

Greta Nissen—"Lux Toilet Soap feels delicious to the skin!"

---

*There are in Hollywood 433 important screen actresses, including all stars. 417 of these use Lux Toilet Soap. 96% of all the lovely complexions you see on the screen are cared for by this soap.

Directors say:

woman's most alluring charm”

Mary Astor—First National. “Nothing is more important to a girl than lovely skin. A screen star especially must have rarely exquisite ‘studio skin.’ I take the greatest care of mine—I always use Lux Toilet Soap for it keeps my skin so beautifully smooth that the close-up is no ordeal.”

Marion Davies—“I am delighted with Lux Toilet Soap.”

Bebe Daniels — Paramount. “It is a great help in keeping the skin lovely.”

Joan Crawford—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. “It keeps my skin fresh and smooth.”

Merna Kennedy—United Artists. “My skin is wonderfully smooth after Lux Toilet Soap!”

May McAvoy—Warner Bros. “I always use Lux Toilet Soap — a lovely soap.”

Billie Dove—First National. “I find Lux Toilet Soap delightfully refreshing.”

LUX T*oilet* SOAP

Luxury hitherto found only in French Soap at 50c or $1.00 a cake, now **10¢**

Good Looking Long Lasting

Swim Kaps

At last! Mademoiselle Mermaid may have a bathing cap that is not only beautiful but keeps the hair absolutely dry. Lastex Swim-Kaps are easy to put on and easy to take off, and do not pull or bind the hair like other bathing caps. Made of live Para rubber by a special process which gives them pliancy and long life. In smart beach shades and charming patterns. Lastex Swim-Kaps are sold only at Rexall Drug Stores.

SAVE *with* SAFETY *at your*

Rexall Drug Store

QUARTER-CENTURY SILVER Rexall JUBILEE 1903-1928

You will recognize it by this sign
Liggett's are also Rexall stores

Weapons permissible in D. W. Griffith's "The Battle of the Sexes" include both razors and shears. Here is one glimpse of the clash, taken in the barber shop of the Hotel Ambassador in Los Angeles, the battlers in the chairs being Phyllis Haver and Jean Hersholt

Are There Any Great Loves in Hollywood?

(*Continued from page* 17)

Will we all go down to dust leaving no trace behind because we are incapable of flames hot enough to scorch our names across the eternal skies?

Now the Exceptions

To every great and fundamental question there are great and fundamental exceptions. It is only fair to consider them.

The love of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks is the outstanding one.

Mary loves Doug as a woman loves a man. Not as a painted mummer loves another painted mummer largely because the eyes of the world focus better on two than on one.

Mary would love Doug if he were plain Jim Green and dug ditches for their daily bread. She would love him if there were no daily bread. She makes it evident in every word and gesture, in every thought and act that Doug is the indispensable thread in the woof and warp of her life. She has never taken off her wedding ring. It is too precious to her. She prefers companionship with him to convivial evenings anywhere else. And—Time has given this love its place among the loyalties.

There are other loves worthy of honorable mention. The love of Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey. A great, protective adoring love of a powerful man for a responsive, silken woman.

There is the love of Frances and Tom Meighan. Nearly twenty years of it. Through the numerous adventures and misadventures of life. Through temptation and turmoil. Through thick and thin. Love, like cities, attains dignity with Time. Attains its place among the loyalties.

There is the love of Daisy and Tony Moreno. Founded in dignity and mutual respect, built of the bricks of endurance.

The love of Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe. A ten-year-old love as radiant to-day as it was in the substantially far-off Yesterday.

These are a few of the very few loves that matter. And they crop up in Hollywood as do hardy perennials in a transient garden spot.

"Love," a Topic of Conversation

There is much talk of love in Hollywood. Perhaps for want of a better name. Affairs that begin on Monday and end o Saturday night make tabloid tosh for the readers thereof.

It is a curious commentary. They have beauty. They have youth. They are far from being unintelligent. They have wealth. They have all read a book. They are familiar with the world they live in. They have had "advantages." They mov to the music of the spheres and yet—s few grand chords have been struck. S little music akin to "the sound of a grea Amen." So few everlasting echoes to strike the listening ear.

They talk among themselves of days that are coming, sooner or later. Days that will leave them stranded on the shoals of oblivion. They speak in muted accents of Time, inevitable, when they shall be seen no more.

Has the lack of great love anything to do with it? Might not the modern world, well lost for love, inscribe one name, at least, upon the annals of immortality? I wonder.

To build buildings brick must be fire and firm. To grow hardy perennials th roots must sink deep into the aching soil. To build great fame there must be heart' blood and the wrought ecstasy of th spirit.

Where are these things in Hollywood? Lace and mists and spindrift. But wher the iron and steel and sinew? The ca pacity for human sacrifice? The ster stuff of the loyalties?

Grow-Yes grow-*Eyelashes* and *Eyebrows like this in 30 days*

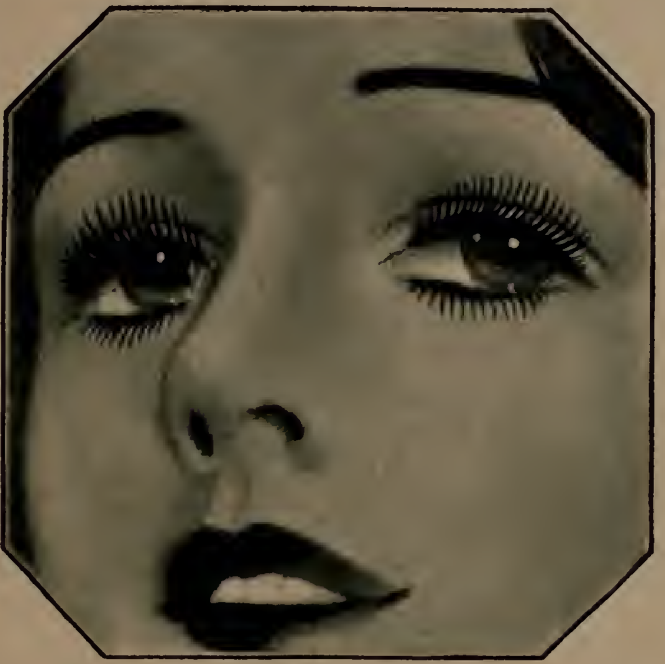
By LUCILLE YOUNG

America's most widely known Beauty Expert for fifteen years. Beauty Adviser to over a million women.

The most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows *actually grow.* Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can have them—and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I know that women will be wild to put my new discovery to test. I want them to—at my risk. Doubt all you want to. It does seem impossible, I know. Everything heretofore has failed. But my search of years has at last disclosed the secret.

So now I say to women that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. There are no strings attached to my guarantee! No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes!" New growth or no pay. *And you are the sole judge.*



Now Eyelashes and Eyebrows can be made to grow. My new discovery MUST accomplish this, or its cost will be refunded in full. Over 10,000 women have made the test. I have the most marvelous testimonials. Read a few here. I have attested before a notary public, under oath, that they are genuine and voluntary.

Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt

Not just a few, but over ten thousand women have proved that my wonderful discovery works—proved it before this, my very first advertisement, appears. I have from these women some of the most startling voluntary testimonials ever written. I print a few of them on this page. And I have sworn to their genuineness before a *notary public.* Please note the first testimonial—an amazing statement that my discovery actually produced hair on the forehead, as well as growing eyelashes and eyebrows. Every one of the women who have tried my discovery did so on my guarantee. *And not a single one has reported failure.* On the contrary all have been wildly enthusiastic.

What My Discovery Means to Beauty

To fringe the eyes with long, curling, natural lashes—to make the eyebrows intense, strong, silken lines! Think of it. All the mysterious, alluring charm of veiled eyes, the witchery and beauty only one woman in a hundred now possesses in ull. Merely darkening the eyelashes nd eyebrows is a poor substitute. helps. But what you really desire ith all your heart, what every oman longs for is this marvelous eauty of naturally luxuriant eyelashes and eyebrows. Now you can have this beauty—impart to your loveliness this greatest of all single charms.

Results Noticeable in a Week!

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. You merely follow simple directions. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that all you have to do is carry out use of my discovery the allotted time. *And there is instant beauty, too;* for my discovery combines with its own marvelous virtue the advantage of darkeners. But it does so without messiness and artificiality. It gives the effect, but itself, *cannot be detected.*

An Entirely New, Scientific Principle

For years, I have sought my discovery—tried thousands upon thousands of ways. But they were the ways others have tried. I, like others, failed utterly. Then I made a discovery, found that the roots of the eyelashes and eyebrows were marvelously responsive to a certain rare ingredient—found that this ingredient must be applied in an entirely *new way.* There is a secret about my discovery—but no mystery. It accomplishes its remarkable results just as nature does for those women who possess beautiful eyelashes and eyebrows. I know that I have given to women the wish of their hearts—made the most astounding beauty discovery yet recorded. And I have waited until I was *sure* before offering it to the world at large. The more than ten thousand women who have tested my discovery *have been my regular patrons.*

You Can Have Proof At My Sole Risk

Remember...in 30 days I guarantee results that will not only delight, but amaze. If your eyelashes and eyebrows do not actually *grow,* if you are not wholly and entirely satisfied you will not be out one penny. The introductory price of my discovery is $1.95. Later the price will be regularly $5.00.

Send No Money With Order

Send no money . . . simply mail coupon. When package arrives, pay postman only $1.95 plus a few cents postage. Use my wonderful discovery for full 30 days. Then if not delighted, return it and I will refund your money without comment. Mail coupon today to Lucille Young, Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill.

Lucille Young

Screen Stars, Actresses, Society women and professional beauties please note. You are vitally interested in this discovery.

2709 S. Wells Street,
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Miss Young: I have just used your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier and have received good results. Furthermore, while I was applying it to my eyes, I thought I'd put it on my forehead at the side, to make a dip. I continued to do so and was astonished one day when I saw that there actually was hair on my forehead. I will have a natural dip on my forehead.

Luretta Prinze,
1952 Cudaback Ave.,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

• • •

Dear Lucille Young: I am more than pleased with your Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. My eyelashes are growing thick, long, and luxurious.

Miss Flora J. Corriveau,
8 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.

• • •

Dear Miss Young: I certainly am delighted with the Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. I notice the greatest difference and so many people I come in contact with remark how silky and long my eyelashes appear to be.

Mlle. Hefflefinger,
240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.

• • •

Lucille Young: I have been using your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier Method. It is surely wonderful.

Pearl Provo,
2954 Taylor St., N. E.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

• • •

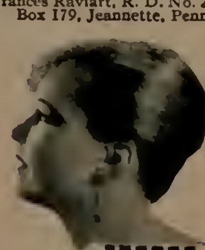
Dear Friend: A million or more thanks to you Miss Young. I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now. I will praise you to all my friends and I do not need to speak that praise—my appearance tells the tale.

Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Phila., Pa.

• • •

My Dear Friend: Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous. The longer I continue to use it the better the results. People are asking me how I do it. All I say is, "I owe it all to 'Lucille Young.'"

Frances Raviart, R. D. No. 2,
Box 179, Jeannette, Penn.



Lucille Young,
887 Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. On arrival I will pay postman only $1.95 plus a few cents postage. If not delighted I will return it within 30 days and you will at once refund my money without question.

Name____________________

St. Address____________________

City..................State____________

NOTE: If price of $1.95 sent with order, postage will be prepaid.

Freckles

Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles, quickly and surely, in the privacy of your own boudoir. Your friends will wonder how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white, the complexion fresh, clear and transparent, the face rejuvenated with new beauty of natural coloring.

The first jar proves its magic worth. Results guaranteed, or money refunded. At all druggists. 50c and $1.

Stillman's
Freckle Cream 50¢
Removes Freckles | Whitens The Skin

The Stillman Co., 3 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.
Send me your FREE booklet on skin treatment.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City________________ State__________

Dancing sunbeams in YOUR HAIR

Keep them there — or bring them back—this simple way!

Youthfulness—that charm that brings popularity, romance, happiness—now you can keep it *always*, in your hair! Just *one* Golden Glint shampoo will show you the way! Rich generous lather cleanses your hair. You rinse—remove all trace of soap. Then you apply the *extra touch*—the "plus" that makes this shampoo *different!* Instantly—new gloss—new finish! All trace of dullness gone! *Now* your hair is worthy of the face it frames! Millions use regularly! Nothing to bleach or change natural color of your hair. Just a wonderful shampoo—*plus!* At your favorite dealers', or if not, send 25 cents to J. W. Kobi Co., Dept G, 603 Ranier Ave., Seattle, Washington. Money back if not delighted.

Golden Glint
the SHAMPOO *plus*
MAGIC KEY TO YOUTHFUL "LOCKS"

The Mysterious Mr. Fuhr

(Continued from page 29)

A Man of Many Interests

DURING his Hollywood career Charley Fuhr was referred to in various ways as "a friend of the arts," a "big-game hunter," a "man-about-town." He was called many names by those envious souls who had not had the fortune to meet him —a "fine oil can," a "snob," a "buttinsky." But no one, even among the disgruntled, ever thought of calling him one name, "a fake."

And yet the celebrated Charles Fuhr had no existence except in the fertile imaginations of a congenial group of young reporters, players and press agents who, in those days, were in the habit of meeting for dinner every night at the Hoffman Cafe! They were young, clever, with a sense of humor. On the evening when Charley Fuhr came into existence they had at first no notion of perpetrating the greatest hoax Hollywood was ever to know.

Among their number was a New York writer of morose disposition. No matter who was mentioned, this man had something unkind to say of him. One night, before he arrived, his friends decided to test him out with a purely fictitious person. Just who was responsible for the name "Charley Fuhr" has never been quite settled. It might have been Scoop Conlon, or Bill Hart. It might have been Tom Geraghty. At any rate, Charley was enthusiastically baptized in beer. When the chronic misanthrope appeared, one of the Round Table mentioned casually that he had seen Charly Fuhr on the street that afternoon. The others took up the joke. Charley Fuhr! Well, what was he doing here? Good old Charley.

"You remember Charley, don't you, Bill?" they asked the victim—"must have run across him in New York. A regular guy, Charley."

The cynic fell into their trap. Yes, he knew him, he admitted sourly, and he didn't know anything good of him, either. If there ever was a cheap-skate and a loafer, it was Fuhr! Skilfully they led him on to relate sundry pungent and sultry anecdotes of Charley Fuhr until at last he realized that he was the victim of a practical joke. But by that time "Charley Fuhr" had become far too real a person to abandon.

One of the group, Scoop Conlon, being dramatic editor of a newspaper, it was easy to get their creation into print. The next morning all Hollywood was informed of the arrival in town of the famous big-game hunter. *"When interviewed by our correspondent,"* the story ran, *"Mr. Fuhr expressed his approval of the climate, the scenery and the charm of Miss Constance Talmadge* (a particular friend of the dramatic editor's)."

Even then the creators of Charley had no intention of keeping up the joke, but to their amazement the sophisticated city of movie vamps and celluloid sins jumped at the bait. The telephone was kept busy with inquiries for "Mr. Fuhr," film stars wanted to entertain the visiting celebrity, club women wanted him to speak to them on "Lion hunting." It was *too* easy. No matter what extravagancies their devilish ingenuity devised for "Charley Fuhr" they were readily accepted. Within a week he had become a recognized member of Hollywood society.

Celebrated Along Broadway

Within six months he was known i New York as well. When Connie Talmadge went East to sign a starring contract with a well-known producer, tha flattered gentleman received a telegram assuring him that when his new star came West "the famous Charley Fuhr had promised to be among those at the station to welcome her." In his pride at the honor the producer gave the news to the New York papers with the result that when Constance Talmadge arrived in Los Angeles the "New York Morning Telegraph" announced that "Charles Fuhr of the Hoffman press service met her at the train!"

For two years the ingenious creators of Charley spent much of their spare time in thinking up business for the suave, worldly, and wealthy Mr. Fuhr. When a monument was unveiled in any part of the country, a telegram of congratulation was received by its sponsors, signed "Charles Fuhr." He was elected judge of local contests (which a last minute accident prevented him from attending). He was about to sue some press agent for slander. He had entertained some actress whom one of the Round Table gang wanted to publicize.

It was his habit of giving gay bachelor dinners that brought about Charley's end. Over the steak and coffee one night at the Hoffman Cafe someone suggested that since Charley was such a devil with the gals he ought to have a chaperone for his parties. It was decided to bring his sister "Bessie Fuhr" to Hollywood to keep house for her brother.

The same morning that this burning news was made public in print an indignant lady presented herself at the newspaper offices and demanded to see the dramatic editor. He felt a trickle of apprehension when she announced her name as "Elizabeth Fuhr, a pianist." Where was this woman calling herself Bessie Fuh There couldn't be another pianist by th name. She must be an impostor!

It was the end. If the editor wanted keep his job, the Fuhrs must be gotten of town immediately. Two days later banquet was held "in honor of Char Fuhr." The most famous stars in movies were invited as guests and ca delighted to think that at last they w to meet the elusive Mr. Fuhr. Every ch was filled—except the one at the hea the table, reserved for the guest of As the evening went by, a premoni the truth came over them, whic gr to a certainty when Bill Hart rose and dressed the empty chair in an eloqu speech of affection and farewell. Hol wood understood at last that it had b hoaxed—completely, magnificently, epically hoaxed. Rising, the stars of ten years ago lifted their glasses in a toast to "Charley Fuhr!"

The next morning papers bore the simple statement that Charles Fuhr and his sister Bessie had sailed for India to hunt man-eating tigers. They never returned.

But old-timers in Hollywood still speak affectionately of Charley Fuhr. The old Hoffman Café has been torn down to make way for skyscrapers, the famous Round Table is gone, and its circle of joyous friends scattered. Such splendid foolery as the creation of "Charley Fuhr" can never happen again. Hollywood is not so young as it was!

We can't quite make out what Olive Borden is standing on, but if it's a pedestal on which her adoring fans have placed her, it's exactly where she belongs

The Most Misunderstood Girl in Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 25)

to meet a group of strange people, Olive unfortunately does exactly what nearly everyone else of similar temperament does. She masks her panic behind a dignity that is almost glacial. Naturally, the person meeting her for the first time and expecting the usual breezy camaraderie of the film colony gets an impression of being "high-hatted."

But How Would You Have Acted?

THERE was that famous tea at the Ritz in New York. Fox wanted the Eastern magazine and newspaper people to meet their new star. With true modesty, the ballroom of the Ritz was hired for the air.

After waiting around for an intermina- time, the writers were finally greeted a strangely flustered young actress who ctuated between icy dignity one minute d almost kittenish coyness the next. me of the impressions those writers subuently wrote of Fox's new star were nost savage in their disapproval.

Here is what had really happened. Olive l not even know until fifteen minutes fore that there was to be a tea held. She was rushed into the ballroom to confront the waiting crowd without even learning whether the affair was in her honor or someone else's. For reasons best known to themselves, none of the studio publicity men were available to help Olive out of her dilemma, and she didn't know what to do. She did know that it was vitally important that she make a favorable impression upon the assembled writers, most of whom were seeing her for the first time.

The best way to refute her reputation of being temperamental around the studio and hard to work with is to rehash a few facts. During the filming of "Three Bad Men," Olive was thrown from a horse and so seriously injured that she is not entirely

(*Continued on page* 79)

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MC-7

Conscience Doth Make Howards

(*Continued from page* 21)

there was no provender in sight other than negative and film cans. So, as hunger is one of the two primal impulses which must be obeyed, they called in Bill Howard. Bill had been dreaming of a beef stew for several weeks.

Somehow or other the mob raised a hundred dollar bankroll and took a chance on Howard's salesmanship. Frustrating the sentries stationed at all strategic points to guard unwary executives from this very thing, Bill chiseled his way into the presence of the mighty. "High-pressure salesmanship," they call it, and by dint of speed, pressure and prayer, Bill put the squeeze on the wisenheimers for ten grand. Cash, no checks. And that was positively the last occasion upon which he found it necessary to stifle the still, small voice of conscience.

Things don't always go from bad to worse. Sometimes the fairy stories come true. More especially if you are Irish. So eventually Bill got a job with a megaphone in close proximity. His own special leprechawn got to work in his behalf, and sure enough, more by sheer luck than good management. Bill got a crack at a big picture. You remember "The Thundering Herd." It came close to being an "epic." Perhaps it would have been had Howard handled it the full distance. But it was half completed when Bill was summoned to rescue Paramount from its dilemma.

A Stampede of Luck

"THE THUNDERING HERD" made a big noise in production circles, and when Howard followed through with more good ones, there was a clamor for his services. To date, the only pictures Bill cares about remembering are "Gigolo," "The Main Event," "His Country," which has also been christened "The Ship Comes In," "The River Pirate," and, of course, "White Gold."

Howard says that never again will he make a photodrama to equal "White Gold" —and the producers don't care if he doesn't. For with all its sweep of drama, its exquisite subtlety, and all the rare qualities that made it fairly blaze with a flame of genius seldom met in filmdom, the box-office gold the picture made was so white as to be almost anæmic. Artistry starves in the cinema while "Clancy's Yom Kippur" proves a merry movie money mill. It is rather discouraging to anyone with a less fighting heart than that possessed by William K. Howard.

Since those baby days back in St. Mary's, Bill has grown to something under six feet. His face is bronzed by the sun. His hair is thick, and straight and black. He has big ears and a wide mouth which frequently stretches into a slow, expansive smile. But the most impressive feature of his Celtic face are the eyes, first remarked by women thirty odd years ago. They are grey-blue,—or blue-grey—or blue, or grey, or black, according to his mood. And they are set at an odd angle beneath terrifying thatches of eyebrow. When gay with laughter, they fairly chuckle. When "melancholy claims him for her own," they are dark as sea-depths on a cloudy day, a fringe of sooty lashes drooping over them like some sombre curtain.

A Paradoxical Personality

FOR Bill hasn't what one might teri "an even disposition." His is a natui of high-lights and shadows. He is inclined to be intense, and becomes terribl enthusiastic over persons and things. Lik most of his type he is susceptible to women—especially beautiful women. Althoug his worship is bestowed on a passing idea rather than upon the particular girl whc for the moment, represents it. His wif understands all this, and stands ready t receive him as a mother a bruised boy.

In fact, this boy-like quality of Bill' is probably his greatest single asset. Th exuberant enthusiasm, counterbalanced b a deep, but child-like despair—the apparen sincerity—the earnestness of purpose—th faith. All these things coupled with a certain slight cynicism, a fox-like shrewdness, gained perchance in the trick schoo of salesmanship, and a basic understanding of what will go and what will not in motion pictures. And if these characteristics appear paradoxical—so is Bill Howard.

Maturity will always lend a hand to youth, though fighting tooth and nail the rivalry of equal age. Thus Howard has not yet encountered the green eyes of professional jealousy to any great extent. He is "the boy"—the bright boy—the white-haired boy. In Hollywood, Howard is more discussed than von Stroheim. And the verdict is always in his favor. If he has an enemy, that one is fearful to fight him in the open, for a cause against Bill would find few listeners and fewer sympathizers. At present he is in the way of being something of an idol. Which is a very dreadful thing. For idols have an amazing manner of developing feet of clay—of crumbling away to nothingness.

Dangerous Success

DESPITE a certain amount of dash in both his pictures and his personality, Howard is handicapped by caution. His speech and his work impress one with his possession of a great idea—and his present inability to find just the right words, or pictures, for its expression. There is a hesitancy. Perhaps Bill no longer has the hunger urge that rode him in those hard-bitten days of "Hysterical History." The Pagan cavalier of "White Gold" may be getting religion in his well-fed life. If this be so, he will go down in Hollywood history as one of the Great Disappointments. But considering him again, and remembering those shadowed eyes—the sensitive, strong line of his mouth—confidence returns. And with it the consciousness that his type cannot be lulled to mediocrity by the sun of adulation, or the lotus of financial security.

After all, there is more than a sarcastic reason for reference to Cecil B. DeMille as "God." In matters motion-pictorial DeMille is seldom wrong. And his confidence in Howard is such that Bill holds a contract enabling him to count over some thirty-five hundred-dollar bills from his weekly pay envelope. Which isn't bad for a boy. Even a white-haired boy. Even a white-haired boy in Hollywood. And back in St. Mary's they must at least admit that there are more ways of striking oil than by drilling a well.

Secret History of the Month

(*Continued from page* 35)

of gum from his mouth, put it over the peak and ground serenely on."

A horsy tribute to screen art, as given to the world by Lance Heath, of Gloria Swanson Productions:

"Colonel Phil T. Chinn has announced his intention of giving the name 'Sadie Thompson' to the most promising two-year-old in his stable. The hunch came to Colonel Chinn while he was visiting Los Angeles during the showing of the picture. 'That certainly is a fast moving photoplay,' said the colonel, 'and I have an idea Sadie Thompson would be a winner on the turf.'"

How romance burgeons in the atmosphere of Hollywood (from FBO):

"Ranger, FBO's wonder dog, is in love! A few weeks ago he showed signs of jealousy in the projection-room when he growled and barked at the appearance on the screen of the villain dog whom he thoroughly dislikes. More recently he played scenes with a female, Starlight, and the story called for her being hurt and near death. When Ranger saw these scenes in the projection-room, his tail drooped and he howled dismally."

More canine wonders revealed by FBO studio:

"Taffy, prize-winning airedale pet of Ralph Ince, is believed to be the first dog to bark greetings over long distance telephone from coast to coast. Mrs. Ince, now vacationing in New York, called her husband at FBO studios and after asking about the dog's welfare was greeted by several barks from their canine pet, who recognized her voice over the wire."

Contribution to the language from Fox:

"Ford Sterling, whose comedic ability has registered in countless film opuses."

Great moment in the history of Art, revealed for the first time by the haughty United Artists:

"In the old Biograph days D. W. Griffith wanted to get away from the long shots and see some heads. He suggested this desire to Billy Bitzer, his cameraman. Billy objected on the grounds that it had never been done and that focussing on a large head would throw the background into an indistinguishable blur. Griffith nonchalantly extracted a five-dollar bill from his wallet and waved the bill in front of Billy's eyes. 'I'll bet,' said Griffith, 'that it can be done.' Billy tried and won the five dollars."

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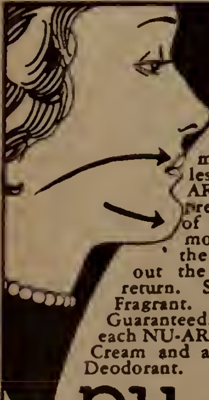

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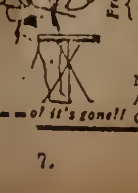

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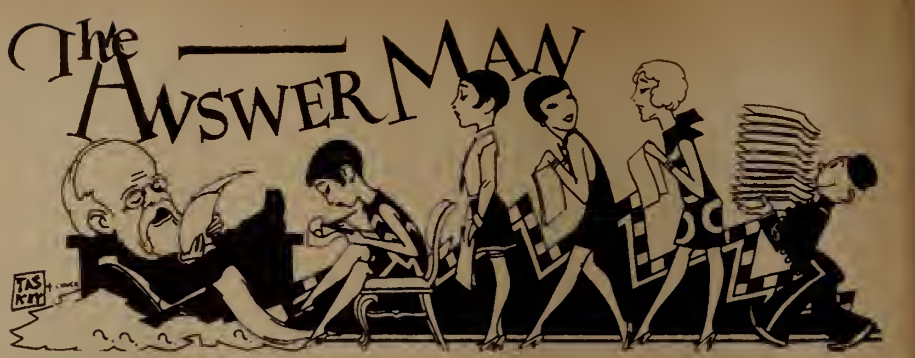


THE ANSWER MAN

RITA S.—Gary Cooper and Fay Wray are not engaged. Their latest picture is "The Wheel of Life." Buddy Rogers in "Red Lips." Janet Gaynor, "Four Devils." Charles Farrell, "The Red Dance." Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is the son of Douglas Fairbanks and Beth Sully, Doug's first wife. Mary adopted her sister Lottie's child, a girl.

INTERESTED.—So am I. Charles "Buddy" Rogers was born in Olathe, Kans., August 3, 1904, and that's his real name. Saw Buddy at the showing of "Abie's Irish Rose." Great chap, also plays the trombone. Your letter will reach him at the Paramount-Famous Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal. Write Marion Davies at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

BLONDE.—Allene Ray is a blonde also. Write Allene at Pathe Studios, 4500 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal. Walter Miller was born in 1892. Write him at Tec-Art Studios, 5360 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. Conway Tearle is still playing. Write him at Excellent Pictures, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Olive oil may be healthful, but it never prolonged the life of a sardine. Clive Brook and Irene Rich are making a picture for FBO Studios, 780 Grower Street, Hollywood, Cal., called "The Perfect Crime." Antonio Moreno in "The Midnight Taxi." Write Antonio at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal. James Hall and Buddy Rogers at Paramount-Famous Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal.

ANN.—I hope I'm solving 'em for you. Johnny Mack Brown is twenty-four years old and is not married. Madge Bellamy, June 30, 1903; she's married. Ben Lyon, February 6, 1901; single. Billie Dove, May 14, 1903; married to Irvin Willat. Richard Arlen is twenty-nine; married to Jobyna Ralston. Your typing I think is great. Lon Chaney is playing in "While the City Sleeps." Janet Gaynor and Barry Norton in "Four Devils," and your letter will reach them at the Fox Studios, 1401 Northwestern Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.

LESLIE FIELD.—Nothing definite yet on the picture, "War Birds." John's latest picture is "Four Walls" and Joan Crawford plays opposite. Write Anna Q. Nilsson at FBO Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal. Jean Arthur is playing opposite Richard Dix in "Warming Up." This is a baseball yarn. Write Richard at Paramount-Famous Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal.

BUCKSHOT LIB.—How's Nashville? Emil Jannings was born in Brooklyn. He went to Germany with his parents when he was about a year old. His latest picture is "The Patriot," and you may write him at Paramount-Famous Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal. Lou Tellegen is playing on the legitimate stage right now. Josephine Dunn will be William Haines's leading lady in "Excess Baggage." Buster Keaton and Marceline Day are playing in "Snapshots." Write them at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

GARY COOPER FAN.—Gary was born in Helena, Montana, May 7, 1901; six feet two, reddish brown hair and blue eyes. He's single and his latest picture is "The Wheel of Life." Write him at Paramount-Famous Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal. Dolores del Rio is playing in "Revenge." Write her at United Artists Studios, 7200 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

FLO.—You refer to Leslie Fenton, who was *Lieutenant Moore* in "What Price Glory." Victor McLaglen's latest picture is "The River Pirate"; Lois Moran and Nick Stuart also playing in this picture. Yes, Ted McNamara died. Write Lois, Nick and Victor McLaglen at the Fox Studios, 1401 Northwestern Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. Send me a self-addressed envelope for the list of photos I can supply, as this list is too numerous to print in this column.

BROWNIE.—Glad to hear from you again. Well, between the stars of moviedom and the flyers in town, this metropolis sure is a busy place. But never too busy to answer your questions. Reed Howes was *Joe Hennessy* in "Roughhouse Rosie." Ronald Colman was *Beau* in "Beau Geste," and you pronounce it Bow Jest. Laura La Plante was born around the time of your birthday, November 4. George Duryea is playing in "Tide of Empire," starring Renee Adoree.

LONELY BABY BLUE EYES.—Are you lonesome tonight? Let a smile be your umbrella. Ramon Novarro is still a bachelor. Write Ramon at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Vilma Banky, Baby Blue Eyes, is not married to Ronald Colman; Rod La Rocque's her husband. Write Frankie Darro at FBO Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal. and he's not related to Tom Tyler. You pronounce Bellamy, accent first syllable. Bebe Daniels' latest picture is "Hot News."

B. AND I.—Tom Mix is touring in vaudeville right now. Tom was born January 6, 1879, and is married to Victoria Forde. William Boyd is playing in "Power." Write him at De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal. Dolores Costello in "Noah's Ark." Thomas Meighan, "The Racket." Tim McCoy and Marion Douglas in "The Bushranger." Write Tim at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City Cal.

C. L. Kling

So you could get a peek at the king of pekes. Esther Ralston posed with Chutie, the fluffy Pekingese who is the star of stars among the Hollywood Pekingese dog actors

He Plays Polo

(*Continued from page 26*)

And I don't believe that Jack Holt gives a hang, one way or the other.

I succeeded finally in dragging him away from his polo for about ten minutes.

"You make a mistake by being so indifferent to interviews," I told him sternly.

"Why?"

"You've an interesting life story, if anyone *ever* could get it out of you. You've done romantic things, had interesting adventures."

"Yes?" asked Mr. Holt slowly. Then he confirmed my statement with a nod of his head. "Yes," he said.

"Well, tell me about them," I suggested encouragingly.

"What is there to tell?"

"You got into pictures by jumping a horse off a cliff, when no one else would dare do it, didn't you?" I prompted.

"U-m-m-m," said Mr. Holt.

"And you've risked your neck a score of times. I know that, because I've seen you hobbling around on crutches."

"But," said Mr. Holt mildly, "crutches aren't any good to a man with a broken neck."

"Oh, well, if you will be definite, you've risked your legs, then. Though you know as well as I do that people always say 'risked your neck.'"

Mr. Holt looked very thoughtful. "Why?" he asked presently.

"Why *what?*"

"Why do people always say—"

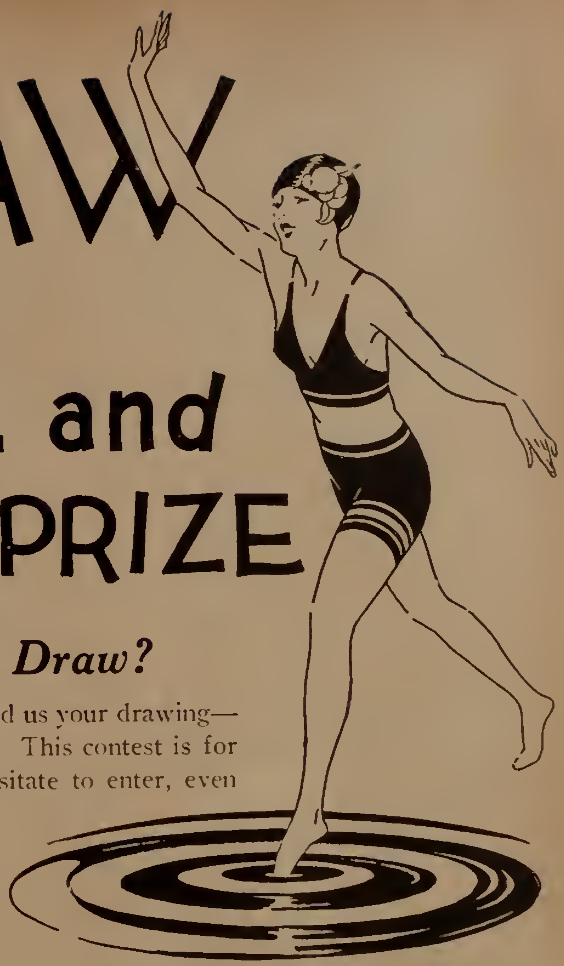
"Let's not go into that," I implored. "But haven't you risked—"

"Nearly had an accident the other day," admitted the actor. "I was playing polo and my horse slipped and fell with me. Another horse and rider fell on top of us.

"But it wasn't a real accident, because nobody was hurt."

"Have you," I asked earnestly, "any message for those loyal fans who await your return?"

"I like to make Westerns," said Mr. Holt, consulting his wrist-watch. "Now you'll have to excuse me. I'm playing polo at Midwick this afternoon."



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Wyckoff

Mary Brian is not trying to learn about horses from this mule. Retired by Uncle Sam, Dynamite, an old army mule that is now engaged in movie work, has found a very good friend in Mary

The Sucker Who Succeeded

(*Continued from page* 40)

This isn't the story of *Merton* of the Movies. But it might be. Tom Tyler, cowboy star, tells these things with immense seriousness. His suit fits with suave and expensive perfection over his great muscles, and it has been many a year since a maternal voice warned, "Tom, brush your hair. It's a sight!" But he is still the type of earnest youngster who reads success stories—and believes in them, who scans advertisements promising to reveal the secret of Getting Ahead in twelve easy lessons, and clips the coupon. He is still the youngster who (rather grimier, not so well pressed) alighted from a freight train in Los Angeles six years ago and looked eagerly around him.

With him he carried his most precious possession, a letter from the Johnson Screen Training School to the Hollywood movie magnates, beginning "To Whom It May Concern." The letter went on to assure Mr. Lasky or Mr. Goldwyn that the bearer had completed with honor the course in screen acting and was ready to go to work. "We recommend *Mr. Tyler*" (the name written in) the letter went on to reassure any still hesitating producer, "as either a hero, heavy or comedian, and promise you that you will make no mistake in employing him."

Faith Dies Hard

IN the course of the next three years this letter was to be laid trustingly, and then not quite so trustingly, before the delighted gaze of many casting directors until finally it was so worn with handling that it was hardly legible. "By that time I had sort of lost faith in it," admits Tom, "and I threw it into the waste-paper basket.

"I wouldn't wish what I've been through for anyone," he says, "for more'n a year I don't have any room. I sleep on the hillsides and in alleys in packing boxes. I'm hungry most of the time."

The present tense does something startling—vital——to his tale—the commonplace Odyssey of a struggling movie extra.

"Between jobs I get other work when I can. I wash dishes in dumps on the Boulevard—they let you eat first. Three times I start to write home and ask for money to come back. But my Dad said when I left, 'All right, go—and keep on going.' So I tear up the letters. I've lived for months on fifteen or twenty cents a day for food. There's still a mission on Spring Street where you get a bowl of lima bean soup and all the bread you can eat for six cents. I couldn't eat food like that now—and there are other ways. I used to go on those free rubberneck rides the real estate salesmen and oil operators give. Had to listen to a lot of hot air, but they always serve a free lunch."

More Muscles Than Meals

FOR three years Tom Tyler tramped from lot to lot, and during all that time he was keeping fit for his chance when it did come. Four times a week he exercised at the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium, though sometimes his knees were so shaky that he could hardly stand. And the Y. M. C. A. gave him his chance. One day the bored eye of the casting director fell on his biceps. "You in the back there," he shouted. 'The husky guy with the black hair, c'm'on in."

Tom Tyler had a job. He was hired as an Indian chief at fifty dollars a week for a serial. He was a movie actor at last.

"I write home," says Tom, "and tell the folks what I'm making. But they don't believe me. And when I send 'em two stills from the picture showing me with my head shaved and my face painted, they *know* I'm lying!"

After the serial his broad shoulders won him the part of a Prussian officer in one of Elinor Glyn's pictures. The skin-tight uniform showed his Y. M. C. A.-built muscles to such advantage that Madame Glyn's eye singled him out and he was summoned to her side.

(*Continued on page* 79)

Betty Blooms Again

(Continued from page 23)

"Poor roles do you more harm than no parts at all! When I was a Lasky star I used to accept many picture stories that I knew were not right for me because they had been purchased and somebody had to do them. That is one mistake I will not make again.

"When I first read this 'quickie' story I did not like it at all. I told my managers I wouldn't do it. So far as I was concerned, that ended the matter. But they insisted that I have a talk with the producers, and I'm glad I did because I found them more than willing to change the story into a more logical characterization. I was even consulted about a preference in directors. You see, it has all worked out beautifully."

No Personal Appearances for Her

ALL of which is just one of the fruits of experience. The newer players could almost take lessons from Betty because she has been all through their problems. A couple of other things Betty does not believe in are personal appearances for a player at any time—at hardly any place, even *cafés*. "It's not that the girls aren't lovely enough to stand the scrutiny," she believes. "It's just the illusion of the thing. Somebody may see you who doesn't believe in smoking, and so you lose a fan. Or maybe you will be wearing red in company with people who don't like the color. You can't please all of the people all of the time. And so maybe it is best not to try to please any of them any of the time!"

There is something about Betty that is amazingly independent. She's like Evelyn Brent in that. She believes very much in doing what you please and surrounding yourself with the people who feel as you do about it. The Sunday parties of the Cruzes are noted for their informality. They are tickled to death to have you, but after you get out to their spacious home in Flintridge you are left to enjoy the swimming-pool, the cool patio, or the other guests, as the mood may strike you.

"When Jim and I were married, we realized that we were two distinct personalities with widely divergent tastes. That is a serious gap with many couples, but Jim and I solved it—at least to our own satisfaction. We simply do as we please.

"For instance, I like to go places and see people and do things. Jim likes nothing better than to tinker with the radio and spend an evening at home. We respect each others' ideas so much in this that we both do as we like. When I want to go out in the evening, I go. If Jim wants to go, as he rarely does, he goes along, too. But usually I go alone. He does not mind in the least if I go to a Mayfair party with another escort and dance the evening away. He doesn't even pretend to act the martyr," Betty laughed. "And in return I try to be as considerate of him. I'm not at all jealous when he invites a pretty girl out to the house to have dinner."

We had not yet finished our luncheon at the Roosevelt when her manager dropped in to tell her she was expected right away at an appointment about a new picture. Betty didn't even try to conceal her happiness at being so sought after again. Betty isn't the type that tries to conceal anything. She's glad she's back and she wishes the same to you. It's nice to know they want you. It's even nicer to know they are insisting on you. It brings a sparkle to the eyes and a pretty, soft, curve to the mouth. Like Betty's.

The fascinating old twisted smile isn't so much in evidence as it used to be.

Maybe Betty has her problems ironed out.

Still Going Strong

(Continued from page 55)

blinding. You have done the impossible at improbable moments—and all you need is to show the people how successful you are and they'll believe that—why shouldn't they? They believed everything else on the slightest provocation.'

The Boy Grew Older

"I GREW older and older—one day I was going down Hollywood Boulevard. My long, white beard flowing out the window of my car, and a producer saw me—ha-ha—you're just the one we want to play—'The Boy Stood on the Burning De——'

"But, seriously, after two years of talking I have at last convinced a producer that I can't get rompers on any longer—and he gave me a part, a wonderful part, as a 'hoofer' on Broadway. The bird who nicknames him *playboy* is due for mayhem!"

Just then the telephone rang and Johnnie left the room to answer it.

I want to tell a few things I know about Johnnie Walker before he comes back (don't believe all he's told you).

He has the part now that he should have had two years ago—he is truly great in the picture and he will come back. If you only knew Johnnie as I know him—as I know his record—his experience and training—you wouldn't want to lose him. He is one of the truly fine young men of Hollywood, a real gentleman, a man among men, a regular. He is one person everyone is glad to see—he wears well.

Johnnie is the fellow you like to take home to dinner and introduce to mother. He's clean and real. A more typical American can't be found in Hollywood or out.

He has a beautiful little bungalow on the side of a hill, out in West Hollywood near Beverly Hills, a place just covered with roses in bloom. Johnnie never invites anyone over, but everyone goes—do you see Johnnie's true character there? He makes such real, true friends that they want to be near him. The best reason for this is that he treats everyone the same—the boy coming up, the man arrived, and the poor fellow who couldn't make the grade—they are all "brother" and "buddy" to him—and he to them.

That is the reason why I said—if you only knew Johnnie as we, in Hollywood, do, you wouldn't want to lose him. My prophesy is that he will be one of our most popular stars in a short time now. I hear him coming back, so I'll have to stop. Johnnie doesn't like praise from me—he has had to listen to my praise too long.

"As I said before—curtains if it doesn't hit—and I mean that. You've been listening to a man who admits he's through—unless——! But for my sake, Walter, tell 'em all out *there* that there is a little boy in Hollywood who has grown up, will you tell 'em *that?*"

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Movie stars can't be quite so blasé as those who envy them would have us think. One of them, at least—Joan Crawford—gets a terrific kick out of things on the studio lot

From Toast to Toast

(*Continued from page 37*)

In a year Joan Crawford, the finished product, was ready for immediate delivery. She had reduced until her figure was positively the rage of the screen. She began to learn the art of acting. She did her hair in odd and rather becoming ways. And she dressed herself with *aplomb.* Where was Lucile le Sueur? Where the plump form, the feet that ached and the face that bravely smiled? Where, indeed?

In two years she was the Toast of Hollywood Boulevard.

Somebody asks what I mean by the Toast of the Boulevard. Well, you know those Blah, Blah Story ads where it says "All Paris loved her—and then. . . ." If you bought the magazine, you would invariably find that she was the toast of the Boulevards. Roughly speaking, it means that a large proportion of the citizens regarded her as a good excuse to get spifflicated. It is the highest form of compliment. And the most enjoyable.

The Scene-Shifters' Delight

With all the other beauties that were in the running for the position of Hollywood's toast-elect, it is not easy to define exactly what put Joan on the throne. But she unmistakably possesses what the quaint Irish call "a way with her, begorra." She smiles upon all and sundry, rich and poor, electrician and star, scene-shifter and supervisor. Sometimes, especially with electricians and scene-shifters, the smile is accompanied by a friendly "Hello" and a quick retailing of the latest racy anecdote. Joan's anecdotes are always funny and sometimes quite nice, too.

Three years in Hollywood developed practically a new human being in Joan Crawford. Now, as the fourth year proceeds, another change is taking place.

Having won her way into the hearts of the good fellows, Joan felt it was time to get not only the Boulevard, but the Parnassian heights of Hollywood pouring libations in honor of her charms and her accomplishments. She would court the Muse. She would also court Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., a nice-looking young man who was noted for his pursuit of the Goddess Poetry. Doug got a hunch for Joan and gave her a ring which looks like a wedding-ring. But to suggest this to her, however, is to invite a derisive laugh. In any event, these two stroll together, arm in arm, down the be-butter-cupped path of versification. Joan has already a number of free (absolutely free) verse compositions on her record.

She has also placed herself in a setting more interesting and in far better taste than those of many self-styled veterans of things artistic in Hollywood. Her little house in Beverly Hills is at once simple and rich.

Thus Joan is rapidly becoming a household toast among the *literati* as well as the *hoi polloi* of the Boulevard.

We aren't told what Mrs. le Sueur is thinking about her little Lucile these days. She lives in Hollywood, too, but in another district, with her stalwart son, Hal.

The Most Misunderstood Girl in Hollywood

(*Continued from page 71*)

well even today. Yet for months afterward she concealed her pain and went gamely ahead making pictures until an utter collapse finally forced her to spend weeks in a hospital.

Another instance. It was announced for weeks in the official publicity of the studio that Olive was to play the coveted feminine rôle in "Sunrise." Then, without warning, the part was given to Janet Gaynor. Olive was a star, Janet then a rank newcomer. Most stars would have raved. Hiding her own bitter disappointment, Olive went to Janet, helped her with her wardrobe, and gave her the benefit of all the reading and work that she herself had already done on the part. If that is "temperament," Hollywood needs more of it!

Olive was called "temperamental" because she demanded a car to take her from her dressing-room to the stage just across the street. It does sound ridiculous until you learn that the street to be crossed was Western Avenue, one of Hollywood's busiest traffic arteries, and that Olive's costume at the time was a *robe de nuit*. Few girls would care to walk across Broadway or Market Street in a nightgown, movies or no movies.

No, it is high time that the myth of the Borden temperament and Ritzy airs be laid forever to rest. It has already brought enough heartache to its helpless victim.

I've written this brief story without Olive's knowledge or consent. She is very distinctly not the whining type. She'd rather take a sound spanking than even hint to anyone how savagely the situation has really hurt her.

The Sucker Who Succeeded

(*Continued from page 76*)

"I'm looking for a man to do a bit in the picture," she told him, "and I believe you've got just the build for it. Take off your coat, please."

Stripping Before Elinor

Tom blushed. "I—I can't do that," he muttered, "because—well, I haven't got anything on underneath."

"Quite all right," said, sweetly, the Glyn. "Take it off."

Before two hundred extras Tom stripped to the waist——and got the part. Then FBO needed a Western hero and sent for him. "Can you ride?" they asked, and Tom, without flinching, answered, "Sure."

Two weeks before his first picture was to start one of the cowboys on the FBO lot was approached by a white-faced youngster whom he recognized as the new Western star. "I want—" he said and swallowed hard—"I want a horse to—to ride around a little and get in practice."

The cowboy led out Flashlight, a huge stallion, rearing as he came, saddled him and handed the reins to Tom. Clumsily the new Wild West hero scrambled aboard and clung desperately to the horse's mane.

"Gosh, feller," whistled the cowboy, "how long you been riding anyhow?"

"*I've never been on a horse before in my life,*" Tom Tyler confessed.

Two weeks later he galloped over the crest of the hill in pursuit of the outlaw gang, and the director murmured to a newspaper reporter, "Yes, a real cowboy. Right off the ranch!"

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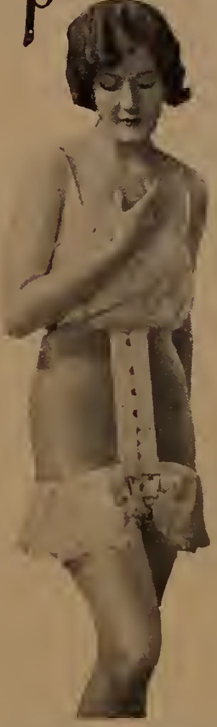

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Murnau or Never

(*Continued from page 33*)

a theater upon which a huge electric sign advertised "The Four Devils."

I'm not so dumb. And when I saw that illuminated billboard, I remembered that this was the title of the picture upon which Murnau was pouring the oil of his genius to prepare a sure-fire film. Thus I figured, as it were, "If 'The Four Devils' are here, can the fifth be far away?"

So This Is Paris

LEAVING Paris by the back door, I came into a part of the studio apparently deserted save for an assistant director and somebody's chauffeur. They were whiling life away by pelting one another with fragmentary ice-cream cones. I was about to seek my man elsewhere, when I noticed a small screened-in area off in one corner. I tiptoed to it, and the first peek rewarded me with a glimpse of Janet Gaynor and Charles Morton going through a bit of routine on a shadowed staircase. The kleigs were burning, the camera grinding. But where was the director? There wasn't even a chair with "F. W. Murnau—Keep Off" stenciled on it. Not a megaphone in sight.

PART THREE

Synopsis: Alleged scribe has been told to write impressions of Murnau and hasn't yet done so. Now read on.

I was roused from my reveries by some big donkey in a suit of brown dungarees. He insisted on pottering about the set, and the breadth of his shoulders cut off my view. Beneath the overalls I caught a glimpse of a workman's colored shirt from which emerged a ruddy column of neck which was topped by a head thatched with red hair. This in turn crowned by a Basque hat.

No wooden-headed carpenter can come between me and duty, and I was about to give the fellow one of those looks that De Mille bestows on negligent property men, when the towering form turned—and I stood in the presence.

Yes, it was Murnau. Spare of frame, well over six feet, clad like any navvy. With a voice such as Shakespeare wished for women, with the utmost gentleness, he almost whispered his instructions to the youthful players. Yet despite his unobtrusiveness he dominated the set. He was the mentality. All the others the mere mechanics of picture-making.

Benefits of Education

I TRIED to think what I knew in German besides *"Ich will ein Seidel Bier haben,"* or some irrelevant remark about "Schnapps"—anything to put him at his ease before the press. But the thought was interrupted when he waved his hand and called: "Be with you in a minute," in accentless English.

While we talked, I thought he was smiling. But now I am not sure but that impression came from the myriad little lines around his keen brown eyes. There are lacings of crow's-feet which give him a mischievous, elfish expression, intensified by the sharpness of his glance and the laugh that always seems to linger beneath his lashes.

His features are angular as his body. He might be Scotch. But of course he's German. His is the drawn-faced type of powerful physique that one might expect in the Emperor's bodyguard. The old Emperor—not the last one. His initials are F. W. I had speculated as to what they stood for. I thought of the fat sounding little names that seem made to order for the chubby type of Teuton. But as I looked him over, and my glance at last rested on that sun-reddened, freckled face, with its red crop of hair, and its virility of feature, I knew that the F. W. could mean only Friederich Wilhelm. I had found my man.

(To be continued)

PART FOUR

Synopsis: At last this guy Cruikshank is getting down to business. Maybe we'll hear something about Murnau yet. Now read on.

I wondered how the canny-minded business men would ride this spirited horse. Whether he would be given his head. Whether he would be hampered by rein and bit. But when I saw the sets and the machinery and pondered the expense they entailed, I scarcely needed to ask my question. They are letting Murnau go his gait. He will have no excuse to offer if he fails. But I don't think he'll fail. I scarcely believe he knows the meaning of the word. Competence, after all, breeds confidence. Murnau exudes that quality.

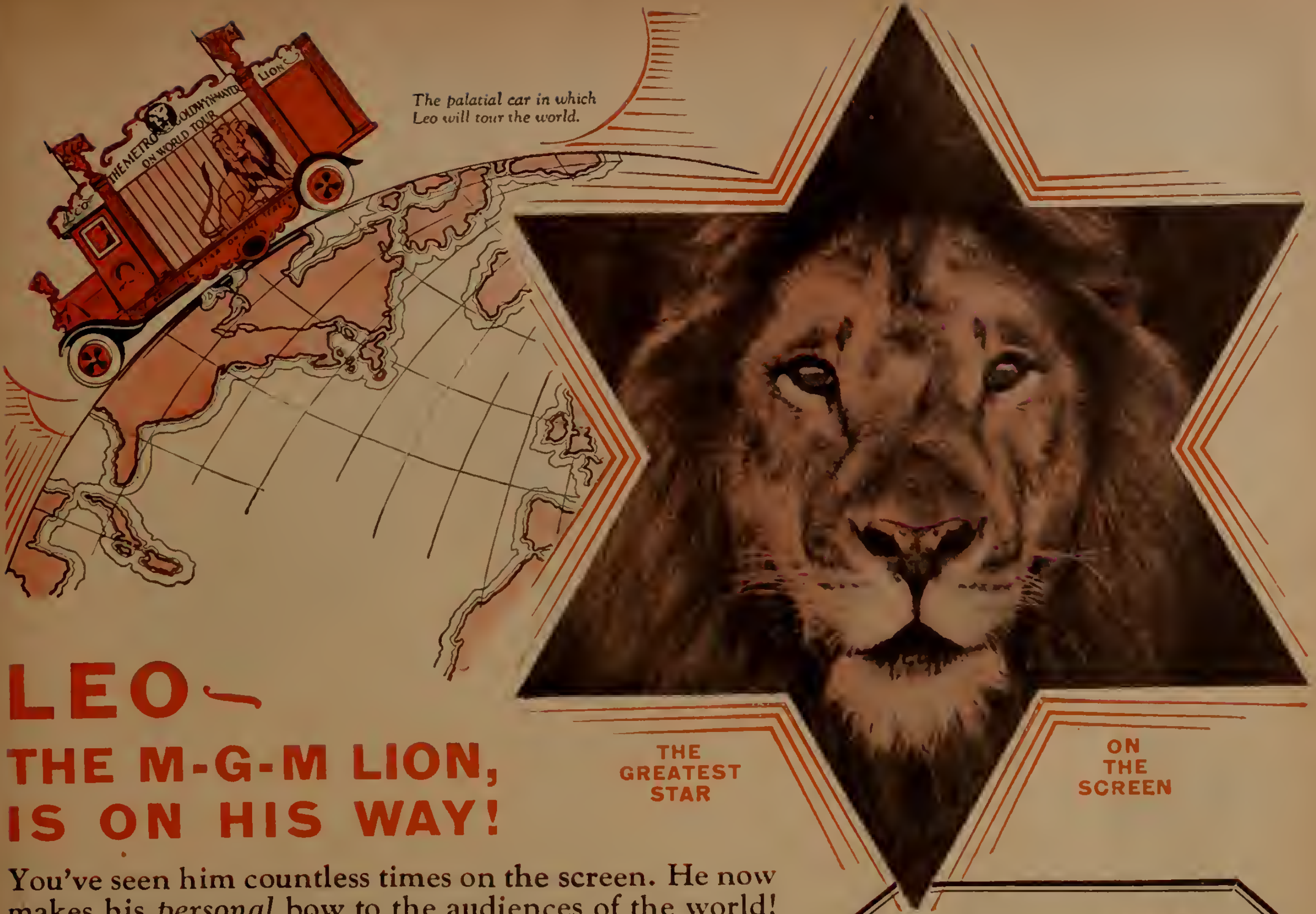
He doesn't blame producers for uplifting the cinema with such gems as "Maggie Murphy's Matzoth." Their business is to make money. For even art must eat. But he fights staunchly for a division in theaters so that those who frown on "Maggie" may see a "Sunrise." He believes that the motion picture public may be increased by catering to caviar tastes as well as to the preference for Red Mike and violets.

Admires Americans

OF the American directors he most admires King Vidor and Henry King. But he also betrays a fancy for what he describes as the "earth-nearness" of Raoul Walsh. As to stars of the feline sex, Murnau prefers Janet Gaynor and Dolores del Rio. Marveling a bit at the selection, I asked reconsideration. He tip-tilted his red head at a perilous angle and regarded the ropes of an aerial set with thoughtful gravity. Then the reply. "I have not seen Gloria Swanson in 'Sadie Thompson'—but with her excepted, who else is there?" I thought of a name or two. But why argue?

Murnau has a probing mentality. The happy faculty of piercing exteriors, of passing through things as they seem, to face things as they are. He is a realist. The usual film flummery is hateful to him. He must always portray life as it exists. He faces its complicated mysteries and simplifies their terms until it stands stark in primal form. With his story and his characters stripped of camouflage, he re-drapes them nearer to his heart's desire—and the exigencies of his picture.

"The Four Devils," completed, he will work on a combination of two stories. "Our Daily Bread," his own selection, and "The Mud Turtle," a Fox property. It has something to do with a girl, a waitress, who has served wheat in its usual forms for years, but who has never seen a wheat field. You see, he must get at the source of things. When he permits himself some brief respite from his present task, it is to glory in the work to come. Like all men who stay young, he has an ambition not yet attained. It is a picture. He wouldn't tell me what. But when he finally makes it—there will be a new ambition—something more for which to live.



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John Gilbert

THE TEST

1 In what picture does Lon Chaney appear without one of his typical make-ups?

2 Who discovered Joan Crawford? What did she do before going into pictures?

3 Describe in less than 75 words the biggest picture thrill you ever had.

4 From what country did Greta Garbo come? Lars Hanson? Dolores del Rio? Renee Adoree? Ramon Novarro? George K. Arthur?

5 What business-life role has Norma Shearer played in recently?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to **M-G-M, 1542 Broadway, New York.** All answers must be received by July 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

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Well, Doris, if giving up all those pink teas and charlotte russes has had anything to do with the results we see above, by all means stick to your diet. We like you this way

Reducing Herself

(Continued from page 42)

"Marriage!" she gasped. "Oh, heavens, no. It's taken me too long to have gotten as far as I am to give it all up now." Young men, take note! No matter how honorable the intentions, Doris isn't interested—for a time yet, anyway.

When she first came to Hollywood, I used to see Doris around the Cocoanut Grove winning contests and having a grand time with young Nick Stuart. But along came Sue Carol and that was the end of that rumor. "Nick sort of gave me the high hat after he got started so well at Fox and I was still doing extra work," Doris confided after curling herself up on my couch, one day.

She Couldn't Eat Her Cake

DORIS considered her pretty, pink finger nails. "I haven't time to go chasing around to the Grove to tea, anyway. You can't keep up all those kid things and get the rest you need to look well on the screen. Appearance is just about half of stardom, don't you think? The first thing they did after I signed my contract was to advise me to reduce. I'd chased around to so many pink teas and eaten so many charlotte russes I was absolutely pudgy." She sighed. When you're about eighteen, it's hard to give up whipped cream, but Doris put her mind to it. Now, she's as fashionably skinny as Claire Windsor and Louise Brooks.

"All except my ankles," said Doris, frankly. "I still have to take treatments to get them down."

It's nice being successful and owning a contract. But it's a lot of trouble, too, when you're in your teens and like pink teas and fattening things to eat.

The way she happened to get started in the great diet game was like this:

Doris came out to Hollywood with her father and of course, right away, she was bitten with the movie bug. She started running around with Joan Crawford and a couple of the other girls, including Sally Blane and her sisters, and all they talked about was the movies. They all dressed so cutely, too. And had such pretty cars to drive. Doris could hardly wait to get started.' It wasn't any trouble for her to get extra work. When you're as cute as Doris, it never is. But just working in the movies didn't satisfy her. She wanted to be Somebody. Every one else was!

Alone With an Allowance

WHEN it was time for her father to go back home, Doris put her foot down. She just wouldn't hear of leaving Hollywood. Her father said she must. But she didn't. She got awfully independent about it and said she would take care of herself—and everything. "All right," said her father, and left her to take care of herself with only a very small allowance.

Those were the dark days. The allowance was very, very small and she wasn't getting along as fast as she had expected in the movies. She was too fat. Too youthfully plump.

Finally, however, she landed a small contract with a small company. But she didn't like it. Of course, the money was nice coming in every week and she spent every nickel of it on a hilltop house that was very swanky to look at. She got some publicity, too.

Doris gave up the house and everything eventually and just walked out on the contract. She couldn't be bothered. Now she is sharing an apartment.

Walking out on a contract is a pretty brave thing to do in Hollywood, but Doris was rewarded with another one almost right away. First National had seen her in one of the small pictures and thought she was cute. The first thing you know they signed her up. She enjoyed playing with Dick Barthelmess a lot.

Murder and Music

(*Continued from page* 31)

seemed to inhabit the robust Elizabethan as you'll find today—at least in the works of the more rancid and despairing young playwrights. Jonson, however, treats them in a gay and cavalier spirit, for it never seems to have occurred to him that mankind was going to the dogs just because human beings sometimes acted natural. Perhaps that was because the London of his day didn't contain anything like Greenwich Village.

The result is a gay and irresponsible satire, which might very well have been written by the young sophisticates on the *New Yorker* when they felt moved to blank verse. It revolves about a wealthy old Italian, who pretends to be grievously ill in order to watch his presumptive heirs squabble about the spoils he may leave. As his attendant, *Mosca,* who conspires with them all and mischievously brings various ones to discomfiture, Lunt gives another peerless performance. He is an imp of Satan who refuses to grow up, a very *Peter Pan* of purgatory.

The Lady That's Known as Lil

Unlike Willard Mack, Mae West in "Diamond Lil" takes her tenderloin rather fiercely. The famed or so-so authoress of "Sex" has written this melodrama of the Bowery of long ago at the suggestion of one of the cast, though apparently he did not have to make the suggestion.

It deals with an actual character of ye olde-time Chatham Square, called "Diamond Lil" because she wore a diamond filling in a front tooth, though she appears to have had the lustrous purity of neither the diamond nor the lily. She lived for a hot time now, with the possibility of a hot time also in the hereafter. The story concerns her blandishments upon a Salvation Army Captain, shuffles mostly through the sawdust of a dingy saloon, and contains most of the things that nobody wants around the house—homicide, suicide and seduction. Miss West, abetted by Curtis Cooksey and some curious manifestations of humanity, acts it with the exhaust wide open and perhaps with one eye on the police.

Among the first of the summer shows to head for Broadway is "Here's Howe," a musical comedy which is a good deal more stimulating than its time-worn tag of a title would indicate. Its giddy effect on the risibilities is due largely to the cuckoo notes emitted by Don Barclay and William Frawley. I might say that at times the comedians have to give the book a good dig in the ribs to startle any humor out of it.

At any rate, even though the libretto by Paul Gerard Smith takes a firm stand on the veteran story of the ninny who tries to get a damaging letter away from an eye-rolling vamp, Barclay and Frawley are sufficiently entertaining, so that you don't grow bitter about the plot. And Allen Kearns, that spruce young leading man, again proves what a sense of humor can do for a juvenile to lift him far above the animated waxworks class. Irene Delroy, a "Follies" graduate, is both personable and vocable as his sweetheart, and zooming choruses staged by Sammy Lee, and zippy performances by Ben Bernie's orchestra of the score by Roger Wolfe Kahn and Joseph Meyer, enable the producers, Messrs. Aarons and Freedley, to take another bow for one of their perennial stable of hits.

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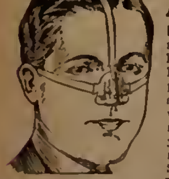

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The McKee to happiness seems to be parenthood, judging from the expression on the faces of both Raymond, Sr., and his wife, once the celebrated Marguerite Courtot

The Living Ghosts of the Screen

(*Continued from page* 19)

and a young boy drove up. He wanted to take some pictures. I told him to take the house, not me. But pretty soon I was in them. He was a young fellow from Fresno who had taken a day off from work and come down to Hollywood to photograph me.

"Yes, I'm happy. Satisfied. No early morning location calls. But, of course, if I got my price I would make another picture. . ."

There are those who revel in domesticity. They are glad to relinquish fame. Ruth Stonehouse, now Mrs. Felix Hughes, sister-in-law of Rupert Hughes, the novelist. For years she was an Essanay actress. Chadwick called her for a picture last month. She was thrilled. Back to grease-paint. It is incense divine. Back to kleigs and direction. In three days she wanted to know when she would be through. It wasn't like the old days. That camaraderie was gone. Petty authorities irritated, Ruth Stonehouse has returned to her short story-writing course, her asparagus souffles, her half-finished chaise-longue cover.

"When I feel I must go back to the films, I paint a picture," said Ella Hall, lovelier now than she was in her days of fame. A virile landscape in oils on the wall is hers. "You can't help but miss what has been your life work. And then there are Junior and Ellen." She is Mrs. Emory Johnson. "Children demand a great deal of attention. But always there is my painting as an escape when the longing becomes too strong.

"It is very sweet and touching, sometimes, to meet those people who remember me. At a dinner last night, a woman stopped me on the stairs. 'My dear,' she said, 'I didn't think I would ever see *Jewel* in life. And when you came in this evening, I gasped in amazement.' " *Jewel* was Miss Hall's greatest motion picture rôle.

Across the street from the shining Chinese Theater is the men's furnishing shop of Garwood and Johnson. Few modern Hollywooders know that Billy—"Smiling Billy"—Garwood is the famous old Tannhouser leading man. Ten years in motion pictures. Ten years of leading rôles. Handsome, grey-haired, he imports the latest lounging robes for the Buddy Rogers of today.

Pictures Bored Billy

"MISS my career? Not at all. I was bored all the time I was in pictures. The stage—ah! there's the thing!"

Across the street is the shining Chinese Theater in the center of Hollywood's rialto. Bored, and yet he remains at the hub of film things. Funny, this motion picture business.

"And the other day I met Richard Dix at Leatrice Joy's party. I was thrilled to death! Imagine meeting Richard Dix!" It was Marguerite Courtot, now Raymond McKee's wife, mother of little Raymond, Junior, twenty-one months old. "Ray promised to take me to Montmartre on Wednesday. I love to go and see all the stars, and have them pointed out to me."

A complacent, beautiful, maternal ghost, this. Glad to give up pictures after years of trouping. Glad to be Mrs. McKee in a pretty home in Brentwood, close to the sea. And thrilled, truly thrilled, to meet Richard Dix. This from a girl who was a star once herself.

And there's Elmo Lincoln, the *Tarzan* man, the Griffith actor of the early days, who has been kept from the screen by his Arizona mine. He, too, is coming back. Oh, yes, dickering every day with the producers. You see, they want him back, his fans, his public. But nothing definite yet. Nothing to announce at the moment.

These living ghosts of Hollywood.

Florence Turner, dear Florence, "the Vitagraph girl," the first girl to be in any film stock company. A diamond wristwatch for national popularity in her vanity case. She waits for the studio telephone call that will give her a few days' work. Young-looking and slim, a capable actress, a brilliant pantomimist. A striking success in England. One of the veterans of American motion pictures.

What does she ask? Stardom? No. It is long since she hoped for that. Meaty little parts. Character rôles. A chance to come back. That's all.

The living ghosts of Hollywood. Was it worth it? Sometimes I wonder.

The Life of the Party

(*Continued from page 51*)

of young women's clothes, and laments the fact that so many movie actresses are inclined to dress Broadway when playing Park Avenue.

He won't use a questionable gag in pictures if he can help it. I heard him tell one of his gag-men once: "I can't do that scene. Last night I took a girl to the movies and saw some stuff that made me want to crawl under my seat. Kill that gag."

He never makes jokes about religion. He goes to church. Vice-president of the Catholic Motion Picture Guild of America, he has done much to make that organization successful in Hollywood. He's a master of ceremonies par excellence, and is in real demand for openings of new theaters. At one such premier, he even made Buster Keaton laugh.

He's a *Simon Legree* on the set. When he doesn't like the way a scene is going, he will jump out of his comedy character, pick up the director's megaphone, face the actors, and have it out with them. Everything must move fast and furiously on a Hines set or he'll know the reason why.

He's a Puritan at heart, under the mask; he detests more than anything to see a woman drink much. He has old-fashioned ideas about girls, home, and marriage. His mother was his idol, and he said he'd never marry as long as she lived. She is dead—but it is her portrait that hangs above the fireplace in the big living-room of the Hines house on the hill. A numerologist once told him he'd be happier single. He seems inclined to believe it.

He likes kids and dogs, but treats both in the same offhand manner. Not long ago he picked up a hound that had been run over and left to die. He was a terrible-looking dog then and, after a sojourn in the canine hospital which cost Mr. Hines several hundred dollars, he is still a terrible-looking dog. But the patched-up mutt is now the proud tenant of an elaborate kennel, with an engraved collar, and everything.

Cut Himself a Wrist-Watch

ACTORS like working for Hines because—although he works them harder and faster than any other boss—they know he'll make up for the wear and tear sooner or later. When the picture is finished, several members of the cast are usually presented with some small token of appreciation such as a platinum wrist-watch apiece. He likes to make cracks about being penurious, but as a matter of fact, he's almost prodigal.

He has been associated with the same producer for nine years. It's a record in the picture business. Johnny Hines and Charles C. Burr have worked together almost every day in those nine years, and they remain partners—and pals. Johnny knows the picture game inside out. Probably more than most actors, he is aware of the seating capacity of the movie theater in Medicine Hat, and he can make a pretty good guess at the amount his latest picture ought to gross during a week's run.

He has always made a point of selecting ladylike girls to play opposite him. One reason for this is that his own taste runs that way. Another is that he believes it is good business for a comedy to have as much high-hat atmosphere as possible as a foil for the rough-and-ready action. His leading ladies at various times in his career have included such thorough-breds as Doris Kenyon, Billie Dove, Norma Shearer, Mary Brian, Diana Kane, and Louise Lorraine.

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Corda, Maria
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Daniels, Bebe
Davies, Marion
Dana, Viola
Day, Alice
Day, Marceline
Del Rio, Dolores
Dove, Billie

Garbo, Greta
Gaynor, Janet
Gish, Dorothy
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Kenyon, Doris

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Logan, Jacqueline

Mackaill, Dorothy
Marechal, Arlette
McAvoy, May
Moore, Colleen
Moran, Lois
Negri, Pola
Nissen, Greta

O'Day, Molly
O'Neil, Sally

Pickford, Mary
Philbin, Mary

Ralston, Esther
Ray, Allene
Reynolds, Vera

Sebastian, Dorothy
Starke, Pauline
Shearer, Norma
Southern, Eve
Swanson, Gloria

Talmadge, Constance
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Taylor, Ruth
Terry, Alice

Valli, Virginia
Velez, Lupe
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Boyd, William
Brook, Clive
Brown, Johnny Mack

Carewe, Arthur Edmund
Chaney, Lon
Chaplin, Charles
Cody, Lew
Colman, Ronald
Collier, William, Jr.
Coogan, Jackie
Cooper, Gary
Cortez, Ricardo
Chandler, Lane

De Lacey, Philippe
Delaney, Charles
D'Arcy, Roy
Denny, Reginald
Dix, Richard

Fairbanks, Douglas
Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.
Farrell, Charles
Ford, Harrison
Forbes, Ralph

Gibson, Hoot
Gilbert, John
Gray, Lawrence

Haines, William
Hall, James
Hamilton, Neil
Hanson, Lars
Harlan, Kenneth
Holt, Jack
Hoxie, Jack
Hughes, Lloyd

Jones, Buck

Keane, Raymond
Keith, Donald
Kerry, Norman
Kent, Larry

Landis, Cullen
La Rocque, Rod
Lease, Rex
Lewis, George
Lyon, Ben

McLaglen, Victor
Meighan, Thomas
Menjou, Adolphe
Maynard, Ken
Miller, Walter
Mix, Tom
Mix, Tom, and his horse Tony
Mulhall, Jack

Nagel, Conrad
Norton, Barry
Novarro, Ramon

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O'Brien, George

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Pidgeon, Walter

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Rogers, Charles
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M. TRILETY, SPECIALIST, Dept. 1653 Binghamton, N. Y.

Wouldn't you just know that these smiling Irish eyes and fluffy ballet costume belonged to Nancy Carroll?

For Laughing Out Loud

(*Continued from page* 58)

funny-bone of all classes alike. Why, then, do producers continue to insist upon ladling out the other kind *ad infinitum, ad nauseam?* Regardless of his other failings, a movie producer usually does try to give his dear public just exactly what he thinks that public wants.

I puzzled over the answer to that question for a long time myself. Then I had it solved for me in a very convincing manner. I spent nine months last year as a scenario writer and gag man with one of the oldest and best-known companies in the two-reel comedy field.

During those weary weeks I discovered the reason why the alleged humor of the two-reelers is in its present deplorable state, and also why it has every prospect of remaining just about where it is.

Crudity, vulgarity, and time-worn gags are present in the average two-reeler, for the simple reason that they are the things which most please those people who laugh loudest.

Clocking the Cackles

THE laugh value of a comedy is judged solely by ear. The louder the laughs that are evoked, the better the comedy must necessarily be. Subtle humor seldom inspires guffaws. It produces smiles, and even the most beaming of smiles has very little effect upon the ear-drum.

Comedies are made upon a set scale of laughs per reel. Laughs are counted by clockers scattered throughout the audience at the neighborhood movie house where the comedy is being given a preview.

A comparatively subtle comedy sequence which brings smiles to the faces of most of the audience is usually a dead loss to the clocker. A comedy fall on a banana skin, on the other hand, is sure to bring a collection of juvenile screams from the kids down front, and a couple of booming horse laughs from a scattered few of their elders. The natural result is that the banana incident stays in the comedy when it is released, while the more subtle sequence is promptly eliminated.

You can't blame the producer. He sells his product solely on the laughs it brings. He is going to rip out the stuff that brought no guffaws and hurriedly substitute time-honored and sure-fire gags that always have brought laughs and always will.

Nor can you blame the director. His job depends upon his maintaining the laughs-per-reel scale of his studio. He will naturally make sure of getting those laughs by using the crude and primitive gags that have never yet failed throughout the years.

Seeking the Easy House

AND, being only human, he will probably make matters still worse by seeking an easy house for his preview showing. The first Saturday night show in a small neighborhood theater is the ideal one for a comedy preview, particularly if the feature picture of the evening is a good standard Western. The audience will consist largely of kids and one-show-a-week adults, with the more sophisticated element of the audience in the decided minority. A holiday spirit is prevalent, and the crowd will laugh at anything broad enough.

The oldest of gags are always new to the kids, and will continue to be to each new generation. That is to be expected. It is also to be expected that such primitive humor as a man falling down will always excite juvenile laughter.

But it is to the mental reactions of the horse laugh adult that we must lay the bulk of the blame for the vulgarity and cheapness of most two-reel humor. The horse laugh and the equine giggle members of an audience laugh both loudly and readily, and it is their laughs that register with the producers.

It is this relatively small class of movie patrons whose primitive ideas of what is funny dictate the menu of two-reel humor that will be served to all the rest of us. And they will continue to dictate that menu just as long as they greet with booming guffaws and hysterical shrieks the stuff they like.

What's become of all the homely women?

WOMEN simply aren't homely any more. You meet plain women, yes . . . but their smart, trim air is the envy of many who are only beautiful.

In the old days, when a girl gave promise of becoming "hopelessly plain," she was frankly informed of the fact to save her from hurt pride in later years. She remained frumpy and tried to convince herself that she didn't care!

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Advertising has played a remarkable part in making every woman attractive.

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E. S. GIVENS, 523 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Looking Them Over Out Hollywood Way

(*Continued from page 61*)

Lupe Is Less Natural

I'M afraid some one has told Lupe Velez that she should live up to her billing as an exotic type. When Lupe first arrived in Hollywood she was as natural and *gamine* as Maud Fulton's "Brat." But lately Lupe has developed pretty little mannerisms that hint of "painting the rose."

So Good to Their Mother

OWEN MOORE had just seen "Four Sons." The next day at the studio a fellow player asked him how he liked it.

"It's a nice picture," replied Owen, carefully and slowly. "All the boys treated their mother like a rich old aunt who was just about to die."

The Din of Log-Rolling

WILLIAM K. HOWARD, the Irishman who directs pictures like a Russian, is through attending premières and opening nights. He says you don't get the right perspective on a picture when everybody breaks out applauding at every close-up.

"It's like reading a story with an exclamation point at the end of every sentence," observed Bill. He said it!

The Orchid Market

SPEAKING of premières, a leading Hollywood florist told me that the sale of orchids and gardenias for corsages amounted to about two hundred dollars every time a picture opened.

And that's only one florist and one shop.

"Hamlet" in the Open Air

SOMETIME this fall John Barrymore is going to produce "Hamlet" in the Hollywood Bowl for the benefit of all concerned. Already the costumes and scenery have arrived from London, and John himself has taken a little flyer to New York to confer with expert electricians concerning outdoor lighting effects.

As the Bowl seats twenty thousand people, this production will be a novelty for both the natives and Mr. Barrymore. California has never seen Barrymore do "Hamlet," and I doubt if Barrymore has ever seen twenty thousand people in an audience.

South Seas All Wet

MONTE BLUE is back from the South Seas with a lot of iconoclastic yarns. Monte says that if the South Sea Islands are as romantic as the fictionists paint them, then he's an Arab. To hear Somerset Maugham describe it, the tropics are one sensuous holiday. They may be all the world to Somerset, but they're a hot, rainy, wash-out to Monte. In other words, they're all wet.

The High Cost of Sexes

WHEN D. W. Griffith first produced "The Battle of the Sexes" in 1913 (the picture featured Lillian Gish, Owen Moore, Bobby Harron and Mary Alden), the cost was twenty-five hundred dollars.

Griffith is now re-making the picture with Sally O'Neil, Phyllis Haver and Johnny Harron. Phyllis Haver's weekly salary is more than the total cost of the old film. Before he is finished shooting, Griffith will have spent over five hundred thousand in its production.

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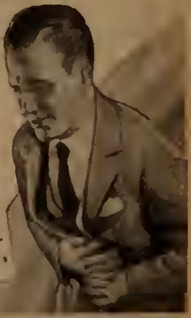

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M-7

Jeanette Loff has a lamb that is just as faithful as Mary's and Jeanette's even more stationary

The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page* 53)

turning the spotlight on the oppressed worker and declaring that he must have better pay and better living conditions.

But after the election, the poor worm is neglected—and the scenes develop keen shafts of satire through the publicity accorded the working man, and the play given the tabloids in putting over the candidate.

There are touches in the story which remind me of "Chicago," though the piece sparkles with originality. The big point about this film is its reality. What happens here could reasonably happen—and is happening in any city where candidates must strike a pose and adopt a platform. It affords Chester Conklin one of his greatest opportunities to show himself a talented actor. There is freshness and imagination here. And Allan Dwan has done a particularly neat job with his direction. In all, it's genuinely diverting. Let's have more like it.

But the Waltz Will Linger

A GOOD title is "The Blue Danube" and it has a suggestion of rhythm and romance about it, but unlike "The Merry Widow" it doesn't get anywhere. Invoking the name of Strauss' memorable waltz hasn't established any of the grace, charm and movement of the composition. It's apparently used to hang a conventional, orthodox plot on—without giving the expectant observer any cheer. Much sentiment drips from it and the obvious note is with it throughout. It seemingly goes on and on, though lifted here and there through the very sincere performance of Leatrice Joy in her rôle of the peasant maid wh[illegible] her man by the side [illegible] a man who left her to go to war and double-crossed by a sinister cripple.

The story doesn't reveal any punch, but is staged rather effectively. If your screen education is on the up-and-up, you won't enjoy it so much. But you should respond to Leatrice Joy. This capable young actress deserves better things.

Just a Picture

LOVE and liquor don't make a very good mixture unless they are garnished with plenty of trimmings in the shape of red-hot incident, suspense, oodles of action and a dash of romance. The picture entitled "The Escape" can only be chalked up as tolerably fair entertainment. It never becomes dull. It couldn't get that way, not when bootleggers and night clubs (to say nothing of a hospital) are framed in the background.

It starts off on an interesting scene when a young interne, riding the rumble of an ambulance, answers a hurry call in the slums. He meets a fair young drudge and everything seems rosy-posy between them until he gets bounced by the hospital staff for loving the liquor too well. So he gets a job making hootch in a night club.

That's about all there is to it, except the girl of the tenements bobs up as the club's hostess. And after a raid and some gun-play everything turns out for the best. Virginia Valli and George Meeker have the principal rôles and do well enough by them. Nancy Drexel, a newcomer, shows possibilities.

Hommel

Futurism need travel no farther. It has reached its destination in the futuristic print bathing-suit which Mary Brian is wearing

Thar's Gold in That Thar Boy

(*Continued from page 63*)

l me if I'd like to try my hand at ig, I threw up my job and bought a jo' grease-paints. Now I'm whooping p in the midst of the three-ply board-g I sold to Fox."

"I notice you wear a fifteen-gallon hat and a heavy pair of chaps like a veteran," I said. "Where did you pick up your Western technique?"

Chicago Taught Him Cowboying

"FUNNY thing, that," he answered. "I've seen ranches and ranch life, but the place where I really got my horseback education was around the Union Stockyards in Chicago. Both my grandfathers were horse dealers there—in a nice way, you understand. I guess that kinda interested me in the horse, as an animal and as a means of transportation.

"When I got to the wide open West, there was nothing anyone could teach me about the horse. But I picked up ranch life from every angle. Altogether I guess I've spent four or five years on different ranches in California, Wyoming and Arizona. During that time I went to hundreds of rodeos and showed 'em how we rode 'em in the great open stockyard regions."

He paused to roll and light a cigarette. His brown hands dexterously manipulated the tobacco and he was puffing at the hand-made in less time than it takes you and me to pull a tailor-made one out of the package.

"This movie game?" he went on. "Well, I've been lucky so far and I stick until it turns the other way—then I quit. I always said to my mother that I'd stay in anything as long as I was going upward. I was doing pretty good in the building racket when this fellow at Universal said he could offer me some work in 'The Collegians.' I was pretty sure I could get back into my old business again if the movies didn't pan out right, so I threw up my job. I guess I must have been lucky, because I've only been in pictures a year and I've worked practically all the time.

"You see me now with a five-year contract to star in Fox Westerns. If the luck holds, I'll get along fine from now on. My mother, who lives with me here, is tickled pink, and says I'm going to be a success."

Mother and Murnau Are Both Boosters

IT may as well be added that Mrs. Beldon's aspirations for, and belief in, her George are not the mere outpourings of a mother's love. There are at least a score of extremely lofty and dignified persons with no personal interest in Rex Bell who avow themselves 100% rooters for him. F. W. Murnau, of whom some of you little boys and girls who read may have heard, is leader of them all. The Fox people admit that Murnau has boosted Rex Bell from the first time a test was made of him.

For the sake of female movie patrons the following particulars are worthy of note Rex's eyes are blue, he weighs 165, is six feet tall and has crisp, brown wavy hair. He's the sort of lad who comes in for the appellation clean-limbed. Girls, look out for his jolly old Lindy grin and see if it doesn't produce an electrical effect up and down the spine.

His first picture is called "Wild West Romance." The young lady he clutches to his bosom therein is Caryl Lincoln. A nice girl, but—breathe again, girls—she's married.

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Will Greta Garbo Be Mrs. Ben Turpin?

There seems to be little likelihood of it at present. For it is understood that the siren of all sirens, including the Scandinavian, is intent upon the further pursuit of her career rather than upon marriage.

But you may be sure—on one condition you may be sure—that if there is a possibility of the flowering of such a romance, you will be the first to know about it.

And that condition is simple: it is that you are a reader of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

For this is the one publication which keeps in the closest touch with the happenings of Hollywood, both professional and personal.

And which when those happenings happen, relays the information immediately—and truthfully—to its readers.

It is the one magazine of the screen in a position to know and with a disposition to tell, what goes on on both sides of the studio fences.

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AUGUST

25¢

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Marceline Day

Overtime Acting

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Dolores del Rio on Divorce

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Here is a picture that will open your eyes —because what happened to Larry Grayson could happen to *anyone!*

With Maria Alba, Warren Burke, Lionel Barrymore and Julia Swayne Gordon in the leading roles, "Roadhouse" is one of the most powerfully enacted stories of modern youth ever filmed!

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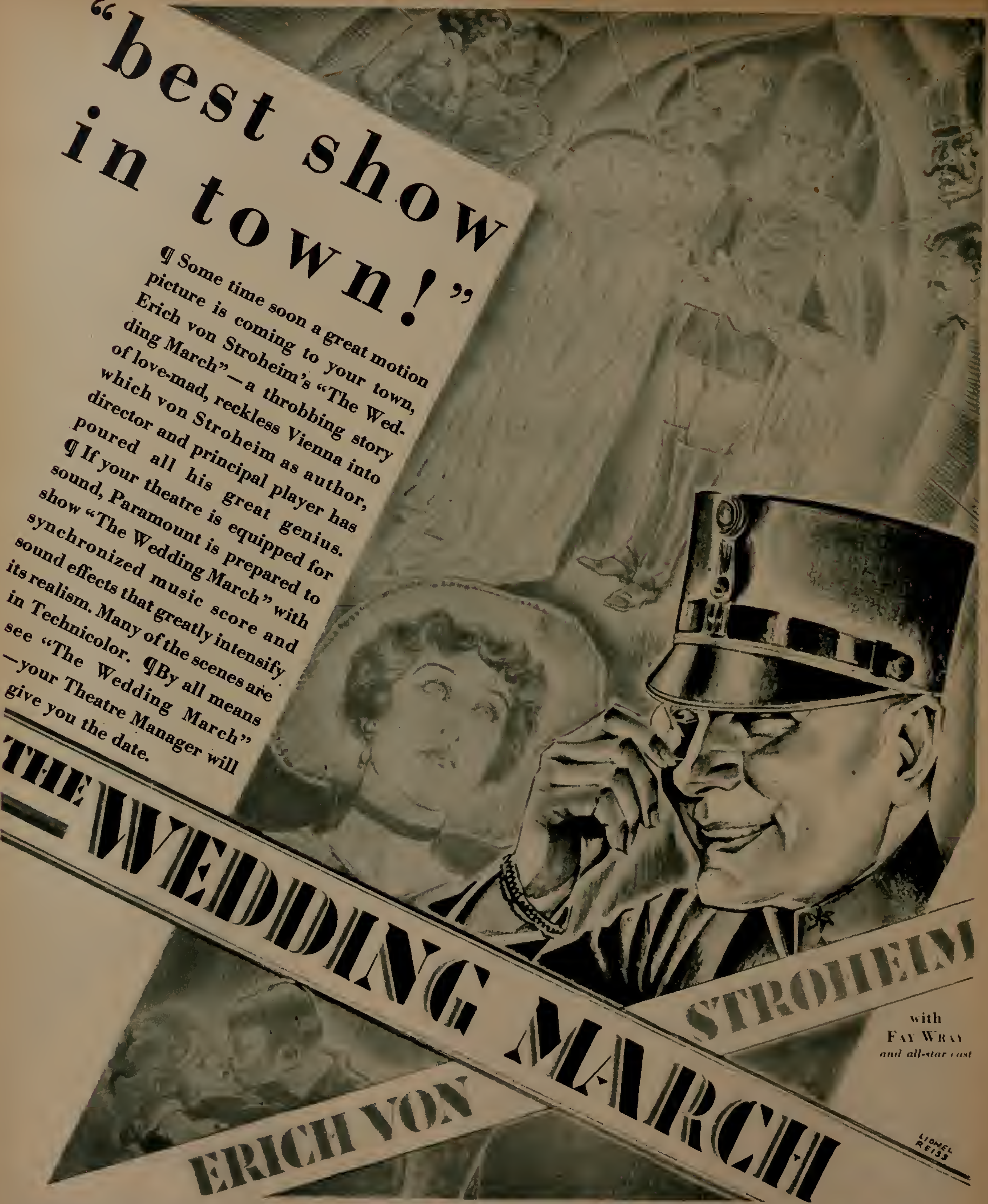

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¶ Some time soon a great motion picture is coming to your town, Erich von Stroheim's "The Wedding March"—a throbbing story of love-mad, reckless Vienna into which von Stroheim as author, director and principal player has poured all his great genius. ¶ If your theatre is equipped for sound, Paramount is prepared to show "The Wedding March" with synchronized music score and sound effects that greatly intensify its realism. Many of the scenes are in Technicolor. ¶ By all means see "The Wedding March"—your Theatre Manager will give you the date.

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MOTION PICTURE
CLASSIC

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LAURENCE REID, Editor
Colin J. Cruickshank, Art Director
CLASSIC comes out on the 12th of every month, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE the 28th

Subscription $2.50 per year, in advance, including postage, in the United States, Cuba, Mexico and Philippine Islands. In Canada $3.00; Foreign Countries $3.50 per year. Single copies 25 cents postage prepaid. United States Government stamps accepted. Subscribers must notify us at once of any change in address, giving both old and new address.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC., AT 18410 JAMAICA AVE., JAMAICA, N. Y.

Entered at the Post Office at Jamaica, N. Y., as second-class matter, under the act of March 3rd, 1879. Printed in U. S. A.
George Kent Shuler, *President and Treasurer;* Duncan A. Dobie, Jr., *Vice-President;* Murray C. Bernays, *Secretary.*

EXECUTIVE and EDITORIAL OFFICES, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City
European Agents, Atlas Publishing Company, 18, Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4.
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LETTERS from CLASSIC Readers

$15.00 LETTER

Heroines, Be Yourself

DEAR EDITOR:

WE confess to an intensely human capacity for coining thrills from TNT modes of screen love-making. What puzzles us, however, is why hero, desperado or whatnot continually handles the heroine.

We swallow jungle or mystery play, hair, hide and tallow. Wrong, right or rhythm. Whole or minor detail. But why (despairingly) cannot perfectly good American women get over ground, through haunted habitat, or experience strong emotion without conquering hero, affectionate cousin or sympathetic detective always on the job to fondle her?

Possessing perfectly good "understandings," s' he'p us, Hanner! if ever we're caught in a jungle-jam or intimate juxtaposition with murdered or improvised spooks we'll use 'em. In such situations we'd require legs pure and simple. If gallant male desires to aid, let him lift us bodily and—RUN! not tenderly retard.

Today's good sport retains her senses in a crush—no need of apron strings. With ability under her "permanent" to manage the average male, she'd stand up to any mere spook.

We glory in improbable situations—crave dilemma and romance a-plenty. But desire no vacillating heroine to be propped by a hero who, goodness knows, has ado to handle the situation. All we ask is a heroine to, in present parlance, "be herself."

Elsie R. Glover,
Johnson City, Tenn.

$10.00 LETTER

On "The Street of Sin"

DEAR EDITOR:

"THE STREET OF SIN," which has as its locale the tawdry slums of London, impressed me more than any of the pictures I have seen for a long time. This may in a way be due to the fact that I consider Emil Jannings the greatest character star of the screen.

You will also agree with me that Jannings is the genius of the screen if you will take into consideration some of his previous accomplishments — "Faust," "Variety," "The Last Laugh" and "The Way of All Flesh."

You can't help liking him and admiring his excellent portrayal of the rôle of *Bill* in "The Street of Sin," even though he is a brutal ex-prize-fighter who bullies everybody in the ugly district with his strength.

You limit me to two hundred words, but before using up my allotted number, I am going to take advantage of this opportunity to give due praise to two female members of the cast of "The Street of Sin." First to Fay Wray, who plays the leading female rôle of a Salvation Army lass who is the cause of *Bill's* reform, and to Olga Baklanova, who plays the part of *Annie*, a girl of the streets. All excellent portrayals.

F. A. N.

$5.00 LETTER

Consider the Boy Friend

DEAR EDITOR:

WHAT price the boy friend? Though he toil and spin to buy us movie tickets, he is not arrayed—emotionally—like one of these—meaning the movie hero.

We feed upon sentimental goulash served *à la* the silver screen and when our boy friend fails to come up to our trained expectations, we feel he is just too ordinary. We feel cheated, and perhaps we are, psychologically. Through years of movie tutoring we set our standard, and the decent young chaps who court us and marry us never swoon back while they gaze rapturously into our eyes for so long a time that the flies would be apt to settle on our sweet expression. They don't do it that way at all. Not any of them. Ask any girl, married or single. Men have neither instinct nor talent to look soulful.

As much as I enjoy the movies, I feel they are in this respect setting a false standard. I would suggest that there be less wasted effort in providing extravagant exotic settings and spectacular emotional flubdub; what the movies need is to park their orchid negligées and soulful trances and reflect life as we live it.

Yours very truly,
Eva L. Dunbar, Oakland, Cal.

$1.00 LETTER

They're Not Related

DEAR EDITOR:

I AM wondering why pictures bear no relation to the stories from which they are taken. "Love," with John Gilbert and Greta Garbo, is one of the finest movies I've seen in a long time, and the acting was perfect, but I went to the show with the story of "Anna Karenina" flashing through my mind, actually living through the parts I admired most, and I must admit I never would have recognized it as the same, but for the names of the characters.

If this picture had been advertised simply as "Love," I would have stretched a point to see it just the same, because the title is attractive, and the players can not be criticized, but I feel sure you can realize how keenly my disappointment was when the difference was so great.

The American public is hard to please, and demands full measure of everything, so let us hope in the future pictures run true to the stories from which they are taken.

Mrs. Max Barnett, New Orleans, La.

$1.00 LETTER

Anent Gloria's "Sadie"

LAST January, CLASSIC let me "tell the world" how I was most terribly perturbed about the rumors that "Rain" was to be filmed without the good old fighting minister sin-dodger. Since seeing the finished picture, I have had the desire to say something laudable, but the "whips" of the gods seemed to thrash me nigh insensible when I strove to place my thoughts in proper words. It is so easy to "pan."

I want to say that I appreciated Gloria Swanson more in this picture than I have in any that she has ever appeared. Lionel Barrymore as the reformer fully satisfied my anxieties. With courage and brains she made a picture of which she can well be proud.

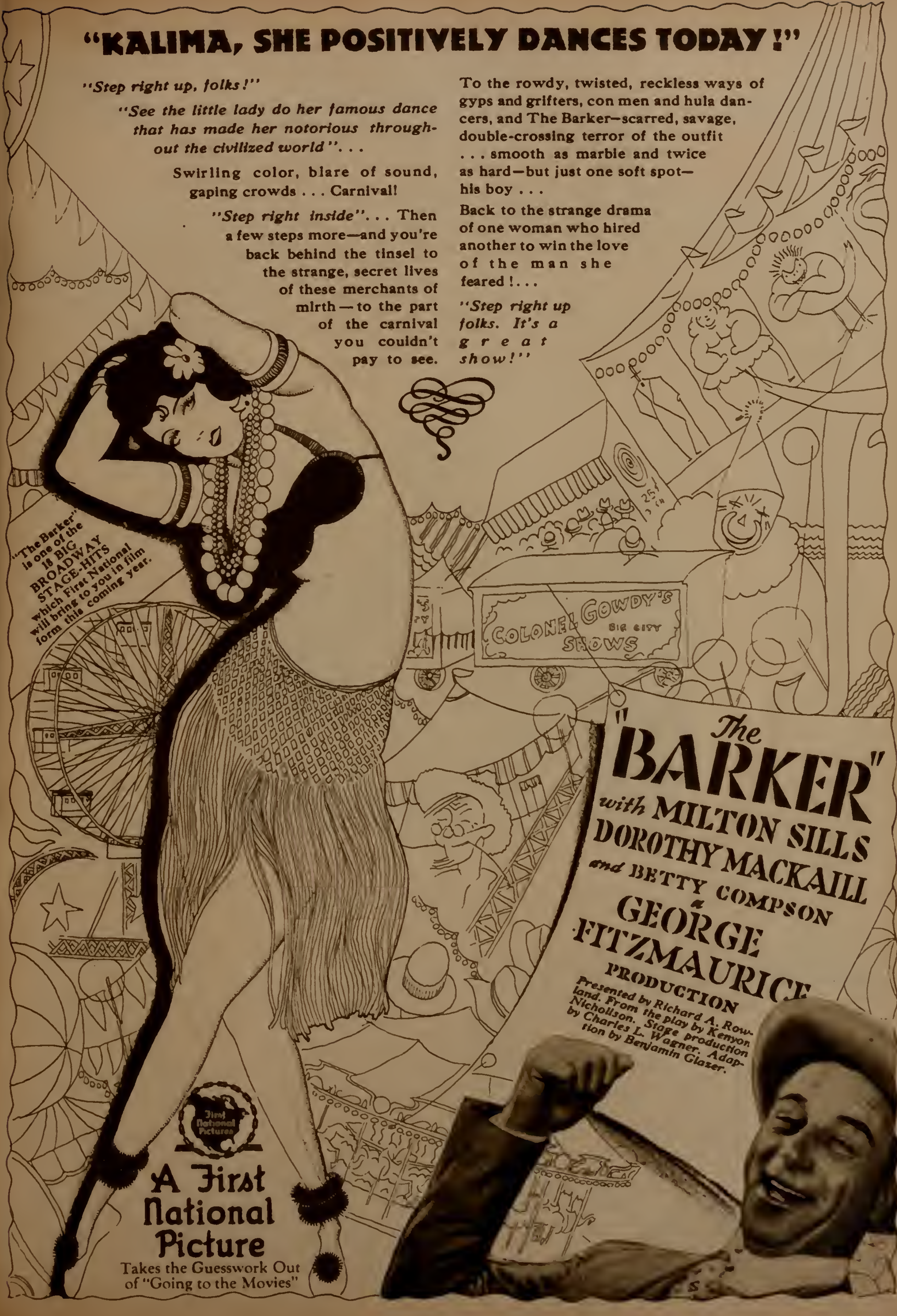
Yours truly,
J. H. Engbeck,

We Want to Know

What you think of the movies and the stars. This page is devoted to CLASSIC's readers, who are invited to write about their impressions of the pictures and players. Be as brief as possible, as letters must not exceed 200 words. We also suggest that you be entirely fair in your views. In other words, CLASSIC would like to receive constructive criticism or arguments about the productions and performances.

Fifteen dollars will be paid each month for the best letter, ten dollars for the second, and five dollars for the third. Besides these three prizes, we will also pay one dollar for any other letters printed. If one or more letters are found of equal merit, the full prize will go to each writer.

Anonymous letters will not be considered. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. This is your department. We want you to take advantage of it. Letters must be addressed: The Letter Box, CLASSIC, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York.



"KALIMA, SHE POSITIVELY DANCES TODAY!"

"Step right up, folks!"

"See the little lady do her famous dance that has made her notorious throughout the civilized world"...

Swirling color, blare of sound, gaping crowds . . . Carnival!

"Step right inside". . . Then a few steps more—and you're back behind the tinsel to the strange, secret lives of these merchants of mirth — to the part of the carnival you couldn't pay to see.

To the rowdy, twisted, reckless ways of gyps and grifters, con men and hula dancers, and The Barker—scarred, savage, double-crossing terror of the outfit . . . smooth as marble and twice as hard—but just one soft spot—his boy . . .

Back to the strange drama of one woman who hired another to win the love of the man she feared! . . .

"Step right up folks. It's a great show!"

"The Barker" is one of the 18 BIG BROADWAY STAGE-HITS which First National will bring to you in film form this coming year.

"The BARKER"

with **MILTON SILLS**
DOROTHY MACKAILL
and **BETTY COMPSON**
a
GEORGE FITZMAURICE
PRODUCTION

Presented by Richard A. Rowland. From the play by Kenyon Nicholson. Stage production by Charles L. Wagner. Adaption by Benjamin Glazer.

First National Pictures

A First National Picture

Takes the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"

Last Minute News

"Nightstick," adapted from the stage success of the same title, will be directed by Roland West for United Artists. It is an underworld story in which the point of view of the police instead of the criminal will be stressed.

The next co-starring vehicle with Lew Cody and Aileen Pringle will be "The Single Man," by Hubert Henry Davies, which Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has just purchased. Anita Page has a featured rôle in this picture.

Baclanova, who has just signed a long-term contract with Paramount, will be Emil Jannings' leading woman in "Sins of the Fathers." This is her first actual lead opposite Jannings, although she played in his "The Street of Sin," in which Fay Wray had the leading rôle.

"Alias Jimmy Valentine," the story of the noted crook, will be William Haines's next starring vehicle for Metro-Goldwyn.

"His Wife's Affair" is the new title for Billie Dove's starring picture now in production. It is based on the stage success of a few years ago, "In the Night Watch."

Lionel Barrymore has been signed to a long-term contract by Metro-Goldwyn, and in all probability will be seen and heard in Metro's first talking picture.

"The Scarlet Woman," a drama of Russian life starring Lya de Putti, is Alan Crosland's first production for Columbia. This means that Miss de Putti is again playing the vivid characterizations which first brought her into prominence.

"Captain Swagger," a Hector Turnbull production, is Rod La Rocque's next Pathé vehicle. Sue Carol will be Rod's leading lady.

Phyllis Haver will play a wastrel of the wharves and Alan Hale the rôle of a rough sea captain in Phyllis' next picture, "Singapore Sal."

Ruth Elder, the trans-Atlantic flight heroine, will be leading woman to Richard Dix in "Moran of the Marines," glorifying the American leatherneck.

Marshall Neilan will direct the first of the Douglas MacLean Paramount-Christie feature productions, which will be a light comedy from the story by Alfred A. Cobn, "The Carnation Kid."

Paramount has assigned Florence Ryerson, scenario writer, to adapt the mystery story, "The Canary Murder Case," for the screen. The detective rôle of *Philo Vance* will be played by William Powell, his first starring picture.

Joseph Schildkraut has been selected to play the rôle of *Gaylord Ravenal* in "Show Boat," the moving picture version of Edna Ferber's novel.

P. & A.

Here they are, all aboard the *City of Honolulu* and all bound for Hawaii. From left to right they are James Cooley, Norma Talmadge's uncle, Norma herself, her mother, Mrs. Margaret Talmadge, and Gilbert Roland

The Hungarian director, Alexander Korda, has been assigned to direct "The Squall" for First National.

"The River Woman," a story of the Mississippi levees, will have Jacqueline Logan and Lionel Barrymore in the leading rôles. It is a Gotham production.

Roy D'Arcy has been signed to play the heavy in "The Last Warning," Universal's picture starring Laura La Plante.

Her contract with First National having expired recently, Mary Astor signed a three-year agreement with Fox. Her first picture under her new contract will be "Dry Martini," directed by Henry d'Arrast. Matt Moore, Sally Eilers and Jocelyn Lee are in the cast.

Production has just started on "The Devil's Mask," John Gilbert's next for Metro-Goldwyn. Mary Nolan has been borrowed from Universal to play opposite him. Victor Seastrom will direct.

When Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg were vacationing in Europe, they met Eva Von Berne, an eighteen-year-old Viennese society girl, and recommended her as good screen material. Miss Von Berne's recent arrival in New York with a Metro-Goldwyn contract is the result.

Paul Fejos, the director famous for his shoestring production, "The Last Moment," will direct "The Charlatan," in which Conrad Veidt will be starred.

The latest rumor on Michael Arlen's "The Green Hat" is that Metro-Goldwyn has acquired the screen rights to it and that Greta Garbo may get the rôle of *Iris March.*

Janet Gaynor is due to begin work on "Kitty," the picturization of Warwick Deeping's novel.

Dorothy Sebastian will have the leading feminine rôle opposite Tim McCoy in his next picture, "Morgan's Last Raid."

Jeanie McPherson is working on the scenario "The Fall of Rome" and, from the looks of things, it will be Cecil B. De Mille's next personally directed picture.

Universal assigned a leading rôle to Kathleen Collins in "The Ridin' Demon," which stars Ted Wells.

The Tiffany-Stahl picture, "The Naughty Duchess," will have Eve Southern as the star and H. B. Warner, Gertrude Astor and Martha Mattox in the cast.

The film version of Owen Davis' play, "The Haunted House," is now in production at the First National studios.

Buck Jones is producing his own pictures now. He will make "The Big Hop," by B. J. Mack, as the first vehicle under this new arrangement.

James Murray has been loaned to Universal by Metro-Goldwyn to play the lead in William Wyler's "The Shakedown," A story of the prize ring and back stage. He will have Barbara Kent and Mary Nolan in the principal feminine rôles opposite him.

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WILLIAM BOYD

IN

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ROBERT ARMSTRONG *and* TOM KENNEDY
A DONALD CRISP Production
Screen Play by Tay Garnett from the story
by Elliott Clawson
Ralph Block, *Associate Producer* DeMille Studio Production

A big, human drama built around the exciting adventures of a "rookie" cop on his beat in a great city. Bill Boyd as the guardian of the law who gets his man. You must see the picture to find out whether he gets "the girl."

A thrilling melodrama set in a section of New York's West Side where there are too often guns on hip pockets, and yet where there are many hearts of gold. Remember the screen team that made "Chicago" a sensation—Haver and Varconi? Here they are in another story of romance in the underworld.

"TENTH AVENUE"

WITH

PHYLLIS HAVER

VICTOR VARCONI *and* JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT
A WILLIAM C. deMILLE production
From the stage play by John McGowan & Lloyd Griscom
Continuity by Douglas Doty
DeMILLE STUDIO PRODUCTION.

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MOTION PICTURE
CLASSIC
AUGUST. 1928

Russell Ball

Laura La Plante

Coals to Newcastle ceases to stand supreme as a symbol of superfluity. For someone has gone and chosen, for Laura's next screen story, a thriller

Photos by Spurr

Blanche Sweet

New to her is Blanche Sweet's coiffure in the larger picture and the outcome perhaps of her intention to put on "The Green Hat." And now, because the color wasn't becoming, or something, she's going to appear next instead in "A Woman in White"

R. H. Louise

Sergis Alberts

Leatrice Joy

In "The Bellamy Trial." We wish first to charge her formally with wilfully and knowingly making jury duty a pleasure. And then—forthwith and from the evidence here manifest, to declare her guilty

Overtime

How the Screen's Peerage
Scenes for

By Marquis Busby

They are, beginning at the top, Jetta Goudal, Corinne Griffith, Leatrice Joy, Madge Bellamy, Pola Negri, Eve Southern, and Charles Chaplin

WHEN the camera stops grinding, does the leading lady stop acting?

She does not.

These lovely stars of the screen firmament, whose tears course down their cheeks in gentle streams while the orchestra plays "Hearts and Flowers," do not confine their histrionics to the studio.

Some of their best dramatic work is done while an interviewer is present. For some reason, the stars, particularly the feminine of the species, have always insisted upon looking on interviewers as gullible innocents.

They set the stage for an interview as carefully as Flo Ziegfeld builds up Marilyn Miller's first entrance in a musical show.

Clara Bow, for instance, is pretty good at that sort of thing. Poor Clara, usually so frank, has had some sad experiences with interviewers. She would be just herself and then when the interview appeared there would be some uncomplimentary things said about her.

So, of late, Clara has been posing just a little bit for the writers. The last time I saw her she insisted that Papini's "Life of Christ" simply *thrilled her beyond words.*

Just to make a thoroughly good job of it, this flaming youth told me very earnestly that she hadn't been inside of a café for more than a year—that she would far rather take a ride in an open car with just the "lovely stars overhead."

If anyone but Mary Pickford had said this, I would have considered it a good piece of acting and probably burst into applause, but Mary has the reputation of being the soul of sincerity.

The conversation had drifted to death and the life hereafter. It was one of those cold, drizzling winter days, so the topic was more or less in keeping with the elements.

Mary as a Cloud

"WHY should people dread death?" Mary asked. "It must be a beautiful experience. I hope that in the Hereafter I will not be hampered with a body. I would like to be a fleecy cloud, or just a rose-colored light."

Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis have a big house in Los Angeles, but plans are afoot for a very grand castle on a hilltop. It is to be staggeringly expensive and as huge as a state capitol building.

So mammoth is everything to be that Harold and Mildred are beginning to be worried, for they are essentially home folks. Mildred expressed her fears somewhat naïvely not long ago.

"Now I think forty-seven rooms and twelve baths is a little too large for a home, don't you?"

Then she affirmed positively that she wouldn't mind

Acting

Stages Elaborate Interviewers

From left to right: Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Clara Bow, Greta Garbo, Elinor Glyn, John Gilbert; and above him: Harold Lloyd and Joan Crawford

a six-room cottage and doing her own work.

Quite likely there have been more adjectives used to describe Pola Negri than any other woman in Hollywood. She has been called the cleverest woman in pictures, the most dramatic, the most colorful, the most tempestuous, and a whole lot of other mosts. It may be that all these things are true, but, above everything else she is a great actress. Her whole life is a long play, and Pola loves it, especially the handkerchief scenes. And Pola from Poland is always good for a "heart interest" story.

"Ah, no one has had more tragedies in life than I," she sighed. She was telling of the first meeting with Prince Serge Mdivani, who later became her husband.

"It was one of those moments when life seemed darkest—when every hand seemed turned against me. I was a lost ship on a great sea. Now it means so much not to be alone. I used to return from the studio to my lonely house. It was empty, just like my life."

Doug Is So Playful

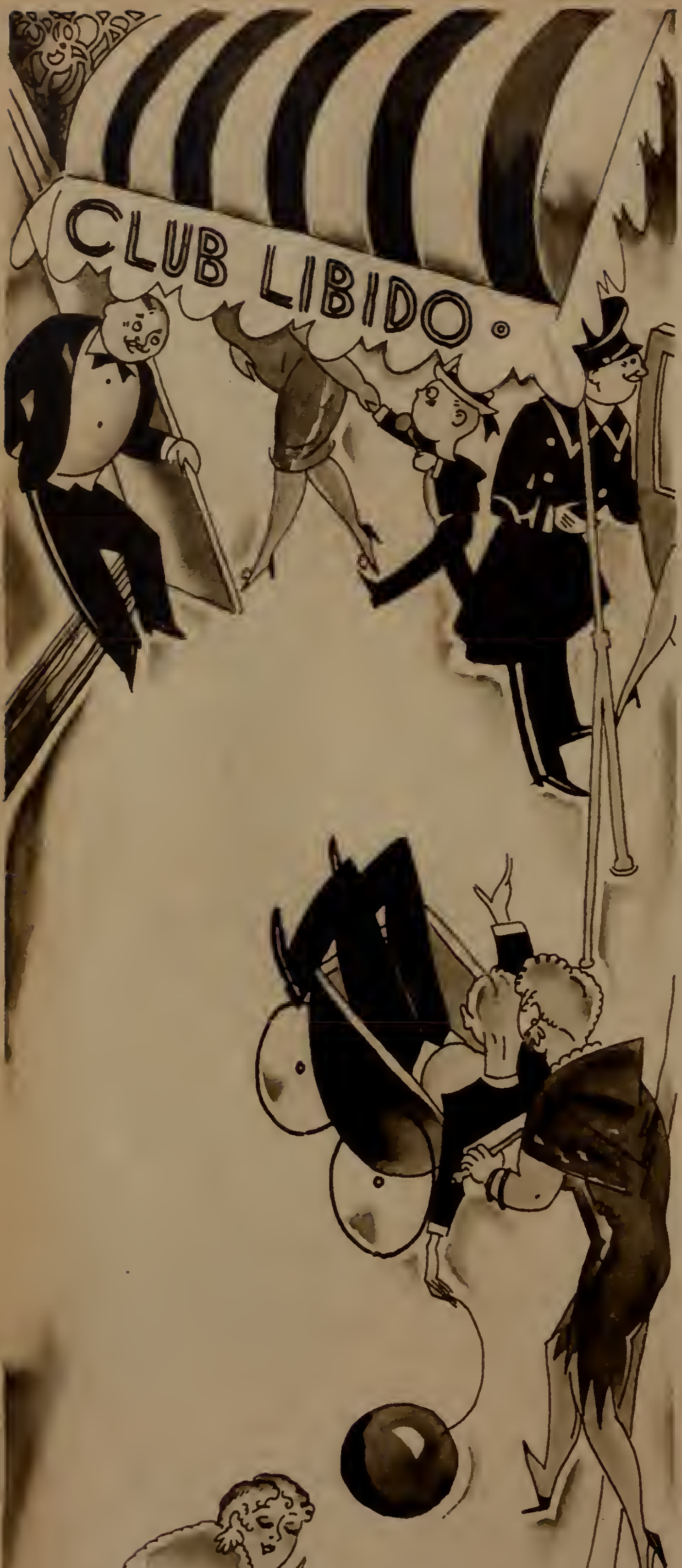
Doug Fairbanks never tired of creating the impression of being ever the athlete. You will get him ensconced safely in a chair for an interview. By the time you are around to the first question Doug, in all likelihood, will be chinning himself on the chandelier, or playing leap-frog with the furniture.

Eve Southern, the madonna-like young lady who created such a favorable impression in "The Gaucho," is just tremendously mystic. She has convinced herself, and expends considerable energy in trying to convince others, that she is the reincarnation of Mary, Queen of Scots. She will interrupt any conversation to receive thought waves from the lady who had such a messy death back in the Middle Ages. Perhaps Eve got the idea from Theda Bara. Theda, at one time, was the high mystic of Hollywood, the reincarnation of Cleopatra.

Corinne Griffith once staged a very pretty little prologue to an interview.

After being permitted to sit for the correct few moments in her lovely, if a bit stiff drawing-room (Corinne is a collector of antiques), I was treated to the spectacle of that luscious lady strolling in from her garden, hat in hand, in lovely unconsciousness of an onlooker. It was a charming picture as she paused at the French doors—just long enough for the effect to register properly.

(*Continued on page 79*)



Robbing

If They're Big Enough, Hollywood's Love

By Dorothy Spensley

GOODNESS knows, I'm broad-minded. I've seen "The Captive" and can still look a violet in the face without turning neurotic. Or even blushing. And tolerant. My dear, I simply love to go around and shake hands with the grips and props and electricians, like the best of the stars. After all, I am of the people. Lowly and all.

And when it comes to understanding, I am just *ne plus ultra.* Whatever that means.

But there's one thing that I can't fathom. And neither could you. And you. And you. And you. And you.

It's this awful epidemic of cradle-snatching that has struck Hollywood like a plague. It's pernicious. Positively.

As I was telling Aunt Sophronia the other day, "It's pernicious," I said, just like that.

And Aunt Sophronia answered, "Is it?"

She's awfully intelligent. I mean, she thinks in a big way. She used to design tents for circuses.

Aunt Sophronia is the one who said, "My, Hollywood must be a nice clean town. I see by the advertisements that all the girls use soap." And that, in its way, is rather immortal.

Aunt Sophronia is always giving us verbal surprises. Like the other day she came in from her day's work at the foundry, she's designing manhole covers now, just as Uncle Orlando was about to kill a spider.

"Don't, Orlando!" said Aunt Sophronia. "It might be Lon Chaney."

Laugh? I Thought I'd Die!

You know, original little bon mots like that. We laugh every time we think of that one. So you can see that Aunt Sophronia really has what you might call a scintillant wit.

But this acute attack of robbing the cradle.

I had thought of going to the Chamber of Commerce, but their statistics are mostly on oranges and how two can live as cheaply as four. What I wanted to know was who signs the check when a stylish stout takes a sophomore to tea. Or a thrillingly thin thirty goes a 'Varsity dragging with a Hollywood High School junior.

I might have gone to Will Hays's office in the Guaranty Building, but I've been afraid of elevators ever since that one fell at the World's Fair in Chicago, and there I was, planning to take a ride in it the very next day. I mean, isn't Fate the most curious thing?

And then, too, I want to know what's to be done about it. If Claire Windsor keeps going out with "Buddy" Rogers, what are little girls like Mary Brian

the Cradle

They're Old Enough Pirates Claim

Illustrations By Eldon Kelley

and Fay Wray going to do? And no wonder poor little Sue Carol has to go dancing with a grey-top like Charlie Chaplin. There are no young boys left to step out with by the time eight-thirty comes and Ona Brown and Virginia Valli and Claire are all dated, and Gilbert Roland has taken Norma Talmadge to the concert.

It's got me worried. I can't sleep nights, thinking about it. I'm going to start taking yeast tomorrow.

Of course, you will argue that it's an old French custom. And so many Frenchmen couldn't be wrong. I know all about young Voltaire. I should say I do. When he was only in breeches he used to sally around at Ninon de L'Enclos' salons. And Ninon was no youngster. No, siree. But she knew her *pâté de foies gras* and her consonants. Not to mention her vowels. And that'll help a woman anywhere. Vowels, those pesky little rascals. How many times they've been useful to me. Have you ever tried hanging pictures on them? Or stewing them with white sauce?

But, no! You're going to bring out Josephine. She who later turned out to be Empress of France. When Napoleon was running around Sicily in short panties, Josie was curling her bangs into beau-catchers. So you might as well take off that black mustache, I recognize you. You, too have been reading Emil Ludwig.

I'll be generous and long-suffering and forgiving. I'll even help you. What about Helen of Troy? I'll ask you. Wasn't Paris green and young? And Helen certainly was no spring dryad. You can't fool me. I've seen the film.

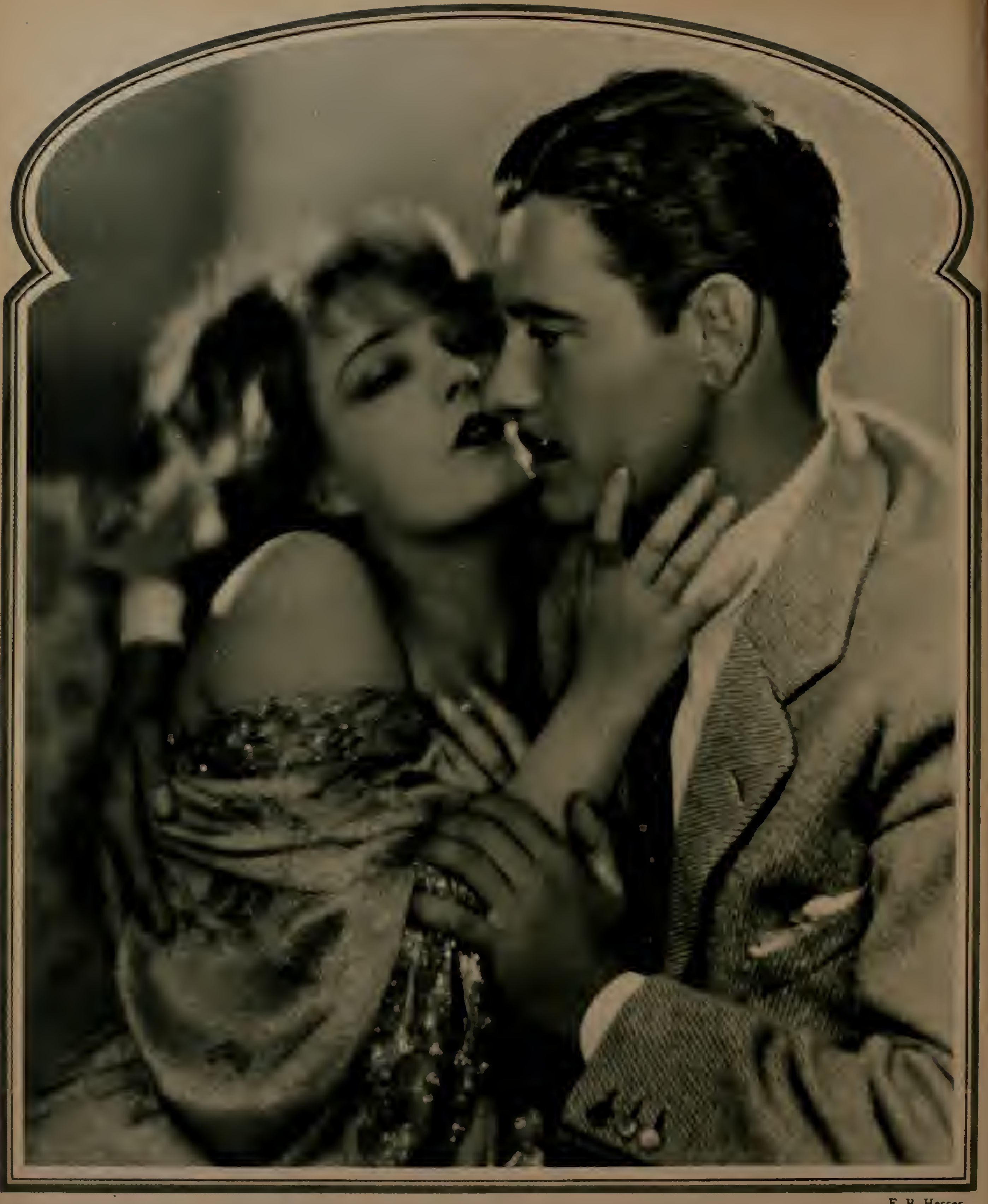
The Widow of Windsor

DON'T you dare say it's all Greek to you. I couldn't stand that. After all, haven't I suffered enough trying to figure out that if Buddy Rogers is twenty-two and Charlie Farrell is twenty-three—that makes forty-five; and why is Claire Windsor so radiantly beautiful in that new delirious shade of orchid-plum? And isn't it nice for little Billie, that's Claire's ten-year-old son? My, how the years do skitter by. While Buddy's waiting to take Claire to the latest hop, Billie and he can play at top-spinning or stage a kiddy car race. Or whatever it is that boys of that age dote on playing.

These gay, gay enchantresses. Consider Ona Wilson Brown. It's got me absolutely dizzy keeping track of her. Luncheon at Montmartre with one plus-foured youth, or maybe two; tea at Cocoanut Grove with another. Dinner at the Hotel Roosevelt with a third. No wonder I'm dizzy. Pain in the back, spots before

(*Continued on page* 78)

ELDON KELLEY



E. B. Hesser

Trying Out The Clutch

The beginning of a beautiful Frenchship—on the screen. Lili Damita, from Paris (need we say not Paris, Kentucky?), and Ronald Colman essay a practise start in preparation for forthcoming love scenes

the Lowdown on Divorce

Woodbury

Jaime del Rio, Dolores' divorced husband

Edwin Carewe, her discoverer and director

Dolores del Rio Endorses an Old American Custom

By ELISABETH GOLDBECK

TWO years ago Dolores del Rio, her husband's arm about her, said with very genuine dismay, "I think the mos' horrible thing in American life is divorce. I don' understan'! How can people do it?"

But even as she spoke, divorce was beginning its insidious work. Dolores could hardly speak English then. Yet already she was acutely aware of divorce. It was one of the first English words she learned. And the germ had been planted in her protesting mind.

Jaime del Rio warmly echoed her sentiments—or rather, she echoed his. For in those days Dolores was a docile wife who thought what she was told. And so they were very happy.

It took just a little over two years for the germ to develop.

The other day Dolores, vivid, buoyant, and immensely articulate, cried, "I have just gotten a divorce, and I have never been so happy!"

A continent lay between her and her husband.

She stood in the sun, in the brilliant, careless costume of a gypsy. As she talked, her rich coloring and lively expression reflected the lightness of her heart.

She forgot that she was just as happy two years ago—but for different reasons. That was before she knew anything about emancipated women. Before she had known the intoxication of celebrity and adulation. Before unsettling triumphs had encouraged her ego. Then she was content to be what she had been since the age of fifteen—the beautiful and obedient wife of a Latin husband.

This delightful state of things continued for some time after Edwin Carewe brought her to Hollywood as his pet and particular discovery. Jaimie was then absorbed in the career that was in store for his wife.. He left his work and came to Hollywood with her. He hovered about her, interpreted her thoughts (which were his thoughts), extolled her charms. He would talk for hours of the way she photographed, the special quality of her skin, the types she would like to play, all the details of her screen life. He was all interest and solicitude. And he talked lightly of divorce, as something he regarded with disfavor, but which was so far outside the sphere of his own life that it could be looked upon tolerantly.

Russell Ball

Scrambled Families

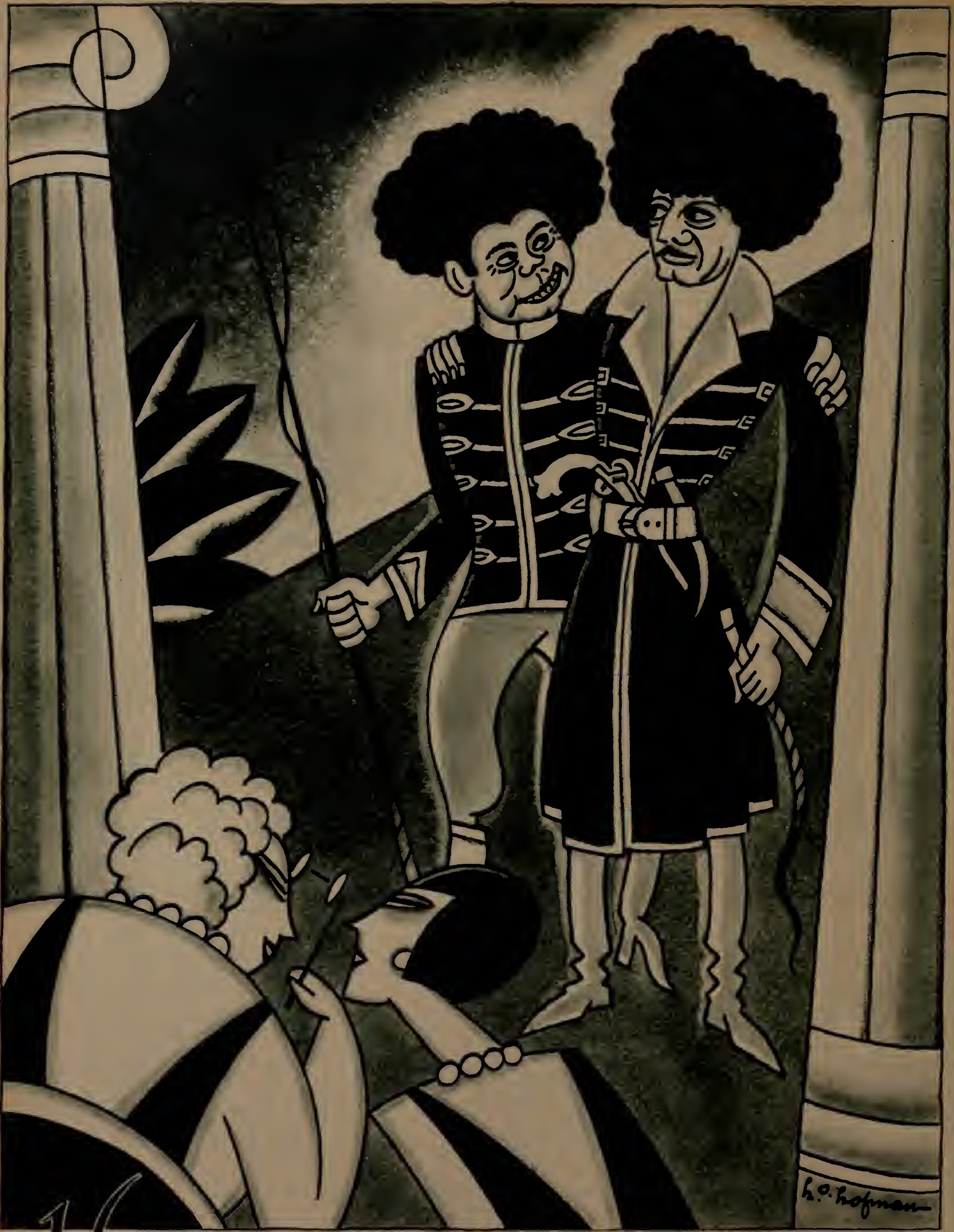
DOLORES observed it with more horror. "Why," she insisted, "everyone in America has been divorced two or three times! Their children have several different fathers. They are all mixed up! I want to know how the women feel when they meet the men they were married to. How they feel toward the women their husbands marry. And how the children feel toward all their different parents. I jost cannot *imagine* doing such a thing!"

She was determined to sift the matter to the bottom, and had already begun to make extensive research among the divorcées she had met. What appalled her sensitive Latin soul most of all was that no one seemed to mind in the least being questioned on this delicate topic. In fact, they rather insisted on discussing it.

When I talked with her the other day, she didn't wait to be questioned, but poured out the story of her own divorce in a torrent of eager words.

"How changed I am! I am a different person entirely. I have given up all my old-fashioned ideas and have become just like an American woman!" She clutched her stomach. "Not only myself, but even my stomach has changed completely. When I first came I couldn't eat American food. It seemed tasteless, and didn't satisfy me. But I learned to love it. And now when I go to a Mexican restaurant, the food—my own food!—makes me terribly sick!"

(Continued on page 72)



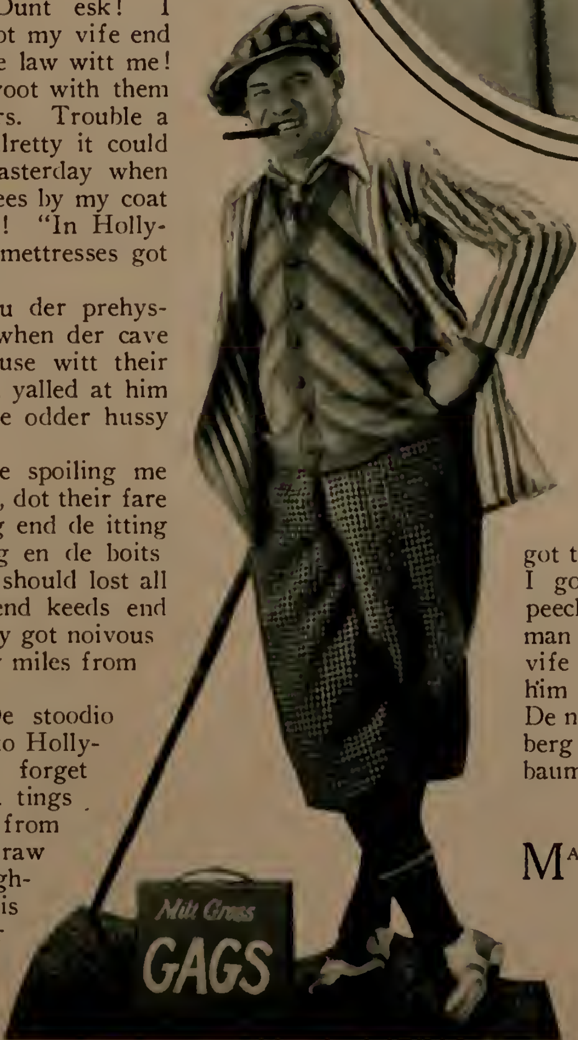
Hollywood HORRORS

JOHN GILBERT OVERHEARS HIMSELF MISTAKEN FOR JIM TULLY

Nize Baby End De Baby Stozz

Witt Blonde Hair de Mettresses Are Stoffed in Hollywood, end de Vemps Get Ahead by Decrees

As told by MILT GROSS *to* DOROTHY DONNELL



DO I like Hollywoot? Dunt esk! I guess you didn't hoid I got my vife end keeds end sisters from the law witt me! I should tell how I like Hollywoot with them maybe reading it by the peppers. Trouble a man dunt esk for, ain't it? Alretty it could come to me plenty trouble. Yasterday when I come off de stoodio my vife sees by my coat a lonk blonde hair, God forbid! "In Hollywoot" I tell her "even de hair mettresses got made from blonde hair."

Womans is queer. I bet you der prehysterical womans raised a holler when der cave mans come inside from de house witt their club all covered from hairs, and yalled at him if he had been beating up some odder hussy instead of his lawful vife!

Somebody nidds it should be spoiling me de treep bringing de femly alonk, dot their fare by de tren de stoodio was paying end de itting en de dining car, end de slipping en de boits It ent costing by me a cent. I should lost all that free itting for my vife end keeds end sisters from the law, even if they got noivous indigesture itting so fast as sixty miles from de hour.

It stends here like this. De stoodio likes better a writer dunt come to Hollywoot by himself and maybe forget what he was here for. Soch a tings what it heppens! Some writers from New Yoik think they should draw their selleries for drinking highballs all night end knocking tennis balls all day. Nachally if their femlies they bring witt them they dunt have a goot time, God forbid! They dunt go onto Hollywoot parties by de ectors end ectresses' houses. End maybe they will write a movink peetcher.

Soch a soft snep these writers got in de moofies, beleef me! Already I been here fife days end I dunt do any woik yet, end tomorrow is a haliday. De oily boid gets treated like a woim in Hollywoot, so de writers from scenarios dunt stick in from de office door de head till noon, end then they got to go right out to lunch, ain't it? Bot I got by me lots of grend ideas for peechers. One is about a he-blooded man from the Gret Open Spaces that his vife got incompatability of temper by him end run away witt a doity villain. De name from da peecher is called "Ginsberg Gets His Man," or maybe "Feitelbaum of the Royal Mounted."

Tarrible Ivan

MAYBE you didn't hoid yet I should be an ector myself? Yesterday I met up witt a broducer end he said, "My God, what a face you got for the comedies, oxcuse me! We should broduce a peecher called

(*Continued on page* 90)

They Also Starve

The Hardships of Extras' Lives Boost the California Suicide Rate

Editor's Note: Mr. Cruikshank, second row, extreme left, was one of a group of newspaper writers who acted for eight days as extras in "The Bellamy Trial." He gathered these strange tales from the real movie extras with whom he worked. They constitute the unsung sagas of the Little People of the movies.

By HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

SOMETIMES figures lie. But various sets of statistics seem to agree that during the past ten years approximately twenty-eight of every hundred thousand persons in California "did the Dutch"—more elegantly—committed suicide.

This is more than twice the amount of self-destruction chalked up against the entire nation over the same weary stretch of time. And even Chicago, that Mecca of casual labor, must yield to Los Angeles—City of the Angels—first place as a winter harborer of down-and-outers.

What percentage of catastrophe may be ascribed to that odd mass of humanity grouped under the studio term atmosphere is problematical. But if an endless routine of sheer discouragement wearies one of life, it is safe to say that the names of countless extras are inscribed on the one-way door.

Inquiry at the Central Casting Office regarding the number of extra people registered met the ruling that an O. K. from the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America—the Sunday name of the Hays organization—is a prerequisite to the divulging of any information. Even in the *dolce far niente* of sin-kissed Hollywood, time flies too fast for flapdoodle. Hence the following figures are without benefit of clergy.

With more or less inaccuracy, there are some fifteen thousand so-called souls who have left names, addresses, 'phone numbers and photographs with these arbiters of destiny. Of this number an average of under a thousand work each day. The rest wait. And the waiting is attended by macabre circumstances which would delight the morbid mind of Poe or mad De Maupassant.

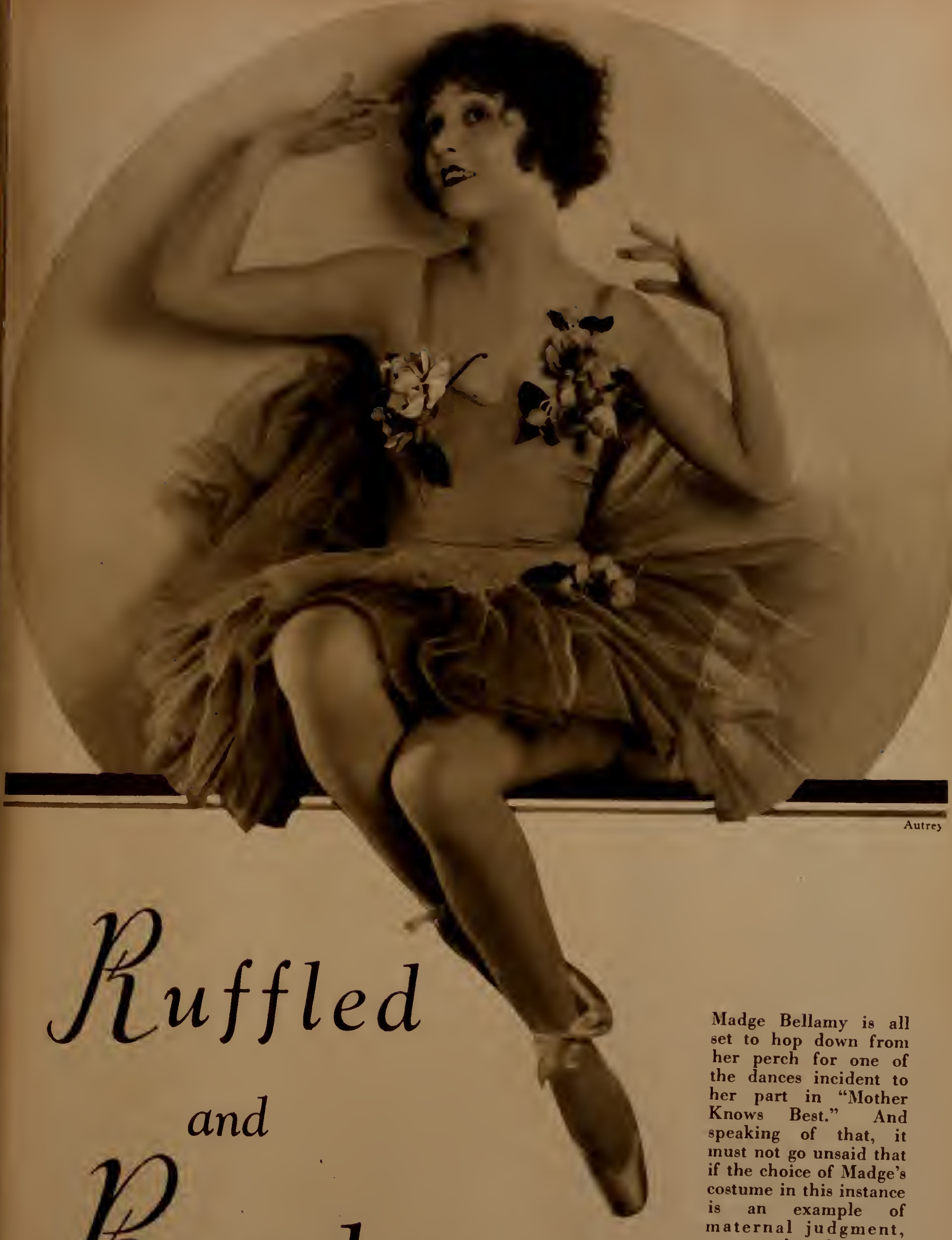
They tell the tale of the fat woman who lived for weeks on the promise of a character bit and the churlish charity of a landlady who hoped to collect an overdue board bill. In desperation the wheezy creature dragged her elephantine weight to the producer's office, and as a gentle leader toward the request for an advance of salary asked when she would be needed to add her touch of comedy to the fun-making film. Then she learned that it had been decided that a skinny woman would get more laughs from the great god Movie Fan. And a human skeleton had been called for the rôle promised to Marie the Human Mountain. So our *Boule de Suif*, brave, heart broken, insured her life in favor of her creditors, and took her final funny fall through the portals of Eternity.

French Leave, Indeed

THEY tell the tale of the little French couple who had drifted to Hollywood from Normandy via Montreal. Both were "extra talent." Some days they earned as much as fifteen dollars. Some days. Some weeks. Some months. But whether fifteen for a bit, or five in a mob scene, a little went for cabbage soup and sour, nourishing loaves disowned by the Jews and now called "Russian" rye. The rest went into the proverbial stocking against the time when there should be sufficient to pay passage back to *la belle France*. And one day there was enough. The tickets were purchased. And the day before the departure, the French boy, who had won a *Croix de Guerre* in Flanders, was killed in a war picture. But the travel agent was very nice. He returned most of the passage money. Enough to pay for the funeral. And the little widow still answers extra calls.

They tell the tale of the one-time star who hurtled downward as falling stars do. She couldn't bring herself to mingle with the *hoi-polloi* that sweat and swear for bread at casting-office windows. She had a little money, and invested in a project which boasted big film names. Then set out to make poverty genteel. But there was a scandal and an investigation. Of course, this didn't help her any. Investigations butter no parsnips. But she found a way to live. And now she answers fan mail in a fine, legible hand. And the name she signs is that of an

(*Continued on page* 82)



Autrey

Ruffled and Ready

Madge Bellamy is all set to hop down from her perch for one of the dances incident to her part in "Mother Knows Best." And speaking of that, it must not go unsaid that if the choice of Madge's costume in this instance is an example of maternal judgment, mother does

Dyar

Hommel

Dyar

At the bottom, with half-opened book, is Clara Bow and so are all the others

How To Tell

Except to Themselves The Bow and the Carol

By ANN CUMMINGS

THE fans write that they often get 'em mixed up, and what shall they do about it?

Some of the girl fans don't quite know whether they're wearing a Carol haircut or a Bow bob. Some of the boy fans are confused as to whether it's Clara they've fallen so violently in love with or Sue. Imagine their embarrassment!

The critics, writing about Sue Carol, find it saves them a lot of brain fag just to say, "She reminds one of Clara Bow," or to cry, "Another Bow!" and let it go at that. The girls themselves express great admiration for each other, but admit that they can't see the slightest resemblance. They may both be flappers, but they have entirely different ways of flapping.

A humorist once wrote a treatise on *How to Tell the Birds From the Wild Flowers*. This article is written in the hope of helping puzzled fans to tell Clara from Sue. The first suggestions we would make is for the fan to read the announcement over the front of the motion picture theater carefully before going in. If the electric lights spell "CLARA BOW IN LADIES OF THE MOB," it is practically certain that the girl in the picture will be Clara Bow. So far as we know, Sue Carol has never doubled for Clara. If, however, the sign announces, "SUE CAROL IN WALKING BACK," there is almost no chance that one will see Clara playing a bit in the same picture.

If the girl fan in search of a movie haircut takes a picture of her favorite star to a barber shop and asks for a bob exactly like the one in the photograph and the barber exclaims violently, "It just can't be done, lady. There ain't any such bob," she may safely conclude that it is a picture of Clara Bow's amazing crop. If, on the other hand, the barber gives her a boyish bob with all sorts of cute little tendrils cropping out around the face and a great shock of hair atop of her head, it's undoubtedly a picture of Sue.

Russell Ball

Van Rossem & Lang

Ball

Van Rossem & Lang

No trouble here distinguishing between the two distinguished youngsters; they're all Sue Carol

Clara From Sue

And Hollywood Seem Indistinguishable

Sue Assaults the Soul

If the boy fans who sit down to write a letter to their movie sweetheart find themselves talking in a soulful strain about "ideals of womanly modesty" and "putting her on a pedestal" they are probably Carol fans; if, however, they talk about "great big hugs" and "a million kisses" and tell her that if she'll just wait till they get through prep school and college and law school, they are coming to Hollywood and marry her, the chances are that they are Bow fans.

Just exactly why anyone should get these two screen personalities mixed up, it is hard for a Hollywooder to understand. When you meet them at the Montmartre, you see that they don't look in the least alike, except that they are both young, peppy, intensely modern, and about the same height and size. Clara, sauntering in (hands thrust into coat pockets, except when they are waving to some one of her thousand best friends or numerous ex-fiancés), beret pulled jauntily over her flaming red hair, is the Jazz-Baby in the flesh. Sue, sport hat not concealing her black hair and dark eyes, is the college co-ed, or society débutante.

Clara is dynamic, mischievous, provocative. Sue is cute and coquettish. Clara's eyes are as slumbrous and smouldering at times as the Garbo's, and at other times sparkling with *gamine* impudence. Sue flirts rather than tempts.

Having pretty little figures, they are both given the chance to show them in some of their pictures. In "Hula" and "Red Hair" Clara undressed; in "Soft Cushions" Sue wore only a few strings of summer-weight beads, and in "Walking Back" she appeared in negligée. They may be sisters in their skins, but whereas Clara's fans have no objection to seeing their idol in next to nothing, Sue's raise a great outcry when she begins to take 'em off.

(*Continued on page* 73)

Albin

Spurr

Archer

From top to bottom: Mrs. Mary Gish. mother of Lillian and Dorothy; Leatrice Joy and her mother; Jeanie MacPherson; Madge Bellamy and mother; and Mary Miles Minter and mother, Mrs. Charlotte Shelby

P. & A

Do Women

Mothers and Wives Make or

By Dorothy Calhoun

WHO makes the movies move? If you should ask the producers whether it is the women, they would laugh at you, but there would be—I'm certain—an uneasy note to their laughter, and some of them—I feel sure—would glance over their shoulders to make sure they were not overheard!

On public occasions the Male of the Movies struts his stuff in open front suit, looking very dominant and successful, and tells admiring after-dinner listeners how *he* produces pictures, *he* chooses stars and *he* decides on the policies of the fourth-biggest industry. And as he pounds forcefully upon the table while the lights scatter sparks from his diamond studs, some woman (perhaps she sits at the speaker's table, perhaps in some insignificant corner) looks demurely down at her demi-tasse to conceal the laughter in her eyes. For she knows who really *does* decide on pictures, stars and policies!

The public in its innocence may think that Hollywood is ruled by business conferences with all the executives gathered around a mahogany table; the studio knows cynically that some of the most important decisions of the movies are made quite suddenly in producers' private offices with temperamental lady stars throwing inkwells. Many an attack of hysterics has made Hollywood history. Pouts and curls, tears and dimples, all play their part in movie making.

The film magnates may get the credit for running the picture business, but sometimes they suspect dismally that it is the movie mothers who have the real power. There is rejoicing in the seats of the mighty when an orphan star is signed! Students of natural science would find an interesting situation in Hollywood: while almost all the picture stars have mothers, *there is no visible sign of fathers* in most cases. The strain of keeping up with their famous offspring seems to have been too much for male parents. And so the producers, instead of dealing with their own sex when it comes to talking contracts, find themselves confronted with middle-aged ladies whose natural maternal pride has been magnified into the conviction that they have the most talented and beautiful children in the world. Chivalry forbidding the shaking of fists and waving of hands, the producers are rendered speechless, while the ladies have the final unanswerable argument of tears. No one who sees an important movie executive staggering feebly out of his office after a conference with one of the stars' mothers would have any doubt as to who really runs the industry! Rather would he encounter a ravenous tiger than combat a woman bent on furthering a daughter's professional interests.

Rule the Movies?

Break Destinies in Hollywood

Mother-Mad America

THE American public has a mother complex. The case of Mary Miles Minter proved that to the producers. Overnight, her company lost a fortune when the stock of Dimples-and-Curls went down after a newspaper quarrel with her mother. Thereafter, movie mothers were treated cautiously, and the real reign of petticoat politics began in Hollywood.

"When the history of the motion pictures comes to be written," one of the biggest producers admitted not long ago, "the most important figure in the industry will be found to be Charlotte Pickford. She guided her own daughter's astonishing career with a firm hand, and in so doing established precedents that made careers for hundreds of other girls. If there had been no Charlotte Pickford, there might have been no great screen stars."

At a time when the movies did not feature players' names, and big salaries were unheard of, this little Toronto widow stood firm against the most powerful men of the industry. The salary she named as the price of her daughter's signature on a contract blank made them purple with rage. They argued, stormed, threatened—and she stood firm.

"It's all right," she told them calmly, "Mary and the rest of us will get along somehow, even if she doesn't make any more pictures for you. We've always managed. Anyway, she's been working pretty hard—a vacation will do her good."

In the end, of course, they capitulated. They knew, even then, that Mary Pickford was worth whatever they had to pay to get her. With her signature on the first high-salaried screen contract, Charlotte Pickford bequeathed stardom and fortune to hundreds of future picture actresses. To the end of her life she was Mary's adviser and business manager and no deal involving the daughter was ever put through without the mother's consent.

The influence of another uncrowned ruler of Hollywood's Matriarchy, "Peg" Talmadge, the witty Irishwoman who is the mother of Norma, Natalie and Constance, can hardly be overestimated. The Gish girls' pictures—representing millions of dollars—have always been secondary to the health of their frail mother.

"We didn't want to be movie stars," Marceline Day confessed to me once, "Alice and I wanted to finish high school, but mother insisted on our trying the pictures first. She has done it all."

The mothers of Betty Bronson, Virginia Lee Corbin, Lupe Velez, Gloria Swanson, Madge Bellamy, Jacqueline Logan, Leatrice Joy and many others have probably had more to do with their careers than any other person. But mothers are not the only feminine rulers of Holly-

(*Continued on page* 88)

P. & A.

Top to bottom: The late Mrs. Charlotte Pickford, mother of Mary and Jack; Lupe Velez with her mother; Constance Talmadge and mother, "Peg" Talmadge; Betty Bronson with her mother, and Adolphe Menjou with his former wife

Vaughn and Off

E. B. Hesser

Although she has never written a book on the subject, Alberta Vaughn has consented to present a fair outline of the proper form in wearing lace shawls. They may, as we see, be draped either on or off the shoulder

a *Bill in* a China Shop

Mr. Seiter Cut Loose Early From the Cut-Glass Profession and Stampeded to Hollywood

By HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

Seeley Photos

BUT for the grace of God and a roving disposition William A. Seiter might have rounded out his career and his figure as a big glass and crockery man. Had he followed in the parental footsteps, he in turn would have become a pillar of Westchester County society, president of the Siwanoy Golf Club, an officer of the Twelfth, a gentleman, a good judge of Bourbon and the pride of Mount Vernon, N. Y.

For little Willie was born with a gold spoon in his mouth. Or, if not precisely that, at least his earliest clamorings for food and drink were stilled from a genuine cut-glass bottle taken right out of stock. In these decadent days when the youth of the land set up housekeeping with a corkscrew and a can-opener, many of the ancient graces have departed. And a generation that spears its delicatessen food from paper plates has no need or memory of the old and stately house of Higgins and Seiter which for a generation beautified the banquet halls of culture with the fragile beauty of rare china.

The Seiter end of this once renowned firm was Bill's pa. And but for the aforementioned roving disposition and a sense of humor Bill would have remained where he started—in the respectability of business. They do tell that the famous bow-legged floor-walker who requested the lady customer to "Walk this way, Madam," was an employee of the firm. And it seems that Bill was fooling around the shop when the historical episode occurred. In any event, a snicker lost a sale. And a sense of humor has no place in the cut-glass industry.

Confidence? Bill Seiter has it, and to spare. He is neither confounded by nor jealous of his wife's success. He's often referred to himself as Mr. La Plante. But no one else ever has.

Thus it occurred that Bill passed up the prospect of a five-thousand-dollar-a-year job in the revered capacity of buyer, and wandered Westward on the much-vaunted tide of empire. The Pacific stemmed the tide so far as William was concerned, and he paused among the vacant lots which were to be Hollywood.

Of his career at the time Bill tells many tales. Some of which are doubtless based on fact. Others of which are good stories anyway. But after fooling around hither and yon, mooching meals, and sleeping where the sunset found him, his broad shoulders jostled Opportunity. A mealy-mouthed, flat-breasted, uninviting Goddess she was. But a few crumbs are better than a whole loaf, and as Bill had been loafing for some time, he welcomed the chance to ride into a new career as a Christie cowboy. His first day as an actor almost proved his last. For the merry mustang astride of which Bill rode to the rescue,

(*Continued on page* 80)

Two Kinds of Barkers

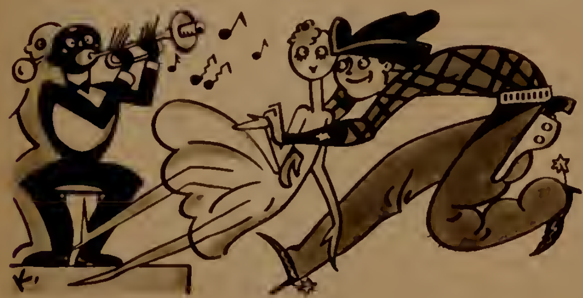
The one is a four-legged professional, a Dalmatian with a complexion as spotted as a bootlegger's past. The other is his master, Milton Sills, who, in the screen production of "The Barker," will play the title rôle

SECRET HISTORY OF THE MONTH

What We Hear From the Hollywood Press Agents

Commentary on the lamentable state of Terpsichore in the open space regions of California, from the philosophic Sam Jacobson of Universal City:

"With a dummy for dancing partner, Hoot Gibson, screen cowboy, carried off the first prize in a dancing contest at a masquerade ball while his company was on location at Bishop, California. The wooden effigy was dressed in feminine attire and Gibson's skilful maneuvering of his 'partner' on the side of the hall opposite the judges fooled them into awarding him the cup."



What We Artists Have to Put Up With

"Norma Talmadge is breaking in a new pair of boots. They're real boots—rough leather, uncomfortable and not very dainty—and they hurt her feet. But, oh, how she enjoys rushing to a bootjack and changing to comfortable slippers the minute she gets away from the cameras."

Zoological data showing the almost human emotional reactions of the Baby Star, *genus* United Artists, in its native habitat; from the studio's trained observers:

"Among the Easter gifts sent to Lupe Velez was an Easter egg amazingly like the fiery little lady of 'The Gaucho.' A red rose and a mantilla of lace completed the illusion and caused Lupe to emit delighted cries of approval."

Remarkable array of testimony marshaled by the United Artists publicity guild, demonstrating the versatile genius of his Eminence, D. W. Griffith, in such uncharted realms as catering:

"D. W. Griffith serves ice cream and coffee to his players in 'The Battle of the Sexes' every evening at five. It is a custom he started while filming 'The Birth of a Nation.'"

—statistics—

"It is highly conceivable, declares D. W. Griffith, that the price of flowers may have something to do with the high cost of motion pictures. During the four weeks of filming 'The Battle of the Sexes' an average of twenty-two dollars a day was expended for fresh flowers used in the scenes."

—rodent psychology—

"It needed something more realistic than a stuffed mouse on strings to make Phyllis Haver simulate the fright that the script of 'The Battles of the Sexes' called for, so D. W. Griffith brought the mice on the set. An extra one was provided to circumvent possible fatalities due to stray cats or mousy temperament. Mice are not bad actors, Griffith contends."

—and, with it all, scorn of profiting by his talents—

"Griffith could never have achieved his place in film history if his interest in it had been merely casual, or if it had been the interest of the self-seeker with a fortune in mind."

State of mind produced by acting in the movies from the age of nine until practically unconscious, related by the Paramount Press Gang:

"In her search for something to ward off the accident curse that seems to have followed her during the greater part of her career, Bebe Daniels is offering a prize. Under the terms of the search, letters describing the certain luck-bringers are asked. Then from these descriptions Miss Daniels will select ten charms that appeal to her most. She will then send a personal letter to the owners, asking that they mail them to Hollywood. She will try them out on ten successive days. The one that brings her the most luck will win either a dress or a ring."

Touching tribute to studio realism, from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer:

"Jim Tully turned actor when he sat among the newspaper reporters in the court scene in 'The Bellamy Trial.' Seeing reporters he used to work with there, he just couldn't resist the temptation, he said."

(*Continued on page* 71)

At the left, the kid himself—as portrayed by Ivan Mosjukine—looks about for a lady; at the right he has discovered one in Rina de Liguoro; and above, the ladies of Venice discover him

There is a royal road to learning some subjects, for here is Catherine II of Russia receiving instructions in thrills from Casanova, possessor of a master's degree in erotic engineering

A Professor of Passion

the Divine Lady Herself

Corinne Griffith Is an Orchid That Flowered Only When Hardship Came

By FRANCES CARPEN

Spurr

"AH, that deceit should steal such gentle shades!"

Corinne Griffith didn't say that in so many words. Shakespeare did. But she might have said it, than which one can praise a lady's mentality no more highly. Especially such a lovely lady. "The Divine Lady" (in her forthcoming First National production). A lady who has been compared to an orchid under Venetian glass, a sybarite, an exquisite, the Blessed Damosel and others. One whose beauty has been choired by the tongues, mirrored in the enchanted eyes of all mankind. A lady to whom poets have written odes and lyrics, and to whom women, ever practical, have written for advice.

A lady who, by every right of fair allotment, should need no brains. Brains are not considered necessary in Hollywood. So many young folks seem to get along without them. Quite, quite nicely.

The other day, on the air, I heard a gentleman discussing the moot matter of personality. He was trying, poor brave soul, to define it. He said that it functions on three planes. The physical. The mental. The spiritual.

Carsey

If it functions only on the physical, you have nothing but flesh, momentarily attracting, corruptible and soon forgotten. I thought of Hollywood. Highly seasoned little atoms with the sense taken out of sensuality.

If it functions on the mental plane, you have *a voice behind the mask*. I thought of Corinne.

First the Aristocrat

CORINNE who is, somehow, *in* Hollywood but not *of* it. Corinne who has achieved a dignity without snobbery. A detachment, an aloofness with no loss of gentle humanity. She has gone down into the heat of the arena and has come up out of it without the garment of illusion, a little saddened, her beauty stabbed with that poignancy that means dreams gone down to defeat. The subtle defeat that is not always a matter of dollars and cents and billing. A poem that has been roughly handled and wrongly read but still retains its intrinsic beauty, its hint of immortality.

Corinne has a voice behind that incomparable mask.

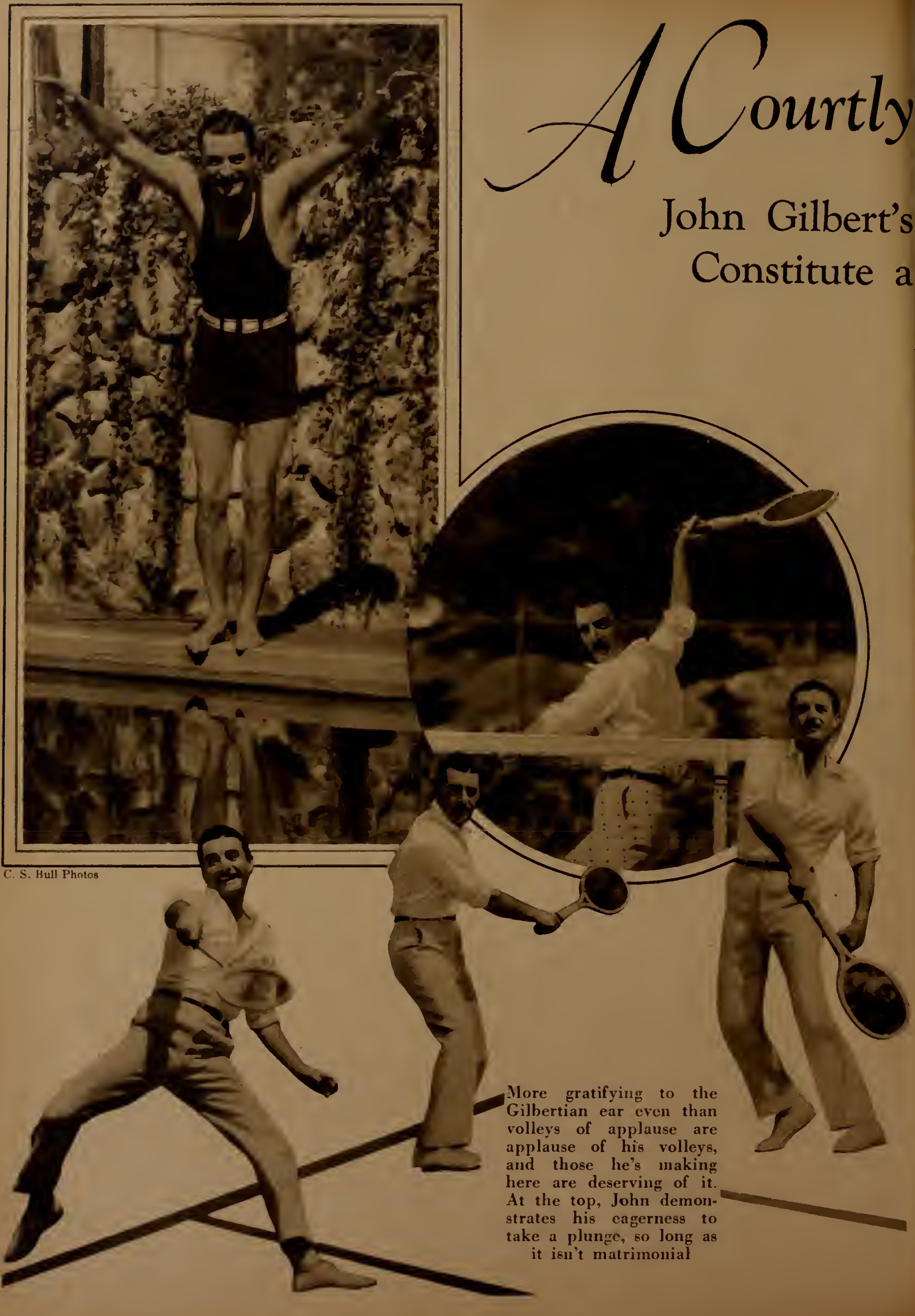
Some years ago the child Corinne was born in a small town in Texas. A pretty, thoughtful little girl, one of a happy, pleasantly prosperous family of four. The mother, father, Corinne and an elder sister. An average family with rather more than average means. No connection with the world of the theater. The faint, future echoes of the screen reaching them only as potential audience.

Her father was the Big Man of the town. He started down-and-out young men in business out of his own pocket. He backed discouraged men who needed backing. He belonged to clubs and lodges. He gave the glad hand, advice, time and money with liberality. His family

(*Continued on page* 89)

A Courtly

John Gilbert's
Constitute a



C. S. Bull Photos

More gratifying to the Gilbertian ear even than volleys of applause are applause of his volleys, and those he's making here are deserving of it. At the top, John demonstrates his eagerness to take a plunge, so long as it isn't matrimonial

Gentleman

Net Profits
Neat Figure

If tennis balls were hearts, Jack undoubtedly would be captain of the Davis Cup team — and neither Cochet nor La Coste would stand a chance against him. Indeed—if opposed to Mr. Gilbert—the ladies would say that even fifty million Frenchmen must be wrong

the $97 Masterpiece

Its Producer, Robert Florey, Says That With Another $500 He Could Make Norma Talmadge Famous

By Edith Tarrent

HOLLYWOOD has something and someone new to talk about. The something is a one-reel picture titled "The Blues—A Rhapsody of Hollywood."

The someone is a young man named Robert Florey, who made said picture for ninety-seven dollars.

I'm not going to say that "The Blues" is a good picture, nor a picture at all for that matter, though a special musical score is being written for it. It is riding haughtily into the United Artists Theater in Los Angeles as a glorified short subject, and Charlie Chaplin himself titled it. But I will say that any Hollywood youth who can do anything at all with ninety-seven dollars, besides tip a waiter or so at the Montmartre, deserves mention.

Mr. Florey ran "The Blues" off for me in a United Artists projection-room. I'll confess to being very grateful that he was there and so could explain the picture as we went along. He says it's the story of a boy who comes to Hollywood with ambitions to become an actor.

A casting director marks him down—or rather marks him up—as No. 9413. The boy dreams of fame and glory, wearing during this period a series of peculiar masks. (Let Eugene O'Neill sue on this if he wishes.) Fame passes him by, so the youth commits suicide by lying down on a couch and rapidly opening and shutting his mouth five times. Then he goes to heaven on a hand-car.

From Extra to Angel

BETWEEN close-ups of our hero, during his transition from extra to angel, there are many peculiar shots which tend to confuse an ordinary person like myself.

There are cubist railroad tracks zig-zagging skyward, with enormous wheels whirling upon them. These, says Mr. Florey, are symbols of the mechanical age in which we are luckless enough to live.

There are shots of a tall white building spinning like a pinwheel. When I respectfully asked Mr. Florey what that symbolized, he patiently explained that that's the way you see things if you're famous. The spirit is uplifted, dizzied. Obscurity has its compensations, I reflected comfortably. It would be so annoying to look out the window and see the neighbors' houses upside down or chasing each other around the block.

The picture fades out on a shiny heaven, in which our hero sails round and round on a pair of wings. If you are inclined to criticize this scene, because the angel is a cardboard figure attached to a piece of wire, and heaven itself a grouping of cylindrical tin cans, carefully lighted for effect, remember that you can't expect too much art for ninety-seven dollars. Given a hundred dollars to work with, Mr. Florey might have knocked us cold.

A One-Man Cast

AS to Mr. Florey's cast, it is composed of just one actor, and he doesn't do any acting, so must come in for minor consideration. This really is too bad, for Mr. Florey tells me that Jules Raucourt, who plays the solo rôle, was formerly one of the greatest actors in France.

(*Continued on page* 86)

As the words to the song had it: "What she's got, she's got a lot." Mary Duncan, whose stage performance in "The Shanghai Gesture" violated the fire laws, enacts here a scene or two with Charles Morton for "The 4 Devils." They do say the studio officials who watched her rushes were all badly sunburned

Autrey

Incendiary Mary

Bonenalabahmah

and Johnny Mack Brown Forward-Passed From Stock-Shots to Stardom

By CAROLYN DAWSON

R. H. Louise

FUNNY, how the movies picked up Johnny Mack Brown.

They photographed him when he didn't know a camera was trained in his direction. They doubled him for Lloyd Hughes, when he had never met Mr. Hughes nor anyone else connected with motion pictures. He provided movie audiences with some darned good thrills without the least idea that he was doing so.

For Johnny Mack Brown was a stock-shot star in those amiable days before he knew what a stick of grease-paint looked like. That we may better explain his peculiar entry into pictures, it may be well to give a definition of the stock-shot.

A stock-shot is any newsreel shot which is inserted into a dramatic motion picture. Fires, storms, parades, automobile and horse races lend themselves frequently to this purpose. The Hollywood hero, via this good old standby, may fight his way through a tornado which occurred six months before and three thousand miles away. The heroine may, from a balcony on the studio lot, cheer a parade which took place in Paris in 1918.

But the most popular stock-shot of all, especially since the influx of college pictures, is that of football games, and right here is where Johnny Mack Brown steps in.

Johnny was the football idol of the University of Alabama. Two years ago he came West with his team to play the University of Washington at the Pasadena Rose Bowl. Newsreel men covered the famous New Year's game very thoroughly, focusing particularly on Johnny Mack Brown, who won the game for dear old Alabam'.

Back home in Dothan, Alabama, several months later, Johnny strolled into a movie show to view the art of Lloyd Hughes in "Forever After." What was his surprise, during the football sequence in this picture, to see himself dashing madly up and down the field, saving the day for Whoosis College? A stock-shot of the Pasadena game had been inserted into "Forever After" and the Southern lad who had brought thousands to their feet, cheering madly, now saw himself providing thrills aplenty for a movie audience. But without credit, for Hughes was supposed to be the hero of the screen opus.

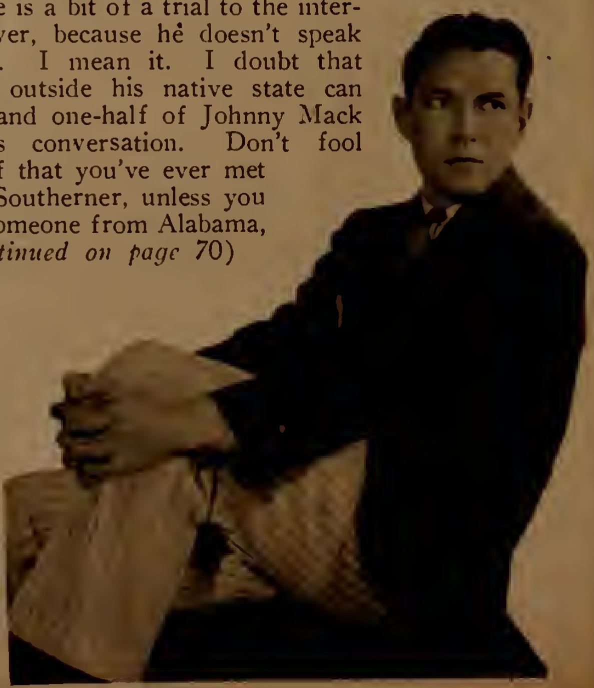
The following year Johnny came back with his team to play Stanford. On the advice of George Fawcett and other players, who met him on the football field, he stayed.

Being stalwart, handsome, and all sorts of nice things like that, the boy had no difficulty in getting a contract with M-G-M. Though I have seen him in just one picture, "The Fair Co-Ed," with Marion Davies, he appears to have all the talent required of a leading man. His rise from stock-shots to stellar prominence has not been difficult.

Alabam', Alabam', Alabam'

BUT he is a bit of a trial to the interviewer, because he doesn't speak English. I mean it. I doubt that anyone outside his native state can understand one-half of Johnny Mack Brown's conversation. Don't fool yourself that you've ever met a real Southerner, unless you know someone from Alabama,

(*Continued on page 70*)

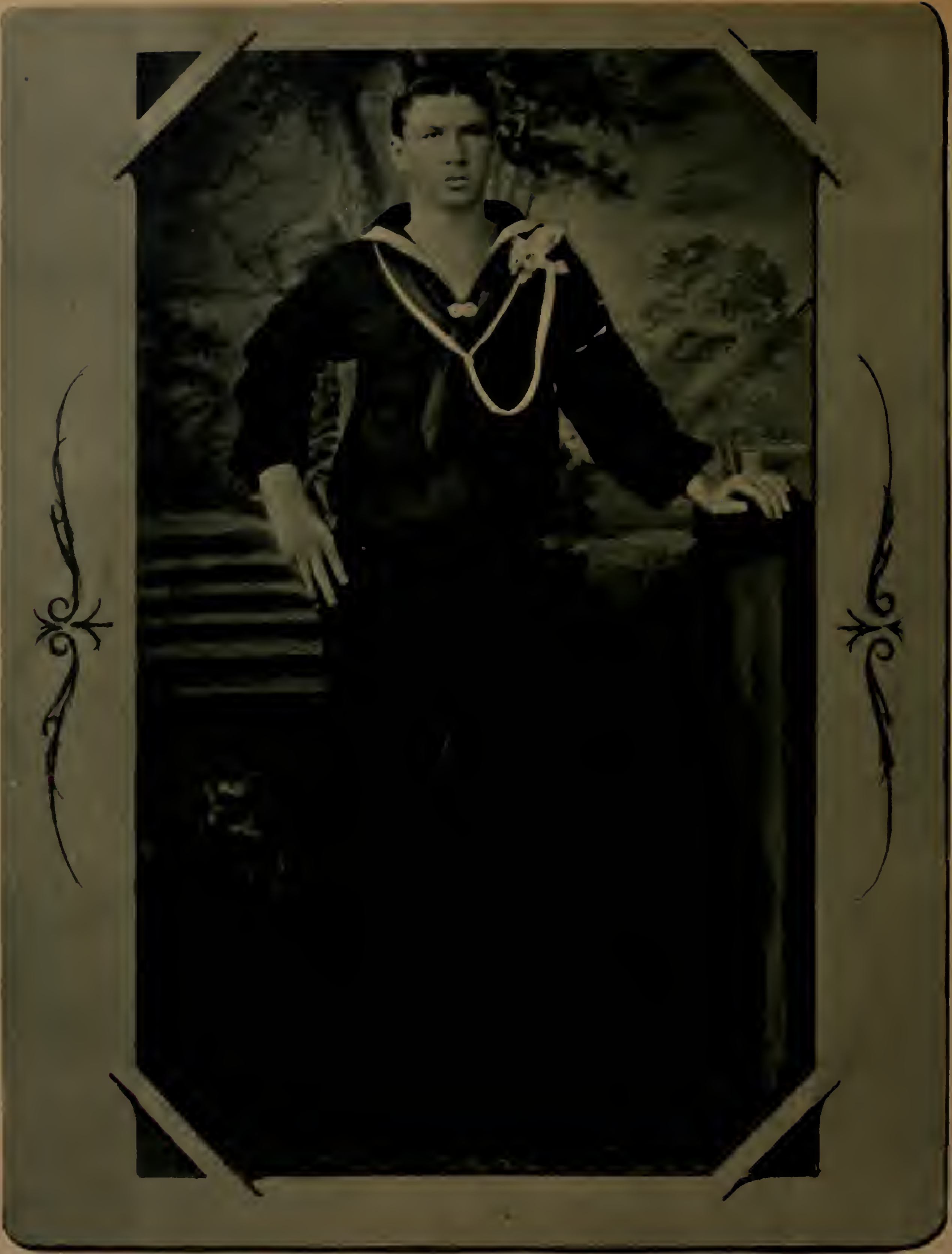


It seems hard to believe that Josephine Dunn could be suited to the title rôle in "Excess Baggage." But she is. And so our life work is pretty definitely determined. We're going to be either a porter or a station master. And there'll be no extra charge for toting Josephine around

Capable and clear-headed, the pictures on the left and right, make out Josephine to be. For they demonstrate that she knows the ropes of her profession and also that her skirt may be ruffled, but never her presence of mind

R. H. Louise

Oh, For the Life of a Porter!



Classic's Family Album

This is the way he looked back in the days when "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight" was the ragtime rage. It's a picture of him taken when he was eighteen, after he had joined the Navy to see the world and so far had cruised over most of the Brooklyn Navy Yard. His record in the service is good, but on the screen he's been caught in many a dastardly act. Who is he? Noah Beery? No. Lon Chaney? No. Yes, that's right—George Bancroft

Our Own News Camera

This might be the first girl to swim the channel with her fingers crossed. But it's not: it's Billie Dove, paddling about at Coronado

Give anyone enough rope, they say—— But not necessarily. Mary Astor is the exception, for she's taken it and had a swing made

An organic weakness that is a pleasure—Dolores Costello's passion for music. She has just been giving the instrument at the new Warner theater in Los Angeles its first lesson in the scales

Pray for a shipwreck, for Lili Damita, below and just imported from Paris, is going to be the leading woman in "The Rescue"

Nickolas Muray

Fashion can never catch Anna Q. Nilsson napping. Whether gowns be sleeved or sleeveless, she is as à la mode as a piece of pie

CINEMA SHOTS FROM COAST TO

Mushroom and bored: Mae McAvoy, at the left, seems to have started out to play polo and ended up playing solo. Can it be that the rest of the team has been so ungracious as to chukker off it?

The lion's share in the instance below seems to be larger than himself. Leo, Jr., is giving Flash a ride, just to show that a dog's life is not always a dog's life

Whose hoofs? Not Alice White's, when you look closely. But it does come close to illustrating the one about when is a lady not a lady? When she's a little hoarse

Maid in Germany: Lya Mara, at the left, Ben Lyon's leading woman in "Dancing Vienna," a picture fabricated in the Fatherland. If this is what they dance in there, we'd like to see their bathing suits

Worse than a tempest in a teapot—a Baby Cyclone in a loving-cup. The doglet between Aileen Pringle and Lew Cody plays the title rôle of "The Baby Cyclone." This picture was taken at the Peke of his career

Trying to stick up for himself: Johnny Mack Brown engages in a mumblety-peg contest with Polly Ann Young. He has reached the step known as Spanking the Baby. But from the glint in Polly Ann's eyes, Johnny himself is going to be next in line for a licking

Let Loy be unrefined—if she feels like it—seems to be Myrna's motto. And Agnes Franey's as well. They not only eat hot dogs in broad daylight, but they growl while they do it

COAST AND BACK TO COAST AGAIN

Chairity begins on the beach. Observe Lois Wilson ensconced comfortably and displaying the reasons why she was inevitably the choice for the leading character in "Sally's Shoulders"

The diabolical character of Hollywood's denizens is confirmed. Above are "The Four Devils," and all are celebrated screen players. From the left they are Janet Gaynor, Nancy Drexel, Barry Norton and Charles Morton

As a last desperate safeguard against the incursions of the intrepid sex into his privacy, Richard Dix—below—sees to it always that he is accompanied by his police dog, the Prince of Beverly

Stagg

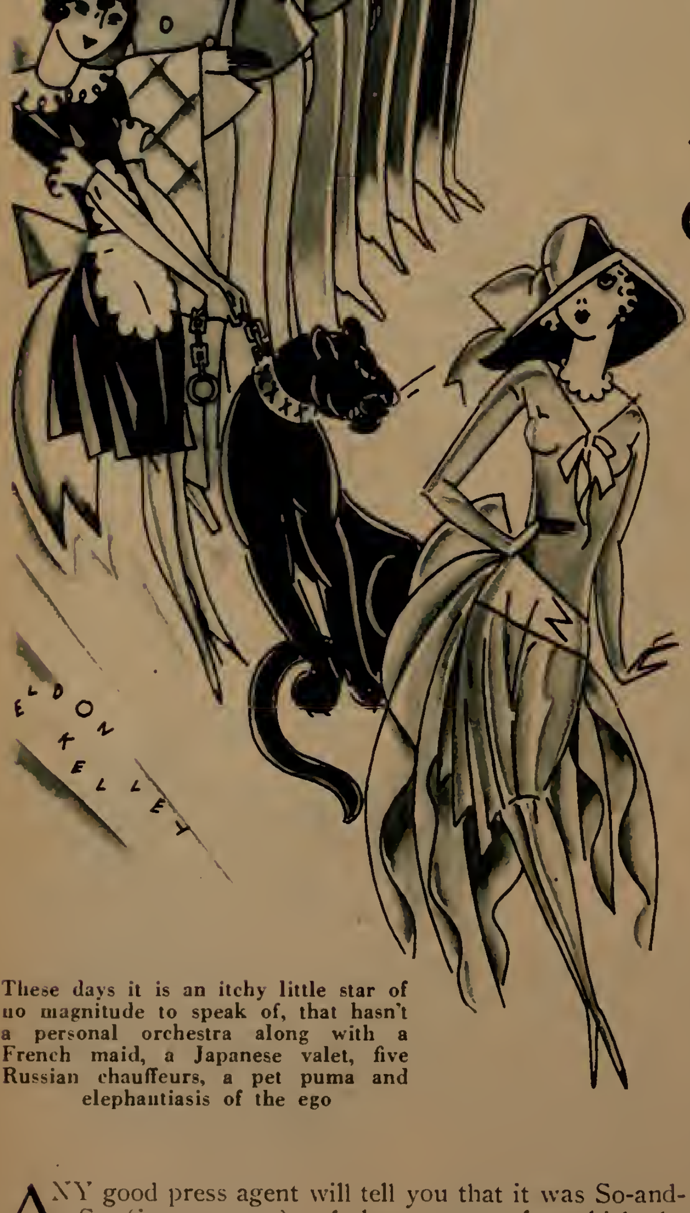
Rail and farewell. Phyllis Haver, sitting on the one and waving the other, as the *Hamburg*—its stacks tilted especially proudly—steams off to Europe with her friend, Camilla Horn

P. & A.

Mad-money is no longer used in Hollywood. As a means of saving a girl's shoes and self-respect when automobile rides go wrong, it has been displaced by the pocket bicycle. Here is Josephine Dunn practising before a doubtful date

The news photographer at last is photographed. Nick Stuart, as he witnesses things in "The News Parade" through the all-seeing glass eye of the camera

The lid is off in the film colony. Rookie, Lew Cody's bulldog, getting the last drop of milk that's been bootlegged to him in a teapot. This diet, they say, is one of Rookie's beauty secret It keeps his tail in perfect curl



These days it is an itchy little star of no magnitude to speak of, that hasn't a personal orchestra along with a French maid, a Japanese valet, five Russian chauffeurs, a pet puma and elephantiasis of the ego

Hot Hearts

By HENRY W. HANEMANN

ANY good press agent will tell you that it was So-and-So (insert name), of the company for which the press agent happens to be working, who first thought of making movies to music. Probably a hang-over from the days when "hands-on-hips-place-feet-apart-spread-sidewise-bend-to-the-left-begin-one . . . two . . ." was rendered more tolerable by Miss Minz's execution of the *Kittens' Frolic Polka* on the gymnasium piano, this famous director (motion picture actor, motion picture actress) found that there was a relation between heaving chests and heaving chestweights, between Indian clubs and the Indian sign of an imported order of warm honey vamping her victim. Any cracks about dumb-bells are wholly gratuitous.

But musical accompaniment has gone far beyond the casual experiment of this pioneer director (movie actor, actress). In all likelihood, the pioneer himself (herself) would refuse to recognize the time when he or she was content to unleash priceless talent to the *Washington Post March* played on whatever the fifth assistant electrician happened to have in his hip pocket. These days it is an itchy little star of no magnitude to speak of, that hasn't a personal orchestra along with a French maid, a Japanese valet, five Russian chauffeurs, a pet puma and elephantiasis of the ego. What happens when a chamber trio of harp, basset-horn and *viola d'amore* is slated to play opposite a sextette of musical saws, I don't know. I have my own troubles. Whatever does happen can't be any worse than what happened recently. A certain foreign star took one look at the assorted private orchestras and decided that not one wheel would she turn unless goaded on by the modulations of her native *pljouskja*.

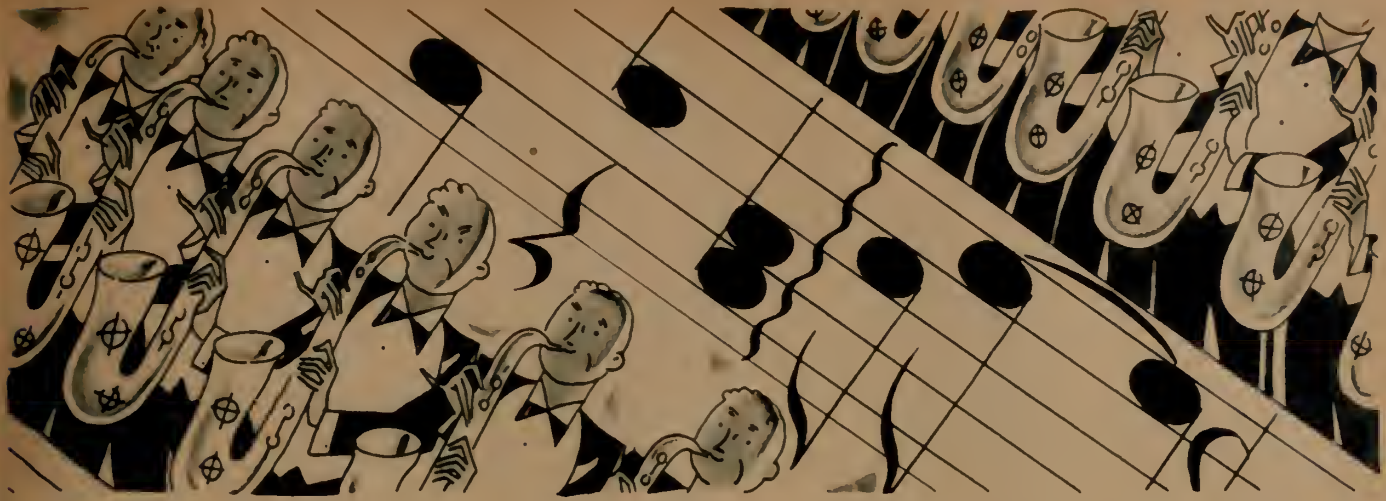
The Great Pljouskja Famine

SAXOPHONES, triangles, zithers, spinets or bassoons were of no avail, it was either a *pljouskja* or nothing—and the nothing was on the company's time. Forthwith an assistant director was dispatched to comb Hollywood for a *pljouskja*. Days went by and disclosed Hollywood singularly unafflicted with *pljouskjas*. Not a *pljouskja* in a carload. At last with infinite trouble and no little expense a man was found with a *pljouskja* and he was haled in triumph to the studio. It turned out to be only a b flat soprano *pljouskja* and not a c melody one, but the star graciously decided to waive the difference. "You will play," said she to the man, *"Oich 'Jna Pradjnavoscz* (Cherries are ripe, Heigh-ho, my Little Scallop)."

"What—on this?" asked the man, indicating the *pljouskja*.

"Yess, now, right away, queek!" said the star, and her eyes flashed and she stamped her foot.

"Why," said the man, "I never played one of these ——



and Flowers

Even Pljouskja Famines Cannot Deprive Stars of Tunes that Tap the Tear-Ducts

Drawings by Eldon Kelley

—— things in my life! I was just holding it for a friend."

Well, that's how it goes. *Pljouskjas* or bull fiddles, the stars must have their music to work to and the necessity permits every nuance of individual variation. Not only do the darlings hold out for their own kinds of instruments, but they have personal ideas of what constitutes a torrid tune. Pola Negri, for instance, carries on to the seductively broken two-four rhythm of *Y Como La Va* and Clara Bow takes off to the provocative whine of *Aloha Oe* or *Pua Carnation* (from contented Waikikis). Reverse this, and what have you? Lon Chaney making his 1025th face while the woodwinds softly breathe *Let the Rest of the World Go By* and Jetta Goudal breaking down completely to the strains (or from the strain) of *La Marseillaise*. Nobody knows just why Miss Goudal breaks down to *La Marseillaise*, least of all Miss G., but rumor has it that Jetta is under a fixed impression that she is listening to *Pop! Goes the Weasel.* Corinne Griffith holds out for operas. One plangent phrase of *Le Roi D'Ys* (Lalo) and Corinne has simply shredded her corsage of jumbo orchids to bits. Lights! Camera! Hark—the lilting melody of *Among My Souvenirs.* John Gilbert and Greta Garbo are burning each other up. Variety is the spice of life, and there's Mike outside with two pineapples!

Thursday Is Not Keyhole Night

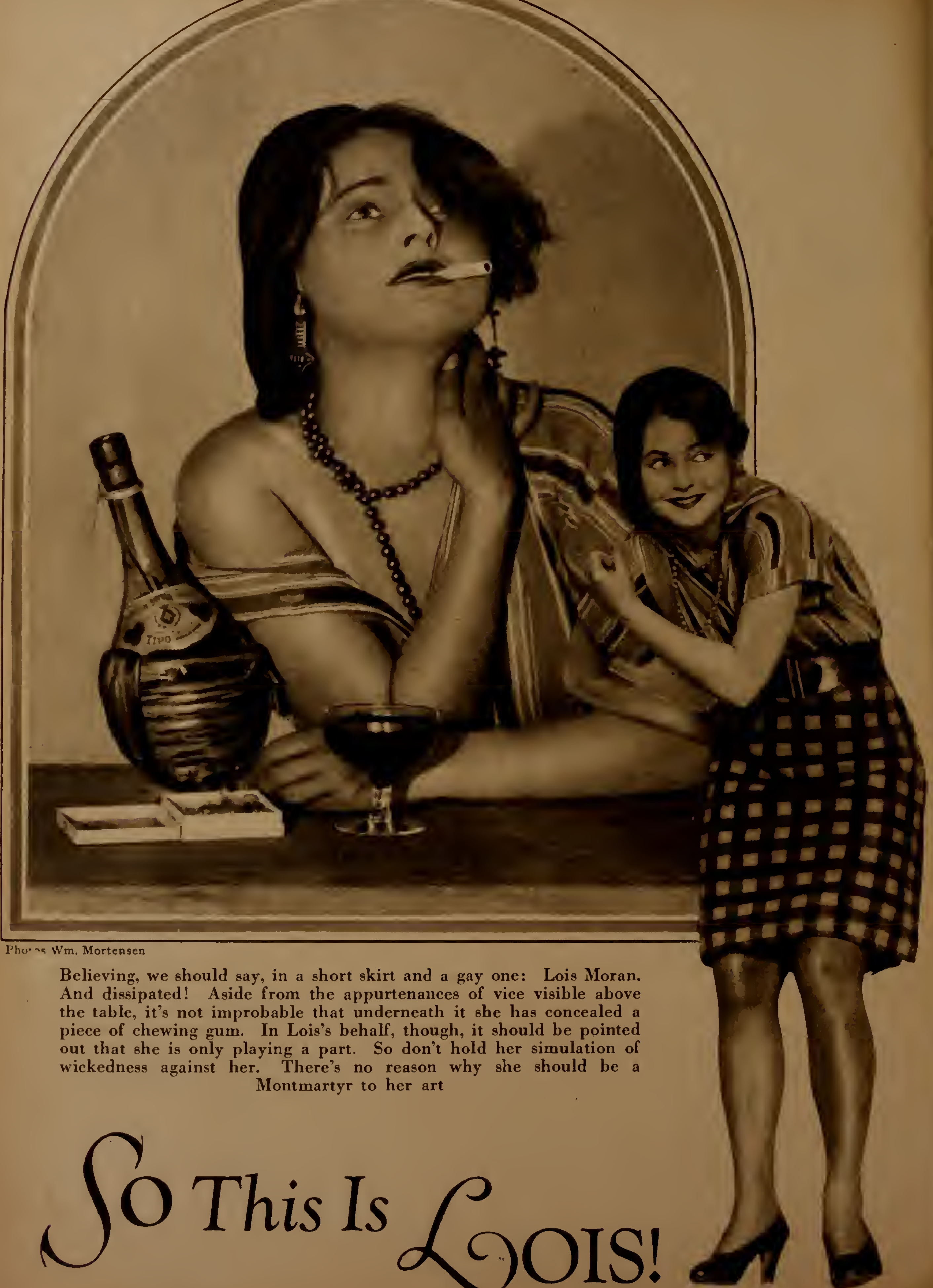
Off the lot, things are even more complicated. Though the stars generally stick to one tune to bring any emotion—joy, sorrow, anger, avarice, gluttony or luxury—into instantaneous response, once work is over, the orchestra is placed on a trailer hitched to the back of the star's car, and as the car bowls along, the orchestra dispenses popular or serious airs, dance music and request numbers. This keeps on during dinner and through the evening and finally, as the orchestra retires discreetly behind a clump of bougainvillea and breaks softly into *The Song of India* (Rimsky-Korsakof), let us peep into the star's boudoir. Wait a minute—this is Thursday night, if I am not mistaken. On second consideration we'd better not. George! Take your eye out of that keyhole!

So cluttered up has Hollywood become with these private orchestras that there is now a movement to record the favorite tunes of the stars and run the entire racket with phonographs, turning the musicians loose to shift for themselves. However, it would hardly look well for large bands of starving musicians to be roaming the streets of Hollywood, and for all I know they might constitute a serious menace and bite somebody. The problem of the Hollywood unemployed is already unwieldy. Still, if the stars take to getting their inspiration by phonograph, it is either that or a lot of those overgrown bohunks—particularly the ones whose lot it is to throttle those portable organs which have the appearance and æsthetic value of a household tool cabinet—will have to shave, put on a clean shirt and go out looking for work.

As a matter of fact, under present conditions music appears to be indispensable to the industry. Movies are canned to music and released to music. Whenever possible they are sold to exhibitors along with a musical accompaniment. No properly appointed projection-room is without its piano. Well I remember the bitter attitude of no less a person than William Fox when the projection-room piano-player failed wretchedly to improvise a special score for Theda Bara in "Cleopatra." True, it was long after hours, but the master decided that he had to have a look at his wonder-picture and the ninth vice-wastepaper basket emptier was hurled into the breach. Poor fool, he *said* he could play the piano. True also, the *mommser* would play *Sadie Salome, Go Home* as Theda lay dying, Egypt dying, and *Valse Bleu* through all the excitement of the battle of Actium. He was fittingly blasted by Mr. Fox. Mr. Fox's wrath was Olympic. It was not only Olympic but Homeric, Titanic, Majestic, and Adriatic, and it had the over-all impressiveness of the Leviathan. As the stories say, that wastepaper basket emptier may now be George Gershwin, but I doubt it.

All in all, whether in studio, projection-room or cinema cathedral, movies without music are like Park bereft of Tilford, Trade without brother Mark, Hans minus Fritz, love without hope, ginger ale without gin, men without women, bread without butter, Mutt without Jeff and touch the floor without bending your knees.

Which, when you stop and look the fact smack, bang in the face, is one heluva comment on the Silent Drama, is it not?



Photos Wm. Mortensen

Believing, we should say, in a short skirt and a gay one: Lois Moran. And dissipated! Aside from the appurtenances of vice visible above the table, it's not improbable that underneath it she has concealed a piece of chewing gum. In Lois's behalf, though, it should be pointed out that she is only playing a part. So don't hold her simulation of wickedness against her. There's no reason why she should be a Montmartyr to her art

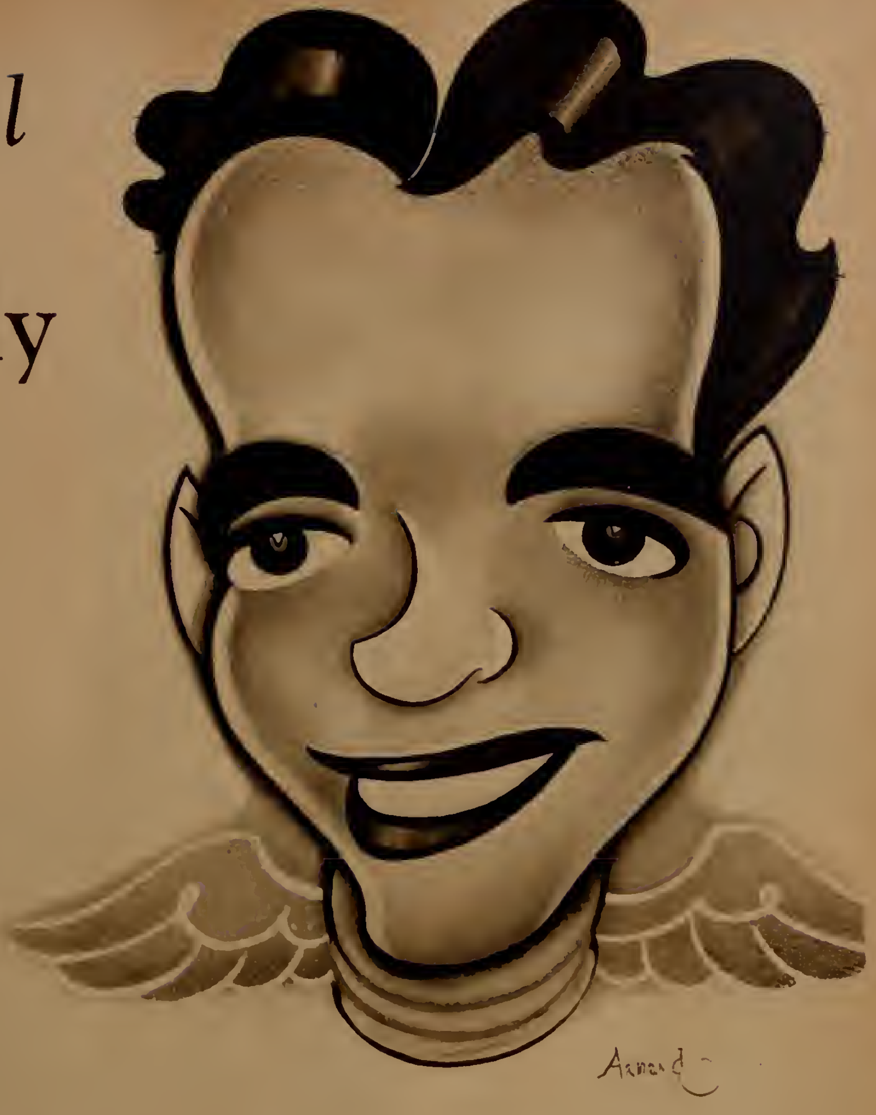
So This Is LOIS!

Don't Call Him Buddy

A Close-Up of Charles Rogers

By CAROL JOHNSTON

Caricature by Armando



OLD Song:
"Bring back, bring back, oh bring back my buddy"—altogether, now—"to me, to me!"

But it's no use. Buddy might just as well be lying over the ocean, for all you are going to hear of him from now on. Because Buddy Rogers is all wet. He is Charles Rogers now.

Yes, the boy has grown older. Two years ago he was just a fresh—though not too fresh—kid from Olathe, Kansas, where his dad ran "the" newspaper. He was "graduating" from the Paramount picture school, and the world was his big, red apple. He was the kind of boy who would polish it and hand it right over to teacher. He had ideals—you could see it to look at him. When you saw him at a party, he was always a model young man. Once in a great while he would fling discretion to the winds and take over the trombone from the trombone player in the orchestra and make it cry like everything. Outside of that, he attended strictly to business. Buddy was in earnest. He had his mind on his work. And like all good boys in fiction, and one or two in fact, he had his reward. His bosses sent him to California and patted him on the head and gave him a big, juicy part in "Wings."

Buddy began to soar. He was picked out of all the eligible juveniles in Hollywood to play opposite Queen Mary in "My Best Girl." On his home lot he was instructed to make love to Clara Bow. And then he was handed a prize plum—the rôle of *Abie*—the kid himself—in "Abie's Irish Rose." And that, my dears, was his finish.

17,000 Fan Letters a Month

ONE day somebody or other took the trouble to count the number of letters young Mr. Rogers had received from his fans in one month. They totalled exactly 17,862. That nice, shy boy, in his quiet, retiring way, was burning 'em up! He was calling forth the hottest collection of adjectives and exclamation points ever inspired by any actor. Only the flaming-haired Miss Bow could top him, with her 18,000. Here was Rogers, after only three or four outstanding pictures to his credit, apparently eclipsing in public interest stars of several years' standing. Something had to be done.

Paramount looked him over. Young Mr. Rogers stood the o. o. without flinching. Hollywood had done her worst to him—and the worst she could do was to give him a good, healthy coat of tan. When he was back in New York, he was always too white. He thought so himself. Now, after two years in California, he was brown and husky. He had been living with a college pal of his and the pal's mother—the Baldwins, in their home. He had his meals there with the family; he also dropped in often at his fraternity chapter house, the Phi Kappa Psi. He swam and rode and played tennis. He even had a dog. In short, he was everything a juvenile picture actor should be.

Paramount said: "My boy, you're a star—on one condition."

Young Mr. Rogers still did not flinch. "Yes, sir?"

"You'll have to drop that 'Buddy.' It won't do for a star. Make it Charles Rogers, my boy."

Buddy Goes By the Board

WHEREUPON Mr. Rogers turned a couple of handsprings and cart-wheels. Nothing would please him more than to give Buddy Rogers a good, hard kick. He had had about enough of Buddy. He was, after all,

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LAURENCE REID REVIEWS THE NEW PHOTOPLAYS

The Celluloid

At the top are Ernest Torrence and Buster Keaton hanging on the rope. As the skipper and the crew of "Steamboat Bill, Jr.," they inject joy into the picture. At the left is Alexis Davor, a Russian actor, in "The End of St. Petersburg." Below are Charles Farrell and Greta Nissen, who make "Fazil" an erotic picture

THEY'RE not making them bigger and better for Emil Jannings, but they are making them sufficiently colorful to pass muster with moviegoers who demand and expect unusual pictures from the screen's most dramatic actor. The new number, "The Street of Sin," is not another "Way of all Flesh," nor does it carry the emotional tug of "The Last Command." But it should prove satisfactory, seeing that Jannings cannot be expected to decorate one masterpiece after another.

Here I find him in something reminiscent of Thomas Burke's Limehouse stories, since his characterization is a bounder of the London slums. He makes his study completely fascinating, yet it isn't one which lingers in the mind, principally because it lacks dramatic quality. The hulking figure of *Basher Bill,* with the leering face, is found living with a girl of easy virtue. In the course of events he runs across an appealing Salvation Army worker and straightway gets religion. After he is shot in a police raid he advises the blonde (the girl of his erstwhile love life) to join the Army. And so he checks out permanently.

It is atmospheric enough to color the characters and it is played with good feeling by the star, Fay Wray and Olga Baclanova. Whatever its shortcomings as a story, there is no doubt about Jannings making it hum with life.

Here's to Crime

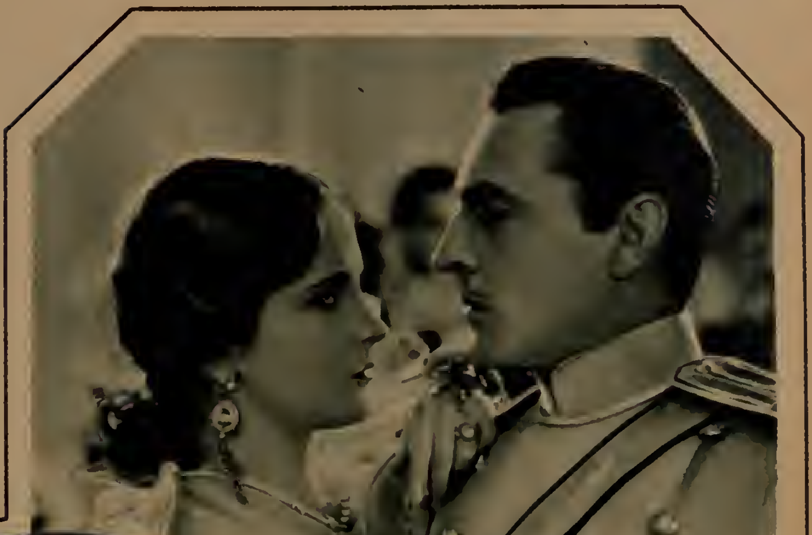
EVER since "Underworld" came through with flying colors, most every producer, including its particular sponsor, has been trying to duplicate it. The results have been fair. The newest film to approach it is "The Drag Net," and it does sing a song of the underworld—and sings it pretty well. But it lacks the punch of the other picture, even though the same man, Sternberg, directed it and Bancroft is featured. The director hammers home his melodrama so that scenes which would be effective are spoiled through too much repetition.

It also lacks the realities of "Underworld." But it tells a good crime story of a hard-boiled detective who gets his men after being framed for murder. The effort to bump him off calls for plentiful thrills and action. And since it boasts a cast that knows what it's all about, the suspense is carried on all the way. So I chalk up a good mark opposite George Bancroft—and a couple more opposite Evelyn Brent and William Powell. All three can drink *here's to crime.*

Critic

THIS MONTH

The End of St. Petersburg
Fazil
The Drag Net
Steamboat Bill, Jr.
Tempest
The Street of Sin



Miehle

Boating With Buster

TAKE it or leave it lay, but this Keaton man has a real comedy in "Steamboat Bill, Jr." The stony-faced one likes to play around in the Southland. Having piloted an engine in Dixie, he now takes to piloting a steamboat on that ol' man river. And around the conflict between Buster's dad, played with fine humor and feeling by Ernest Torrence (his gift of comedy is as rich as his gift of emotion), who owns one of the boats, and a business rival who owns the other, the piece is *up to something* every minute.

For romantic purposes the heroine is the daughter of the rival and it is Buster's job to win her and end the feud. It is all told with good restraint yet moves merrily from one bright scene to another. To indicate that it doesn't depend entirely upon comedy, you can stir up much suspense over the effort of the elder Steamboat Bill to thwart his rival. His boat has been condemned and in a rage the skipper turns on his enemy and is jailed. So along comes Buster hiding a young hardware store of tools in a loaf of bread in his effort to effect the old man's freedom. That's one of the highlights in a picture saturated with them. It travels high and shoots forth peals of laughter. It's one of the best Keaton has ever shown.

At the top are Camilla Horn and John Barrymore, the former making her American début in supporting the other in "Tempest." At the right is George Bancroft, who plays a go-get-'em detective in a crime melodrama, "The Drag Net." Below are Emil Jannings and Fay Wray enacting an emotional scene in "The Street of Sin"

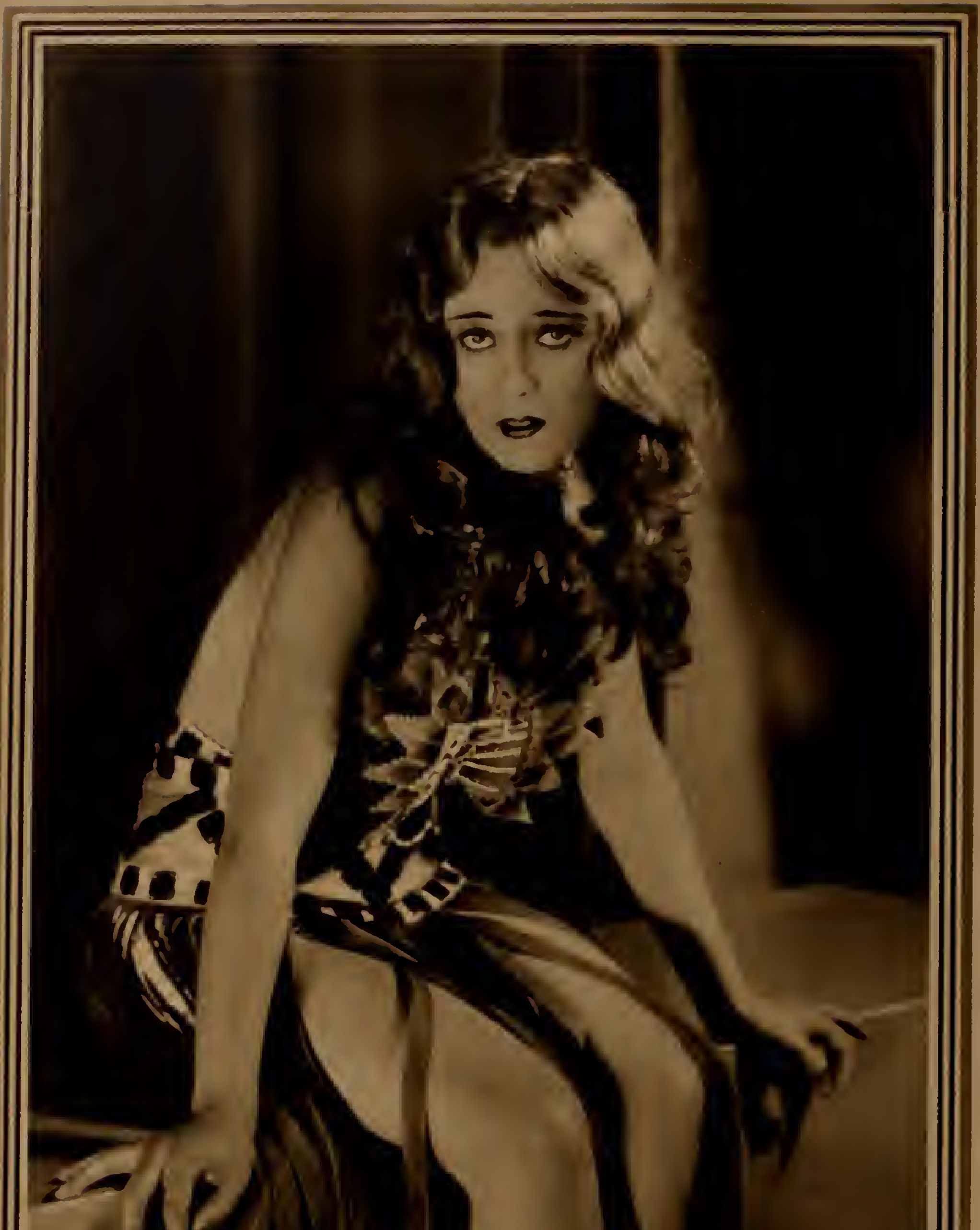
A Good One From Russia

THOSE very serious Russians are at it again demonstrating anew an adaptability for screen technique. They are not bound up with things commercially, rather are they intent upon making movie art for art's sake. So "The End of St. Petersburg" cannot be expected to have a general appeal. But it should be seen, if for no other reason than to follow the Russian style of production.

The picture is interesting, not only for its vivid account of the early days of the Russian Revolution, but also for its dramatic strength, furnishing as it does some real excitement. The idea is simple enough as all ideas must be which contain drama and movement. No one can possibly read propaganda into it.

But those looking for a message will be disappointed toward the concluding scenes. It does let down considerably, at the end. Had it finished the way it started, it would have created a real sensation. As it is, one will find a film that

(*Continued on page* 88)



The Sub-Divided Skirt

Rain, rain, don't go away, for here is Dolores Costello correctly turned out as the original yachtswoman in the year of the Flood. She is dressed as she is for her part in "Noah's Ark"; and while some might take her to task, we ourselves have Noah cause for complaint

Russell Ball

Don't Be Yourself

Jean Hersholt Believes Lasting Favor Goes Only to Those Who Keep Being Somebody Else

By HAL HALL

IF Jean Hersholt had taken the advice that is usually handed out to actors, he would probably still be over in Copenhagen, Denmark, painting portraits.

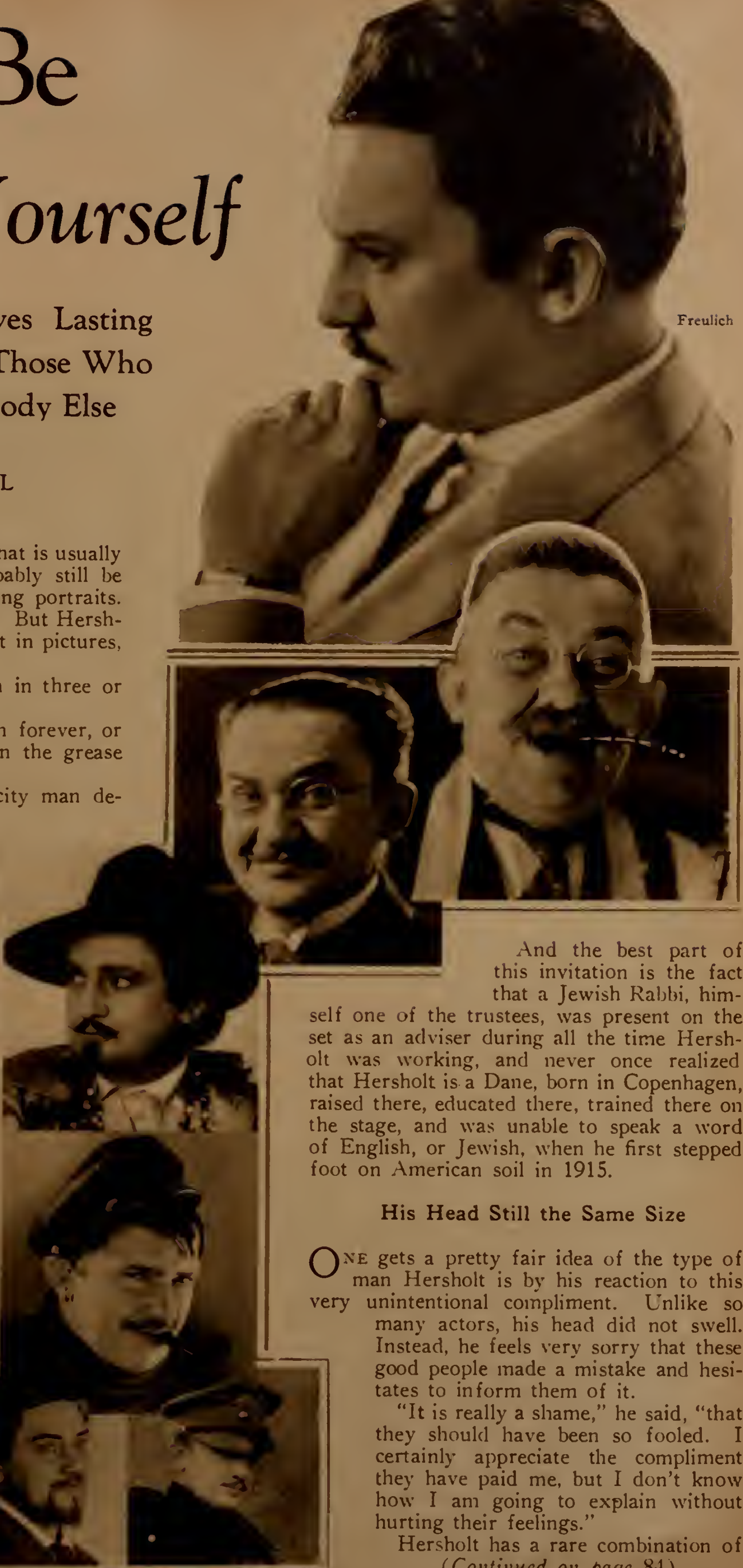
"Be yourself," is what they all tell you. But Hersholt says that is the surest way to lose out in pictures, so far as the men are concerned.

"Be yourself and fade off the screen in three or four years," says Jean.

"Be something else and you can go on forever, or at least until you are too old to put on the grease paint."

Hersholt ought to know. His publicity man declares that he has played one thousand and one character rôles on the screen. But publicity men are prone to stretch things, so we looked them over and did find to our own satisfaction that this character actor has actually appeared on the screen in more than one hundred absolutely different characterizations, or types—and it would take a keen eye to figure out that the same man played all the rôles.

Today Hersholt, after twelve years in pictures, is one of the most sought after character actors in Hollywood, and apparently his work and skill in make-up is improving, for while playing the leading Jewish rôle in "Abie's Irish Rose," he did such a good job of it that the trustees of the Jewish Cemeteries of Hollywood sent him a special invitation as one of "Hollywood's leading Jewish residents" to purchase a burial plot in the cemetery and have his bones laid to rest there when he has completed his span of years.


Freulich

From top to bottom: Jean Hersholt as himself, and as he appeared in "It Must Be Love," "Don Q," "Elverhoj" (a stage play), "A Woman's Faith," "Jazzmania," and "Abie's Irish Rose"

And the best part of this invitation is the fact that a Jewish Rabbi, himself one of the trustees, was present on the set as an adviser during all the time Hersholt was working, and never once realized that Hersholt is a Dane, born in Copenhagen, raised there, educated there, trained there on the stage, and was unable to speak a word of English, or Jewish, when he first stepped foot on American soil in 1915.

His Head Still the Same Size

ONE gets a pretty fair idea of the type of man Hersholt is by his reaction to this very unintentional compliment. Unlike so many actors, his head did not swell. Instead, he feels very sorry that these good people made a mistake and hesitates to inform them of it.

"It is really a shame," he said, "that they should have been so fooled. I certainly appreciate the compliment they have paid me, but I don't know how I am going to explain without hurting their feelings."

Hersholt has a rare combination of

(*Continued on page 84*)

Backbones of

A straight line may be—in fact, is—the shortest distance between two points. But when there are such curves to follow as Doris Dawson's, who wants to hurry?

E. R. Richee

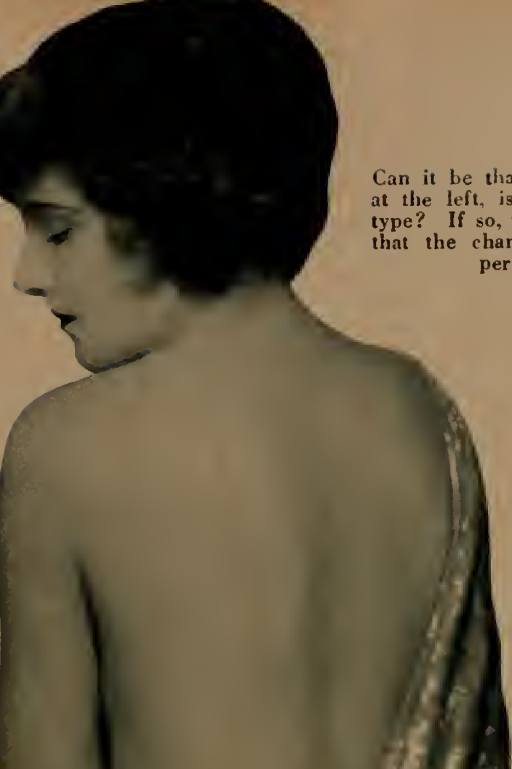
Laced up to the neck is this costume for midsummer wear, adopted by Anita Barnes. Yet it is comfortable and permits of an easy freedom of movement

Above are two backgrounds of beauty—the one a floral design provided by the photographer; the other a natural one, the property of Marietta Millner

A side of Dorothy Sebastian all too infrequently revealed is that shown at the right. And it is hardly one to be ashamed of

R H Louise

the Industry



Can it be that Sylvia Beecher, at the left, is revertebraing to type? If so, we can only hope that the change back will be permanent

R. H. Louise

Turning a shoulder, but not a cold one: Sally Phipps, silhouetted at the left against a white fan, smiles in the face of pneumonia

Autrey

Next to sables, Jane Laurell—who's been reading advertisements she shouldn't—says she likes herself best. And proceeds to show what she means by it

Carsey

In one way, it's tough on the suitors who sue for Sue Carol's hand that she turns her back to their proposals. But the gesture is not entirely without its compensations

As Nice As She Looks

Collegians and Cowboys Think Caryl Lincoln Is The Berries—And She Is

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

Autrey

I'M afraid we Hollywood wiseacres have to admit that there are plenty of nice, innocent-looking dames facing the cameras who do anything but live up to the day-dreams woven around them by their stripling fans in the schools and colleges. In Hollywood the female face is worn as a mask.

Caryl Lincoln adds to her other old-fashioned virtues that of wearing her face as a face. Perhaps it is this innovation (for Hollywood) that is moving Caryl so quickly up to the top of her profession. She is acquiring a staggering volume of fan-mail from youthful admirers, after only two years in pictures. From colleges and other institutions for the sons of gentlemen, letters pour in upon Caryl, assuring her that she is the embodiment of every shining ideal of womanhood. She has correspondents who declare that they write to her every Sunday and mail the letter with the weekly one to mother. This is very touching—and Caryl is touched.

She lives in a tiny bungalow at the back of a court on a Hollywood side-street. After showing you round, she produces her two prize exhibits—a stack of Christmas greeting-cards from her unseen correspondents, which to her are the most touching of all their affectionate manifestations; and her husband. He is a tall and strapping publicity man, answering to the name of Brown. They have been married less than six months, and their marriage, according to Caryl, is "great fun."

• Bathroom Ballads

SHE is a nice sort of girl to have about the house. Waiting for the "big break" that she hasn't had yet, she never doubts it is coming. Her climb up the first rungs of the ladder has only whetted her natural zest for life and living. Her brown eyes sparkle with it. The angle of her hat and the fit of her dress are full of it. She undoubtedly sings in her bath.• She is not the type to flaunt a synthetic personality for the benefit of the world and proclaim herself full of weird complexes against black cats and thirteen in a bed. She stands or falls by her face. It is the face of a darned nice girl, and Caryl is a darned nice girl.

Delving into her history, one discovers that she was born in Oakland, and that her father was reading a book about a girl named Caryl at the moment when they rushed in and shouted: "Mr. Lincoln, it's a girl!" This got him so excited that he hurled the book into the air and swore that her name should be Caryl.

The oddly named offspring grew into a comely looking girl, with the inevitable result that when the Lincolns came to live in Hollywood, she felt the urge of the

(*Continued on page* 86)

A young gentleman to whom feminine fans are drawn as irresistibly as filings to his metallic namesake. Bob Steele is a new player in stories set in the West, Southwest and South-Southwest and other areas where adventure and daring grow wild

Bachrack

Magnetic Steele

Alexander

This youngster's name, Maurice Murphy, is, let us hope, in the nature of a tentative title. For it hardly suggests his very earnest ability—which he proves in "Heart to Heart"

Bachrach

Just what atrocity "The Perfect Crime" includes, we are not as yet aware of. But there can be no question but that the element of perfection is contributed by the presence of Gladys McConnell

Looking Them Over

Close-Ups From the West Coast

A good closed job: Greta Granstedt as the younger Ford Sister in "Excess Baggage"

LILI DAMITA said Peggy Hopkins Joyce was jealous of her. Peggy said she wasn't. Why, she hadn't even heard of Lili. "Who is she?" she drawled to New York newspaper reporters. Lili tried to refreshen her memory with headlines. "She get jealous of me in Paris because her admirer say pretty things to Lili," explained the French lady who is going to take Vilma Banky's place opposite Ronald Colman. The fun raged merrily for a couple of days and then, just to show that there was no more hard feelings between their press-agents, the girls got together and posed for a picture arm in arm.

Lili does not speak English so "goot." She has not been long in "thees cawntry." But when Lili does speak—it's publicity! She and mamma coyly crowded all the visiting celebrities from Hollywood off of the metropolitan dailies. If Lili attended a musical comedy with Charles Schwab, it was carefully and conspicuously recorded. If Will Hays taught Lili a few slang phrases like "O. K.", this also found its way into print.

Maybe, it's Sam Goldwyn's influence. Sam has always been the best press-agent in the business. The Lili-Peggy Joyce bout was the best newspaper skirmish we've had since Pola Negri wanted to put Gloria Swanson's cats off the Lasky lot. All of which, in the present instance, makes for a good time being had by all. Lili and Peggy like the publicity, the newspapers like the copy and their readers like to consume it.

Double-Crossing Divorce

VIOLA DANA has made up with "Lefty" Flynn and the two are living together happily in New York. Marie Prevost and Kenneth Harlan are on the verge of patching up their old difficulties, and Josef von Sternberg and Riza Royce fooled their lawyers by tearing up their divorce decree.

It just goes to show that Hollywood doesn't need divorce. A little absent treatment will turn the trick.

Speaking of Viola, she has gone into vaudeville, and the rumor is that she may land on Broadway in a new play this fall.

Peckuliar Tactics

THEY say that Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck, young San Francisco millionaire, are engaged. Which reminds me of a little story concerning Janet and Lydell when they first met.

It was a case of love at first sight with Lydell. He met Janet one night at the home of the William K. Howards, and the next morning he started bombarding her with flowers, candy, and what-have-you. That went on for about a week. He saw Janet every night but she never mentioned the flowers or the books or said "Thank you" or anything. Lydell was a little puzzled. He figured that she must like him or she wouldn't bother to see him in the evenings—then why didn't she say something about his little gifts?

Finally he asked her if she had been receiving them?

Another Ziegfeld beauty has flown from Flo. Agnes Franey, now with Warner's, is the most recent sweet Follies-girl graduate to be enticed by the films

A new Sennetter from California: Matty Kemp. And despite the fact that he's been cast for an important rôle opposite Sally Eilers, he is democratic

Out Hollywood Way

By DOROTHY MANNERS

"Oh, are all these lovely flowers from you?" gasped Janet. "Look!" She reached in a desk drawer and pulled out five or six cards that had come in the flowers. The name engraved was that of Lydell's best friend, who had thought he would have a little joke by slipping his own card into the presents.

Just a quaint old Hollywood custom.

Putting the ladies on a pedestal will forever be a practise so long as there are such as Sally Phipps

Betty Unadorned

BETTY BAKER felt that some near-nude pictures taken of her and used by Harold Dean Carsey, photographer, on his personal greeting cards at Christmas, should never have been exhibited. She felt so badly about it that she sued for $100,000, just for the humiliation of the thing.

Carsey entered a counter-suit. He said that he photographed only stars and that his business had suffered about $100,000 because he had photographed Betty—and Betty was no star. Both Carsey and Betty took plenty of nude pictures down to court and showed them to the jury. It was a right smart little session. The jury took one look at the pictures and decided in Carsey's favor. They felt there was nothing for Betty to feel humiliated about.

Girls Still Be Girls

DOROTHY SEBASTIAN says that some girls in pictures are actresses and some are still girls. The right answer to that is "What's a still girl?" Then Dorothy comes back with:

"A contracted player who moves in all the stills and is still in all the movies."

Tough Breaks

IT's been a tough month on the insurance companies.

Anna Q. Nilsson was thrown from her horse, like Bebe Daniels and the Prince of Wales, and broke her ankle.

George K. Arthur sprained his playing leap-frog. Karl Dane dislocated his shoulder.

Richard Dix is just recovering from an operation.

Lya de Putti burned her hand.

Lina Basquette broke a couple of ribs during the filming of "The Godless Girl."

Goodness Sex Alive

THE Universal Company can go to the head of the class for the snappiest title of the month. One of their new movies is going to be called "Sex Appeal."

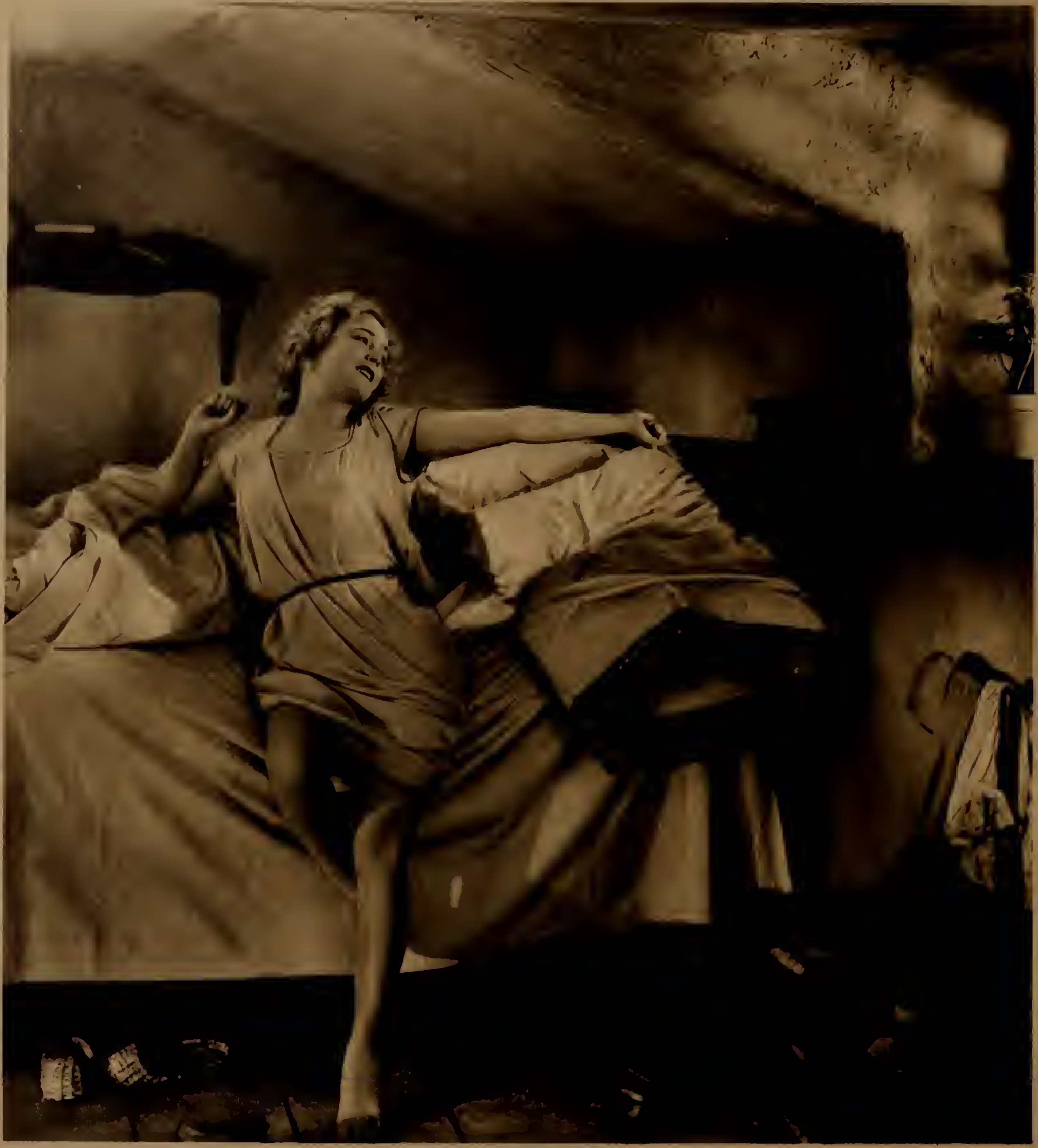
Wonder how Elinor Glyn happened to miss that one?

Spuds in Clover

IN a recent picture Norma Talmadge had a scene where she had to hoe potatoes all afternoon. By the time the day's work was over Norma had done a good farmhand's quota of toil.

"If you think I am going to let all this labor go for

(*Continued on page* 87)



The Home Stretch

Mrs. Rod La Rocque, known in some instances as Vilma Banky, presents her interpretation of an incident symbolizing the name of her next photoplay, "The Awakening." The sunlight indicates that this action does not follow immediately a Came the Dawn subtitle. But Vilma seems undisturbed by her tardiness; her motto being, we presume, bedder late than never

Eddie Props Up

Young Mr. Nugent Achieves An Actor's Estate

By GRACE KINGSLEY

"DID you take any of the pretty picture actresses out in those days?"

"I should say not! A property boy's salary doesn't run him into any danger of burning up Broadway!"

Eddie Nugent placed a big upholstered chair for me on the set, down at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios.

"It isn't the first time I've moved a chair, you know," he grinned.

Eddie isn't a property boy any more. He is that type of flaming youth known as a juvenile lead.

"But even now if somebody yelled 'Props' behind me," he smiled, "I'd probably start moving something!"

Eddie is svelt and trim and slim, with a sensitive, expressive face and a tremendously engaging smile—not a bit like the beefy vaudeville ideal of a piano mover. I don't think a person like Eddie ever would get away from being a property boy, if he had the least bit of an inferiority complex.

"I didn't, you see," he explained cryptically, "let anybody upstage me! If you don't pay any attention to them, you can't notice it, now can you? If you are ordered out of a house and you are going anyhow, it doesn't matter, does it?"

So it wasn't big-head, but a sense of humor that kept Eddie afloat through the tough prop days, one read between the lines—that and an entirely level-headed faith in himself.

"Even property boy jobs aren't so easy to get," he went on. "I hopped the studio fence to get my job as props—and it was a barbed wire fence, too!"

"Didn't you fall in love with all those lovely stars you propped for?" I asked.

"Surely! 'Course I did! Used to fall in love with them all—from picture to picture! I used to wonder what it would be like to take those marvelous girls out. But I find I don't care much for the night life, after all. Funny, isn't it?"

"Well, I suppose you paid them a lot of individual attention? And were they nice to you?"

"Oh, yes; they were dandy! As for individual attention, you don't have much time for that when you are moving pianos and building bonfires and sticking feathers in Indians' hair!"

I thought, as I looked at Eddie's engaging smile, which is like Gardner James', exactly, that, even with a bit of dirt on his nose, with grimy hands and clad in overalls, He must have been attractive, with his well-bred ways [illegible] nice personality.

[illegible]dn't been able to think, for several minutes, whose back [illegible]die's was like—puzzled over it.

"Probably Lillian Walker's," Eddie grinned engagingly. "She had dimples, too, you know!"

Just where is the difference between being a property man and being an actor playing leading juveniles? How does a beauteous star treat the juvenile in her picture who once rustled props for her and set her chair where she wanted it? Eddie can tell you. But you'll be surprised.

The Lowest Form of Studio Life

A PICTURE property man is supposed by the public to be the lowest form of animal life with the exception of an extra. It is supposed that a director, sitting high on his throne, would just as soon feed a prop boy as a chunk of meat to a lion; that even a cameraman crushes the life out of a property man same as he would kill an ant.

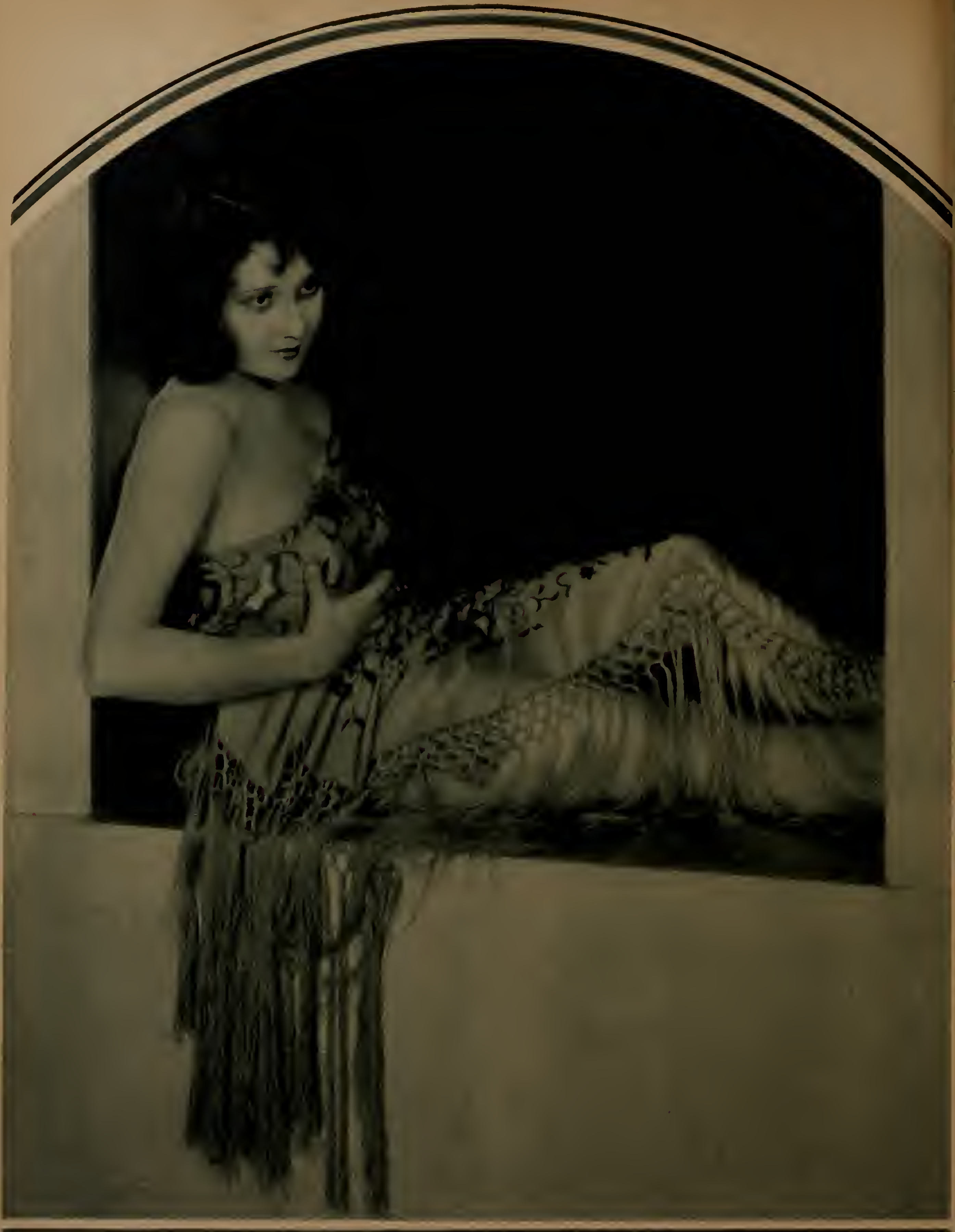
But there's just something we've all overlooked. That's the essential humanness of film folk, a happy-go-lucky good-heartedness, a spirit of taking everything as it comes, and most of all, of recognizing merit wherever it may be found, and there are many clever property boys.

But there's balance, too, now that Eddie has risen.

"If I ever started getting the big-head," remarked Eddie, "there are a lot of my old pals, the property boys and electricians, to take it out of me."

"But there must be a difference in the way you are

(*Continued on page 90*)



Julian Aucker

There are girls whose charm places them only on the fringe of beauty, but Audrey Ferris is not among them. In fact, if our eyes are to be credited, the fringe of beauty is upon her. Her loveliness has, in a remarkably short time, brought her to prominence, although not without many a discouragement and more than one instance of hardship, which evidently doesn't matter now to Audrey. She shows that she knows that shawl's well that ends well

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"The Fountain of Youth"

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Solray Offers You
Beauty, Health and Happiness

Miss Jeanette Loff
Famous De Mille Picture Star
says—

"After long, strenuous hours in the studio, I find there is nothing quite so soothing, so refreshing or so stimulating, if one is fatigued, as sunshine; glorious sunshine.

"You know sunshine is Nature's original source of health and beauty, and it's no surprise to me that the ancients worshiped the sun, as I just love my Solray lamp. I can now take my daily sun bath at any time, day or night."

There is nothing so attractive as a clear, healthy complexion, sparkling eyes and hair that is luxuriant and full of lustre. What is so irresistible as a personality that radiates the warm friendliness of good health.

In these days of the strenuous, active life, whether social, domestic, professional or business, we are in the pace that kills.

If we use up more vitality than we can put back then we are threatened with nervous exhaustion, a dull, tired, uninteresting and unattractive personality.

To be interesting and attractive, to feel good and be happy, you must keep fit.

Exercise, sleep, diet, all these things count, but there is no one thing that exerts such a direct influence on your life and vitality as sunlight.

Scientists have proven that the most beneficial, the most stimulating of the sun's rays are the invisible Ultra Violet Rays.

These rare but vital rays will not penetrate glass, clothing, or even the atmosphere in lower altitudes. Ultra Violet Rays are caused by the consumption of certain metals in the sun. By burning these same metals in an electric arc lamp, Ultra Violet Rays are emitted in the most intense concentrated form. This is the secret of the marvelous results you can obtain from using the Solray lamp, as only in Solray is the same formula utilized to produce artificial sunlight.

The instant you feel the gentle, warm, soothing sunshine from the Solray lamp, you sense its beneficial effects.

Solray is quick, concentrated sunlight—the ultra violet sunlight that relaxes and soothes tired muscles and taut nerves, that smooths out the wrinkles of fatigue, that relieves congestion through stimulating a natural, healthy circulation, and increasing the oxygen absorbed by the blood.

You can learn now how Solray leads the way to true beauty and greater vitality through the health. How it increases elimination, stimulates circulation and greater nerve stability, increases both white corpuscles and iron in the blood. Produces vitamines, kills bacteria, enhances glandular activity and fixes necessary mineral salts in the tissues, such as calcium, iron, iodine and phosphorus.

Heretofore, Solray has been sold to physicians only, but it is so safe and simple to operate, we have responded to the great demand for Solray in the home. It is an efficient, professional model for approved ultra violet treatment and should not be confused with violet rays, electric globes, pads, or mere heat producing devices.

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Contains interesting and helpful facts about this marvelous light therapy and treatment for health and beauty. Tells how falling hair and baldness have been cured. Contains a list of diseases that can be treated right in your own home, anywhere, any time. Tells how every member of your family can enjoy sun baths and keep fit. How you can get Solray on a ten days free trial.

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10-DAYS FREE TRIAL

96% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen are cared for by Lux Toilet Soap

ALL the beautiful stars in Hollywood know that exquisitely smooth skin is essential to a success on the screen.

Only genuinely lovely skin, say leading directors, can confidently face the all-revealing lights of the close-up. How wisely the stars care for their smooth skin!

Nine out of ten screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap. There are in Hollywood 433 important screen actresses, including all stars. 417 of these use Lux Toilet Soap to keep their lovely skin soft and smooth!

Clara Bow
Paramount

Lois Moran
Fox

Ruth Taylor
Paramount

Molly O'Day
First National

Dorothy Mackaill
First National

Maria Corda
Independent

Fay Wray
Paramount

Lois Wilson
Columbia

Esther Ralston
Paramount

Vera Reynolds
Independent

Jobyna Ralston
Independent

Alberta Vaughn
Independent

Louise Brooks
Paramount

Myrna Loy
Warner Brothers

Patsy Ruth Miller
Independent

Estelle Taylor
Independent

Doris Kenyon
First National

Lillian Rich
Independent

Gilda Gray
United Artists

Virginia Valli
Fox

Luxury hitherto found
only in French soaps at 50¢
or $1.00 a cake—now just 10¢

Step in *before you* step out

MAYBE a person can be a social success without the help of soap and water, but he is working against heavy odds.

Wise people do not rely entirely on interesting talk and pleasing manners. They also enlist soap and water—with clean linen as a matter of course.

They want to look right and feel right. They want to know they're *clean*, clean through.

There's Personality in SOAP & WATER

PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN SOAP AND GLYCERINE PRODUCERS, INC., TO AID THE WORK OF *CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE*

Freckles

Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles, quickly and surely, in the privacy of your own boudoir. Your friends will wonder how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white, the complexion fresh, clear and transparent, the face rejuvenated with new beauty of natural coloring.

The first jar proves its magic worth. Results guaranteed, or money refunded. At all druggists, 50c and $1.

Stillman's
Freckle Cream 50¢
Removes Freckles | Whitens The Skin

The Stillman Co., 3 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.
Send me your FREE booklet on skin treatment

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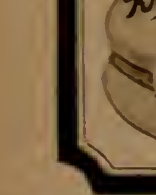

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Our scientific method highly recommended for quick easy development

LA BEAUTE CREME

for improvement of bust, neck, face, arms and legs

Used with great success by thousands. Inexpensive, harmless, pleasant. Successful results or money refunded. Full particulars and proof (sealed) free. Write for special offer TODAY.

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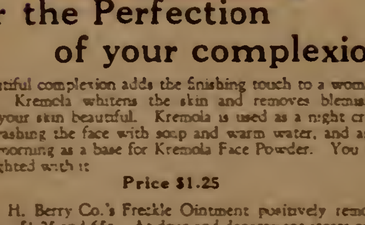

For the Perfection of your complexion

A beautiful complexion adds the finishing touch to a woman's charm. Kremola whitens the skin and removes blemishes, makes your skin beautiful. Kremola is used as a night cream after washing the face with soap and warm water, and again in the morning as a base for Kremola Face Powder. You will be delighted with it

Price $1.25

Dr. C. H. Berry Co.'s Freckle Ointment positively removes freckles $1.25 and 65c. At drug and department stores or by mail prepaid. Our booklet "Hints on How to be Beautiful" sent free

Dr. C. H. BERRY CO., 2973 Mich. Ave., Chicago.

R. H. Louise

Joan Crawford's arms are a good fit around Johnny Mack Brown's neck in this scene from "Our Dancing Daughters"

Bonenalabahmah

(*Continued from page 42*)

for believe me, brother, you're all wrong.

Across a studio luncheon table, Mr. Brown indicated that the interview was now under way, by announcing politely, "Ah wuz bonen Dothanalabama-ma'am."

"Thank you," I replied, embarrassed, "but I really prefer a fruit salad."

This didn't seem the correct answer, for Mr. Brown looked vastly troubled. Presently he ventured, "Ah sayed Ah wuz bone. *Bone*, ma'am."

Came dawn, bringing with it the announcement that Johnny Mack Brown was born. There seemed no logical reason to dispute this, so I suggested that he order some alphabet soup and spell Dothan. I rather hoped he would cut out the "Ma'am," which makes one feel a bespectacled forty, but it's no use being too fussy.

He then related, as I already have, his advent into motion picture circles. Referring to the Alabama-Washington game, he said, "Ah wuz glade we won that game, ma'am. Wash'n'ton had a fine team and the folks hahdly expected ouah Southahn team to make a good showin' against it. But we felt theah sympathy was with us, anyway, and we wuz proud to win." Incidentally, Johnny's team tied our Stanford boys. Alabama could play football all right, with Johnny Mack Brown along.

"Hollywood seems a silly place for you," I remarked. And it does. "Do you feel at home here, with grease-paint on your face?"

"Ah don't mind," he replied serenely. "Theah's nice folks heah. But Hollywood does seem less pe'manent than Dothan, wheah ev'body knows ev'body else. Down South, families stay in the town wheah they wuz raised, but the folks in Hollywood have come from everywheah. Ah've not met anyone who was bone heah."

I promised to introduce him to Thomasina Mix and Gloria Lloyd, the "grand old ladies" of the film capital.

Ladies and Gentlemen—

FEARING that what he had said might be construed as criticism of the grease-paint village, the polite Mr. Brown added, "Theah ah gentlemen an' ladies heah, just as theah ah in Dothan. Down home Ah always went to see the pictuahs that Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky made. They took such gentlemanly and lady-like pahts."

I'm not fooling you. That's just what he said.

"Mistah Bahthelmess is a gentleman, too," he continued. "Ah have the pleasuah of his acquaintance."

"What do you think of the Hollywood girls, or is there a girl back home?"

"Thea's a girl back home," said Johnny Mack Brown, and paused, evidently turning some problem over in his mind. Then with firm honesty, "Ah married her, ma'am."

His wife will never grace the screen because, as he explained, "Down home we believe that a wife's place is in the home."

On further prodding from the "ma'am," Alabama's former football hero related that he had been educated for a business career. No thought of stage or screen ever entered his handsome head until Hollywood literally reached out and grabbed him. Now that he is here, he likes picture work and hopes to be a "stah," known in the vernacular as "star."

And stardom may come to him. He is doing very well as leading man for such celebrities as Marion Davies, Madge Bellamy and, at present, Joan Crawford. The camera is very kind to him. In a casual meeting he leaves the impression of being a big, slow-spoken, mild young man, but on the screen as on the football field, he radiates pep and the good old sex appeal. His vitality is switched on and off, like an electric light.

Secret History of the Month

(*Continued from page* 35)

Hideous thought suggested by First National's publicity experts:

"More than fifty thousand title cards have been used in titling First National Pictures during the past year. Laid edge-to-edge in a thirty-foot roadway, they would pave it for a distance of more than two miles."

Gastronomic note from FBO shedding new light on the stuff of which the female Prowling Columnist—and presumably her column—is made:

"Louella Parsons, nationally popular motion picture columnist, and Jimmie deTarr paused to stock up on hamburgers at the FBO studio lunch stand before calling on Lance Heath, newly appointed publicity director."

Touching faith in Ultimate Good as exhibited by Mary Aiken Carewe, divorced wife of Edwin Carewe, the well-known director of Dolores del Rio; from persevering Nancy Smith:

"Mary Aiken Carewe has turned editor of a beautifully complied magazine, 'California Review.' 'I want to write and create beautiful things,' she says. 'My magazine will send the beauties of California, and the true story of motion picture making into the world. So much has been written of the sensational, that I want to tell of the good that exists in Hollywood picture life.'"

Making history at Universal City, as reported by Sam Jacobson of that celluloid burg:

"Ansel Friedberger, Universal director, could relate a tale of hardships equal to the best. It took him two years to get inside the studio and two years more to get his first film job."

Demoralizing effect of movie actresses on otherwise respectable Washington executives:

"Marion Templeton, at present playing in 'The Woman Disputed,' was the late President Harding's mascot. The night he was elected, little Marion was at the Harding home with her mother, and when the news came over the wire that Mr. Harding had been elected, he gathered the girl and kittens with which she had whiled away the waiting hours, into his arms, and announced that she was to be his mascot."

This month's contribution to grammar (from Mr. Fox's publicity workshops):

"No celebrity who has come to Hollywood has received such attention . . . than Harry Collins, famous arbiter of fashion."

Proclamation from the proud House of Tiffany

"Alice White has a head that has lots in it. When she read the script of 'Lingerie' and found herself a French girl, she called on her pal, Barbara Leonard, who, by the way, was educated in France, to come on over and give her a few lessons on how to speak her titles in French. Alice is now 'we we we we weing' all over the set, and George Melford is delighted with the idea and the convincing touch it will give the picture."

This

NEW BEAUTY BATH

IS ASTONISHING TO

FASTIDIOUS WOMEN

EVERY woman wants a soft, smooth-skin with the glorious feel of rare velvet—

Which explains why the Linit Beauty Bath is so popular among thousands of fastidious women.

After a luxurious Linit Beauty Bath you instantly "feel" the results—your skin is unusually soft and delightful to the touch.

Merely dissolve half a package of Linit (the scientific starch discovery sold by grocers) in your bath—then enjoy the soothing sensation of a rich, cream-like bath—and feel your skin. It is like rare velvet.

After your Linit Bath, powdering is unnecessary as Linit leaves just the right amount of powder on the skin, evenly spread. You will find that Linit adheres well, absorbs perspiration without caking, eliminates "shine" on body, hands and face, prevents chafing and affords protection against wind and sun.

Harmless and Refreshing

Starch from corn is the main ingredient of Linit and, being a pure vegetable product, is absolutely harmless to even the most delicate skin. White is the natural color of Linit—it is not disguised by color or odor.

LINIT is sold by GROCERS

Corn Products Refining Co., Department M. C., 17 Battery Place, New York City

Mary Eaton, Famous Stage and Screen Beauty

Maybelline Co., Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen: Having tried many forms of eyelash beautifiers, I unhesitatingly recommend "Maybelline" as the best. It is harmless, easy to apply, looks natural and its instantaneous beautifying effect is truly remarkable. Sincerely, Mary Eaton.

Maybelline

makes scant eyebrows and lashes appear *naturally* dark, long and luxurious. Instantly and unfailingly the eyes appear larger, deeper and more brilliant. The improvement will delight you.
Maybelline may now be had in either solid form or waterproof liquid form. Both forms are absolutely harmless, being used regularly by beautiful women in all parts of the world. Either form may be had in Black or Brown. 75c AT YOUR DEALER'S or direct from us, postpaid. Accept only genuine "Maybelline" and your satisfaction is assured Tear this out now as a reminder.

MAYBELLINE CO., 4750 Sheridan Rd., CHICAGO

Solid Form
Liquid Form

FRECKLES

OTHINE
Removes This Ugly Mask

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine from any drug or department store and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion.

Be sure to ask for double strength Othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

The price of pride: Jaime del Rio didn't want to be known as Dolores's husband. So now he's her former husband

The Lowdown on Divorce

(*Continued from page* 23)

She laughed and went on, "All my life is like that. I cannot go back to the old Mexican ideas that I used to believe in. I used to think divorce was terrible. Now I can see it is absolutely necessary in the life of an American woman."

Then Dolores gave voice to a sentiment that I'm afraid you're going to recognize as something you've heard before. She looked up with her fearless, glowing eyes and said, "I adore my career. I would give up not only love, but everything, for it. And my divorce has made me free to dedicate my life to my work."

But she spoke with all the fine sincerity of *Merton* when he prayed, "Please, God, make me a good movie actor!"

She hurried on to explain, "Before, I was unhappy in my work, because there were so many things I couldn't do. I knew Jaime would not like them, and I was afraid all the time. But now I feel sure of myself; I can give myself completely to my work and I am happy."

Jaime's Jealousy

I reminded her of Jaime's great interest in her career two years ago. "Yes," she agreed, "at first Jaime was very much interested. That was when I was just beginning and was not at all important. But as soon as I had my first triumph, his attitude changed. He resented my success. He was a typical Latin husband and had always known me as the submissive Latin wife. He couldn't bear my success, and he hated being known as 'the husband of Dolores del Rio.' Latins are not accustomed to this. They are brought up to think they are master, and they will not be anything else. Their wives are only children. Why, the first thing a Mexican man does when he marries is to take all his wife's money away from her! What American would dare do this to his wife!"

She looked up with a challenging glance, then rushed on, "When I first came here, I had been like a baby for so many years, I couldn't even make a cheque. Jaime had to take care of all my money. Now I do everything myself. I won't have any help. I *love* being like a man and managing my own money! I take a big kick from making cheques, you know!"

She seemed to find something extremely bracing and invigorating in the state of being divorced. She glowed and breathed a little faster with the sheer joy of being free.

"Then Jaime thought he would do some work of his own that would bring him a success equal to mine. He started to write, and I was so glad because I thought he wouldn't be jealous any more and we would be happy again. But he wrote script after script and didn't sell them, and he blamed me for his failure. He said if he could only get away from this awful place, where he would not be known as Dolores del Rio's husband, he knew he could succeed."

She paused, and I knew this was going to be L'envoi.

"So he went to New York," she said finally. "And I hope now he is going to make a name for himself. But we realized it could never be different for us and agreed to a divorce. I love Jaime and he loves me, but we cannot be happy together. We are good friends—but I can never be a Latin wife again, and he is too much a man to be a movie star's husband."

We paced up and down in the sun. In a few minutes Dolores went on thoughtfully, "I understand how he felt. He was right. And I was right, too. It was no one's fault. A woman cannot do two things successfully, of that I am sure. One, yes, but not two. And my one is my career.

"There may be exceptions to this rule. But the exception would have to be an American man who would understand better and allow his wife her share of importance and freedom."

"As a matter of fact," I remarked, "it isn't a question of nationality at all. The Latin husband and the American husband are exactly the same, when their dignity and supremacy are threatened. I think the exception would have to be a man who was just as important as his wife, in some equally distinguished way."

"Yes," she agreed eagerly, "someone so sure of his own success that he would have no reason to be jealous."

The irony of it all is that Dolores is turning back to the very thing from which she has been at such pains to escape—the domination of a man. That is, if there is any truth in Hollywood's favorite rumor that she will marry Edwin Carewe. For he is the man who discovered her, who made her and who, it is said, completely dominates her life.

How to Tell Clara from Sue

(*Continued from page 29*)

Under the insignia of college fraternities, or the heading of prep schools and high schools, Sue's fans write, reproaching her for "spoiling their ideal of her" and "disappointing (with varying numbers of s's and p's) her admirers by posing for cheap and commonplace pictures." "As soon as a girl allows herself to be pictured in a bathtub or an abbreviated négligée," reproves "George" from a famous military school, "she is dumped into the 'movie broad' class." "You are too sweet and nice for such vulgar poses," cries "Bill" of a Middle Western State University; and "Please write and promise me," begs "John" of the Phi Delta Theta, "that you will stop posing for these obscene photographs so that you will continue to represent to the young men of the nation all that is pure and modest." Middle-aged men and old ladies write Sue long letters of advice, warning her against the pitfalls of wicked Hollywood.

Clara's fan mail bears out the often repeated statement that she possesses a great deal of "It." Much of it is love letters and mash notes. But whenever the Bow makes a picture with an unhappy ending, a storm of protest arises. "We don't want to see you suffer," her fans complain, "you stand for happiness to us. Please don't die in your next picture. Keep on laughing and dancing."

If people are the result of their upbringing and environment, no two girls could be more different than Clara Bow, child of the Brooklyn public schools, and Sue Carol, product of expensive finishing schools and Chicago society. While Clara was growing up in poverty, hopelessly yearning for new dresses and the pretty things other girls had, Sue was traveling in Europe, making her début, and living

(*Continued on page 83*)

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The Answer Man

BOB—Robert Frazer was born in Worcester, Mass. Don't believe Bob ever lived in Greenville, Ala. Stage experience in "Ben-Hur," "The Wanderer," "Thy Name is Woman," etc. He is six feet tall, weighs 170 pounds, dark-brown hair, brown eyes. You bet, we have a list of the stars with addresses and their latest pictures, which appears every month in our Motion Picture Magazine under the department "In the Starry Kingdom." Ivan Mosjukine. the foreign player, is appearing in "The Loves of Casanova," a French-made film released by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

A JAZZY BRUNETTE—All the way from Texas. Bebe Daniels, James Hall, Florence Vidor, Corinne Griffith, Jacqueline Logan, Bessie Love and a score of others also hail from your state. Nils Asther was born in Sweden about twenty-seven years ago, he is six feet tall, weighs 170 lbs., dark hair and eyes. His latest picture is "Dancing Daughters." Your letter will reach him at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Ramon Novarro was born in Durango, Mexico, Feb. 6, 1889. Write him also at Metro-Goldwyn Studio.

M. E. I.—Better wait a while before considering that movie career. Rod La Rocque can be reached at the De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal. His latest picture is "Love Over Night." John Gilbert at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. "Four Walls" is his latest and Joan Crawford plays opposite. Richard Dix "Warming Up." Write Richard at the Paramount-Famous Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood Cal. Gloria Swanson was born March 27, 1897. Mary Brian, February 17, 1908. Tom Mix, January 6, 1879; Mary Pickford, April 8, 1893. Lia Tora can be reached at the Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

ANXIOUS FROM L. A.—Rex Lease was born in Central City, Va. He's five feet ten inches tall, married to Charlotte Merrian. Write Charles Morton at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Fred Humes is five feet ten inches tall, write him at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. The first male idol of the screen in this country was Arthur Johnson of the old Biograph Company. Monte Blue is married to Tove Jansen. She doesn't play in pictures, but her mother, Bodil Rosing, does. She's appearing in Pola Negri's next picture, "The Lady from Moscow."

BRIGHT EYES—Hoot Gibson was born July 21, 1892, at Tekamah, Neb. Too bad but he's married to Helen Johnson, they have a daughter Lois. Write Hoot at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Tom Mix is married to Victoria Forde. Tom's having a fine time in vaudeville right now. Write Larry Kent at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Send me twenty-five cents each for photos of Larry and Rin-Tin-Tin. Antonio Moreno is playing in "The Midnight Taxi." Write him at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

ANNIE—Glad to hear from you again. Leila Hyams was born in N. Y. C., May 1, 1905. She is the daughter of John Hyams and Leila McIntyre, well-known vaudeville and stage stars. When a child, she played with her parents in "The Girl of My Dreams," a vaudeville sketch, for four years. Leila is five feet five inches tall, weighs 118 pounds, and is the lucky owner of golden hair and grey eyes. Write her at the Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

OLD FAITHFUL—Who me? James Hall was born in Texas, October 22, 1900. He's five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 156 pounds, brown hair, blue eyes. Send your note to the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Ruth Taylor is playing opposite James in "Just Married." Write me in regard to photos of your favorites.

BROWNE—There are several thousand actors and actresses in Hollywood, but however, you can reach the following at the First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.: Billie Dove, Lloyd Hughes, Corinne Griffith and Mary Astor. Richard Dix and Clara Bow at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. May McAvoy, Myrna Loy and Dolores Costello, Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

JUST BILLIE—Lon Chaney has been playing in pictures about eleven years, one of his first pictures was "Fires of Rebellion," released by Bluebird Pictures in July, 1917. Dorothy Phillips and Belle Bennett played opposite. Thomas Meighan's latest picture is "The Racket" and Marie Prevost plays opposite. George and Eugene O'Brien are not related. Eugene is touring in vaudeville right now. William Haines was born in Virginia, January 1, 1901.

D. B. F. K. R.—That's only half of your initials, couldn't print the rest. Richard Barthelmess was born in N. Y. C., May 6, 1895. He is married to Jessica Sargent, latest picture is "Wheel of Chance." You bet he's popular. The average moving picture theater shows about 175 feature pictures in a year. Drop in again.

RITA O'DONAL—A jaywalker should be seen and not hurried. Yes, I've seen the new Fords, they look great. Loretta Young is fifteen years old, she played opposite Lon Chaney in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh." Philippe de Lacey is ten years old, his latest picture is "4 Devils," and you may write him at the Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Gary Cooper and Fay Wray have the leads in "The First Kiss."

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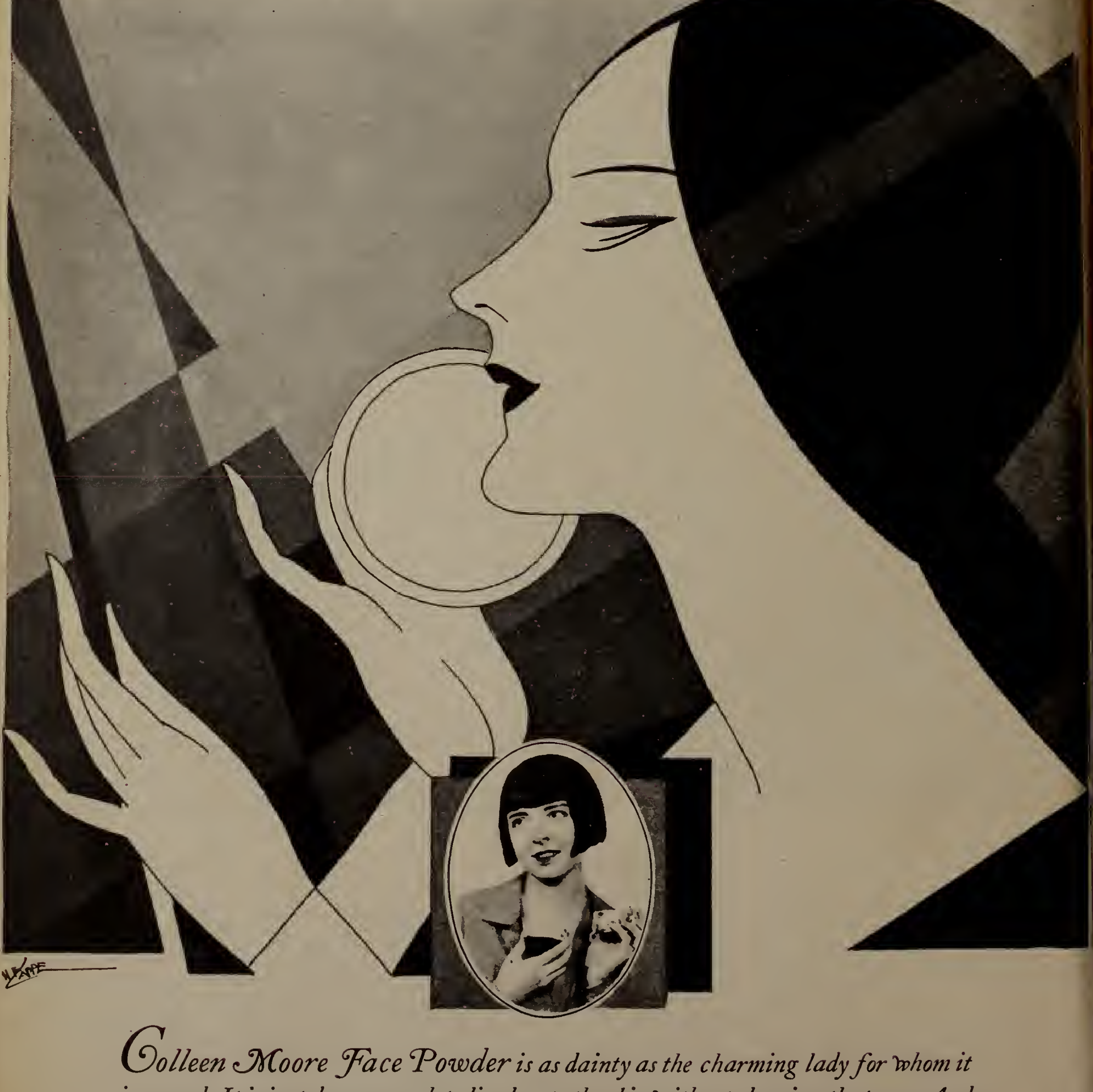

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Overtime Acting

(Continued from page 17)

When John Gilbert was interviewed shortly after his divorce from Leatrice Joy, he states that Leatrice acted all the time. It must have been terrible, their married life, with two people acting at the studios all day, and then coming home and acting around the house all evening. Oh, yes, John is a great actor, too, with his perpetually buoyant, zestful pose. They say he is buoyant and zestful even about the grapefruit in the morning.

Hollywood has its own social set of film stars, and there are inner circles, as in the four hundred, if such an archaic thing really exists nowadays. Whenever a list of names is printed in the society columns of Hollywood, Billie Dove's name usually appears. If there have been several parties that week, Billie's name appears several times. In fact, she comes near being the local Mrs. Astor. Yet, the other day, Billie said in an interview, that, while working on a picture she always went to bed very early. There are a lot of people in Hollywood who will be surprised to know that Billie even *has* a bed.

Elinor Glyn's ability to stage an interview is nothing short of miraculous. Of course, Madam Glyn is not a star, but there are plenty of people in Hollywood that believe she could give some valuable advice to the most accomplished actress.

When Madam Glyn was living at the Ambassador in Los Angeles, she had an apartment furnished for all the world like the boudoir of the exotic tiger lady in "Three Weeks." There was no tiger skin, but there were low divans upholstered in lavender and green and an abundance of stagy lacquered furniture. Madam sat herself on the lavender couch and rested her elaborately coiffed auburn head against a green cushion. A stunning color scheme.

Madam Glyn has always been a clever showwoman, and the writers regard her as "good copy." Sometimes, however, she carries the grand dame manner too far.

A young woman writer, a famous interviewer on a Los Angeles newspaper, once told me of meeting her. As the interview ended, Madam Glyn rose majestically from the same lavender divan, extended a cool hand, and murmured encouragingly:

"Do not be discouraged. Remember, that even a working girl can become a duchess."

Charlie Chaplin's off-screen big moments are the most insidious of all. He is such an adroit and knowing actor. Charlie knows just what pose to adopt for each and every interviewer. He can be sardonic, tragic, a business man, a man of the world, the dreamy genius, all in his repertoire, and they can be called forth without a second's rehearsal.

So it goes. The women are invariably worse than the men when it comes to overtime acting, except in the case of very young leading men. The youngsters are usually not quite sure of themselves and adopt a mask of world-weariness and sophistication. Greta Garbo likes to walk by the "misty sea" and vows she isn't temperamental. Jetta Goudal is such a consummate actress that one can't tell when the actress ceases and Jetta begins. Madge Bellamy engages her interviewers in long-winded and weighty discussions of high-brow literature. Irene Rich has been ultra-sophisticated ever since "Lady Windermere's Fan." Joan Crawford says that "most people lose their illusions when they come to Hollywood, but I haven't."

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A Bill in a China Shop

(*Continued from page 33*)

ran all the way to Santa Monica beach without even giving the cowboy a chance to tighten his strangle-hold on the nag's neck. William may be absolved of any ulterior motive in this mad dash, for the bathing beauties who have made California what it is to-day had not yet been glorified.

Soup and Fish and Shoulders

But Bill's wide smile, the laughter-flecked pupils of his eyes, the Dempsey-like shoulders and a pair of strong, straight legs helped him up the ladder. And, of course, there was the dress suit, too. It was the real thing, tailored "in the New York manner," and Bill worked in every society "drammer" of the early days on Gower Street. Then he chiseled his way into Selig Studios as the first assistant cameraman. The duties of this situation were vested chiefly in the toting of the camera.

Believe it or not, Bill did such a good job of camera carrying, that he finally became a leading man opposite Loretta Blake in a David Wark Griffith photoplay. This was about the time that Norma Talmadge left Erasmas Hall High School and the Vitagraph Company to cross Brooklyn Bridge en route for Hollywood. And in her first film for the National Film Corporation, young Seiter, dress suit and all, played the juvenile lead, and doubled as assistant director.

By now Bill had determined on the directing end of the business for his future activity. There was too darned much competition in the acting lines. He made a deal with Carter De Haven and actually megaphoned a series of comedies, and through these he won his directorial spurs on the Thomas H. Ince lot.

As time went on, Seiter hooked-up with Reginald Denny. Together they turned out close to a dozen pictures that set the world a-chuckling. But despite the early and late exactions of the picture business, Bill found the Star of his destiny—found time to woo her—found time to win her—found time to change her name to Mrs. Seiter and his to Mr. Laura La Plante.

Laugh if you like, but the man who marries a movie-star has a task ahead in the maintenance of his individuality. The right to "call his name his own" is one held by might alone in the case of a film favorite's hubby. Thus it is something of a tribute to "Big Bill's" virility of personality that he can jokingly call himself "Mr. La Plante" without fear of being seriously tagged as the unnecessary half of the family.

Seiter is the type of chap who would be annoyed on Piccadilly or the Bois by the *gamins* of those streets accosting him to buy a "New York Herald." In his manner and in his appearance there is that indefinable something which radiates Broadway and the Avenue.

All Shades of Stories

His conversation is rather sparkling, and pepped up with a gentle sarcasm that carries a laugh, though denuded of barbs. He hasn't a great deal of what passes for "artistic temperament." At least, not apparently. He would be rather ashamed to become openly enthusiastic in the Gallic manner. Yet, if he can corner you, he'll respond readily enough to slight encouragement and relate in frightful detail either the story of his "hole in one" or the yarn which he next plans for a picture.

His wife understands him. She knows by his eyes just what degree of naughtiness the next anecdote will attain. And she guides his stories according to her guests. For Bill himself has little in sympathy with the Kansas-minded gentry, and what makes Manhattan smile may wreathe Dubuque in blushes.

The Seiter apartment home, as might be expected, is thoroughly reminiscent of Gotham. There are hundreds like it along Park Avenue and on those exclusive side streets which lie opulently in midtown. One imagines that Bill would dress for dinner unless he were specifically instructed not to. Not that he'd like it, but just as a matter of habit—or perhaps a reversion to the days when the evening regalia was donned for the day's work.

Another impress left in the more youthful days is an appreciation of fine glass. Were Bill a bit less athletic, he might collect as a hobby. He may yet. And if he does he'll have connoisseurs waiting on his doorstep. At least once in his career he shared with the late Mark Twain a horror, real or simulated, of being branded with the mark of comedy. Mark insisted that his profoundest utterances would be greeted with giggles. Bill couldn't get anyone to take him seriously. That is to permit him a serious photodrama. They seemed to think he'd use a slap-stick on the heroine in the big assault sequence, or have the boys in blue ride in the wrong direction when the rescue scene was filmed. But from the days of the Greek theater comedy sense has been accompanied by intuitive dramatic appreciation. So it remained for Colleen Moore, also shivering with apprehension for fear an ineradicable mark of comedy would be branded on her brow, to select Seiter, maker of funny pictures, to direct her in a dramatic story. And now the Seiter genius seems definitely committed to deeper waters.

Actors Are People

At work, "Big Bill" is the same seemingly lethargic giant who lolls in an easy chair to feast affectionately on Laura's blonde and dimpled beauty. Not much excitement. Not much jumping around. Not much "hollering" or theatrics. He has it all thoroughly well in mind, and proceeds in a workmanlike manner to transfer his conception of the story to the celluloid in the camera. He acts as though the players were human beings. A well done bit receives a word of smiling praise whether it be contributed by star or extra.

Seiter believes that fresh contacts are essential to fresh ideas. He is frank in saying that he and Denny sort of petered out of inspiration after the first hundred years, or so, of association. Then there must be the gift of story telling. For the director is not too far removed from the ancient troubadour or minstrel who strolled the earth regaling those who would heed with glamorous tales of brave men and lovely ladies. Given these elements, "Big Bill" doesn't see any particular trick in picture building.

Like all men who accomplish things, "Mr. La Plante" has his modicum of ambition stowed away in a cavernous chest. He has his own idea for a "big" picture, and one of these days he's going to make it. Until then, "Big Bill" will saunter along improving his golf game, loving his wife, doing that directorial job which comes next to hand, and smilingly kidding the pleasant world in which he dwells. But never for an instant kidding himself.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER brings great news to you for the coming year. **JOHN GILBERT** and **GRETA GARBO** will appear in a great romance, "The Carnival of Life", and JOHN GILBERT will be in two other pictures and GRETA GARBO in three. "Show People" brings **MARION DAVIES** and happy **WILLIAM HAINES** together in a marvelous special production. MARION DAVIES has three additional pictures and WILLIAM HAINES has four. "The Loves of Casanova" is a surprise special from M-G-M. **LON CHANEY** will be in "While the City Sleeps" and three other films; **RAMON NOVARRO** in "Gold Braid" and one more; **NORMA SHEARER** in "Ballyhoo" and three other productions, and **LILLIAN GISH** in "The Wind". **BUSTER KEATON** appears in "The Camera Man" and in another comedy. **DANE and ARTHUR'S** plans include "Camping Out" and three additional fun films. **CODY and PRINGLE** offer the Broadway hit, "The Baby Cyclone" and two more pictures. **TIM McCOY** has six adventure pictures. That amazing dog, FLASH, has two thrillers. There will also be three COSMOPOLITAN PRODUCTIONS and three ELECTRIC LIGHT HITS with big, absorbing themes. Rounding out M-G-M's new offerings are its famous HAL ROACH comedies: those rascals, **OUR GANG**; the laugh artists **STAN LAUREL and OLIVER HARDY**; and rib-tickling **CHARLEY CHASE** and comical **MAX DAVIDSON** with HAL ROACH'S ALL-STARS. The M-G-M NEWS will again bring you the world's happenings and, with M-G-M's GREAT EVENTS Series in TECHNICOLOR and M-G-M's famed ODDITIES, there's the best entertainment in the world in store for you.

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METRO GOLDWYN MAYER

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They're human. They get tired and they get cross and they get hungry and they get fed and they get more cheery.

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It's the Magazine with the Personality

The next—the September issue will be on the newsstands August 12th

When Director Murnau isn't busy directing Janet Gaynor, he is busy sharing cookies made by Janet's mother

They Also Starve

(*Continued from page 26*)

upstart star who litters her richly upholstered chariot with peanut-shells and crumbs from onion sandwiches.

They tell the tale of the girl who besieged a casting-office and wouldn't take no for an answer. Finally the director told some one to "put her down for the sister part," and she was instructed regarding wardrobe. What money she had was spent in making purchases. When she reported for work, it turned out that there was no "sister part" in the picture. They had to get rid of her some way. They did. She went to the beach that night. And somehow forgot to stop walking. So the gentle waters of the Pacific cradled her last sleep.

There's at least one shabby-carpeted hotel in Hollywood that merits the title "Suicide Hall." Those who dwell there with the degree of permanency that indicates the possession of rent receipts, seldom inquire for those who are missing the day after the fatal board bills are presented. Some just move along when they find their keyholes plugged. Some are carried out in those cute little straw baskets affected by the best morticians.

But, if we're speaking of shorn sheep, let's to our muttons. The tragedies of those who seek work in vain are scarcely more poignant than those of the more fortunate ones selected to play parts. The other day a couple of dozen were carried unconscious from the blazing sun, where a mob of extras enacted a pagan holiday. "Make an adjustment," ordered the director, and each received two-fifty more at the pay window in return for incipient sunstroke.

Extra work on a set in which there is plenty of action is far preferable to the indescribable tedium of sitting, sitting, sitting, day after day, merely to form background for the acting of the stars. A recent drama takes place almost entirely in a court-room. Naturally, all interest centers on the accused, the witnesses, the important people in the *dramatis personae.* Nevertheless, the room must be peopled. So for two weeks several hundred extras simply sat. The only time they arose was to take the few steps necessary to film an indication of court recess or adjournment.

Some gossiped with their neighbors. Many knit or embroidered. A very few read. The great majority simply sat with blank expressions waiting for quitting time. There is no dignity to their labor. No purpose is accomplished. They haven't the consciousness of a task well done. And the hope of reward is as far distant and as intangible as the hope of heaven. Of the fifteen thousand extras, it is an odds-on bet, that not fifteen ever receive a large enough bit to get screen credit in a picture.

YET these thousands of creatures who must be classified as human beings, come day after day to the torture of idleness which would surely mark an active brain for insanity, or addle an imaginative soul to the point where the sting of Death would be a kiss. It is perhaps possible to account for the young ones. Particularly the girls. Perhaps they have the right to hope that their fresh beauty may sky-rocket them to the affluence of stardom. The tough part is that this very thing happens just often enough to make it not impossible. It seems almost like a come-on. For after your dollars are squandered on some catch-penny gamble, isn't it always so that some one draws the "lucky number" and wins the talking doll? And you throw another dollar after the good one which is gone. But the boys. It's hard to figure the angle that will keep young strapping fellows confined to such puerility. Most of them seem un-American. But perhaps under the John Gilbert—Gilbert Roland side-burns, the patent-leather hair, and the other sheik equipment, there are honest boys named Jones and Brown and Smith. However, they impress as a shifty-eyed lot quite capable of helping along a crime wave.

How to Tell Clara from Sue

(*Continued from page 73*)

the sheltered life of the only daughter of a millionaire.

To Clara Bow, her chance to work in the pictures, won as the result of a beauty contest, meant miraculous release from drabness and debt, and the possibility of everything of which she had hopelessly dreamed. To Sue Carol, wintering with society friends in California, the suggestion of a movie director that she take a screen test meant only a new and amusing experience, another thrill. In her first picture Clara burst into a storm of agonized tears because the director criticized her in a scene. In Sue's first picture she reduced the entire company to a condition of speechless awe when she replied to the director's announcement that they would have to work all night, "Oh, I'm so sorry. But I can't possibly come this evening. I have an engagement."

Yet, with all the difference in their backgrounds, and motives for working, their attitude toward their careers is alike. Clara's passionate determination to keep the amazing success which she has won in five years on the screen is matched by Sue's determination to make good and build up the name she has made in her one year in the films. "It is my *life*," says Clara. "It's the first time," confesses Sue, "that I ever was contented to stay in one place and do one thing longer than three months at a stretch."

Clara is probably the most popular star on the screen. She gets more *than a thousand fan letters a day*. She is just as popular in her own home town of Hollywood. At openings and other gatherings the performance has to be held up while Clara greets her friends. The secret of her popularity on the screen and off is the fact that she is the very essence of feminine lure. She is magnetic, jazzing for sheer vitality, with moods as changing as the wind, one moment teasing, arch, the next wistful, and again provocative and passionate.

Bows Aplenty

NATURALLY, Clara has her imitators. One little aspirant to Bow fame dyed her hair the same fiery shade, and spent hours when she was not playing a bit for Paramount standing on Clara's set, watching every gesture and expression. Every "cutie" who is signed up by a studio is hailed as "another Bow." But Sue Carol is the only newcomer who has shown signs of duplicating Clara's fame.

Sue, after only a year on the screen, gets a fourth as many fan letters as Clara. In Chicago her pictures are heralded as "Our Own Star," and all the society people in the city join the crowds who fill the theaters. Her wonderful strides in popularity in a single year are due, like Clara's, to her personality, but it is a very different personality from the Bow's. Sue is quieter, more demure, the modern girl expensively finished, traveled, sophisticated, chaperoned.

And speaking of chaperons, both Clara and Sue have them in private life. The girls live in charming little California houses—Clara's is Spanish, and expresses the Bow temperament in gay jazz awnings, while Sue's is an English cottage.

After all, what does it matter which one adores and imitates—Clara of the flaming hair and round cheeked, saucy beauty; or Sue, whose dark boyish bob frames her pretty oval face? Sue and Clara—two little moderns to the tips of their polished Chinese finger nails, girls to dream about, girls to worship. What does it matter, Clara or Sue?

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Freulich

The pride of Jean Hersholt's son in his distinguished father is superlative; it is equaled only by Jean's pride in his son

Don't Be Yourself

(*Continued from page* 55)

seriousness and geniality. He bubbles over with laughter and fun, and when he enters a room, his laughter is soon filling it. A big man, a trifle fat, but a good fellow. However, look into his eye and you will see there a seriousness that belies the continuous laughter. He takes pictures seriously, but refuses to take himself seriously. He believes that pictures are greater than the individuals in them.

"So many of us," said Hersholt, "take ourselves so seriously that we are laughable. Why should we? There have always been good actors; there always will be. Why should any of us think that we stand out so prominently? Some people in this business take themselves so seriously that they positively ruin themselves. As soon as you get thinking that you are better and bigger than the business, you had better start packing the trunk, for the door will open for you shortly and you will have a ticket marked 'out.'

"That is why I like playing character rôles. You lose your own self and you have no chance to get swelled up. Many a fine actor has gone by the boards because he refused to put his own self in the background. That is one of the tragedies of the screen. And that is where the man who plays character rôles has all the advantage. The present-day methods of pushing a particular star is ruining the stars by the score. A man with a particular type of personality comes along and scores a hit. At once he is starred and the producers play him in identical rôles until the public has tired of him. Then what happens? He is dropped, and in a few years people wonder where he is. He is probably selling automobiles or real estate. All because either he or the producers would not make a change in his type.

"Type acting is one of the curses of the industry. Outside of Chaplin and Lloyd and perhaps a few others, we grow tired of the same faces and the same mannerisms of the stars. We want versatility. If you haven't got it, you won't last long. You will be a success for a time, and then you either start to grow old and can't do the parts, or the public tires of you and you find yourself drifting along and half starving. None of that for me. I do not care if anyone ever sees my own face or not. I'll cover it with whiskers any day in the week and go in there and play any rôle rather than be a type and have my vanity tickled by showing my own face all the time. There is nothing particularly outstanding about my face, but my characters do stand out—and that is what counts.

"I was a bit frightened right after I broke into pictures, for I was cast as Christ in seven pictures. Seven more of them and that would have been the only rôle any producer would ever have been able to see me in. But I stood on my own feet and demanded other rôles. I did not want straight rôles. Just character parts, but I wanted them changed. At last I insisted that I never play two similar rôles in successive pictures. If I played an Italian in one picture today, I refused to play an Italian next week in another picture. Submerge yourself in every picture and you can go rolling along indefinitely—of course, if you have the ability to act.

"I try whenever possible to play in a comedy. Then follow this with a villainous rôle, then maybe a little tragedy, then maybe the rôle of a good old drunk as in 'The Old Soak,' and in this way you are always giving your public something different. What of it if they don't recognize you behind the make-up? It is the picture we must think about. None of us has a personality strong enough to keep the public wanting us as ourselves forever."

That is Jean Hersholt—modest—thinking of his art. But his work stands out. He will long be remembered for his work in "Greed." In "Don Q" critics are still arguing over whether he or Fairbanks, the star, carried the picture. As the meat packer in "So Big," he walked away with honors whenever he appeared.

"It makes it nice, too," he said, "for I can walk along the street without being recognized and pointed out by curious people who think that just because we are on the screen we should be pointed at like prize cattle. After all, we are only human like the rest of the world."

Don't Call Him Buddy

(Continued from page 51)

twenty-three years old—a man, with a man's responsibilities. Nobody but his mother could ever call him Buddy again—and get away with it.

"It isn't dignified," said Mr. Rogers, the other day. "Most of the letters I get are addressed to Buddy, but I guess they'll get used to the Charles. I hope they'll like me just as well.

"Gosh, I've been lucky, haven't I!" he beamed. "Things have always seemed to come my way. When I was in college, I earned from forty to fifty dollars a week playing in the orchestra. I went to Europe with it, too. And now I've been lucky in pictures. I hope it will last.

"It's pretty fine to be a star. Of course, Richard Dix told me he'd rather play in a big picture, like 'Wings' for instance, than be a star, any day. But I don't know. I've never been a star, and it's a big thing.

"It seems funny to be recognized and asked for my autograph. I can't get over it. When I was in New York, people stared at me on the street sometimes. At first I thought it must be my Hollywood clothes. And then they'd ask me for my signature, and I'd get a big kick out of it. There was the luncheon Miss Nichols gave in honor of 'Abie's Irish Rose'—and the opening on Broadway. Say—it's the second time I've had two pictures running on Broadway at once. 'My Best Girl' and 'Wings'—and now 'Wings' and 'Abie.' More luck!"

It's All Christmas Eve to Him

"My mother came on to New York for the opening—and my sister, too. When we stopped off at Olathe, there were four or five hundred folks down at the station. Gosh—it's all been great!"

There's something nice about an enthusiasm like that. Maybe when he's an old man—say twenty-six, or seven—he may take such things as picture premieres and publicity luncheons as a matter of course. But now—it's still Christmas Eve and there are more presents under the tree that he hasn't unwrapped yet.

"My kid brother," he said paternally, "he's seventeen. He wants to come out to Hollywood. He's crazy to try pictures. But I tell him to wait two years. I want him to have at least two years in college—I had three; sometimes I wish I had finished and then I think, well, things turned out all right. So he is going to stick it out and do everything just like I did—go to Europe in the summer, and all. Then if he still wants to, I'll help him. Pictures are great. I'd do just the same if I had to do it over again."

The kid from Kansas is going to be a college boy again—in his first starring picture, tentatively titled "Yale." If you still cherish your illusions about cinema college boys, you are in for an awful blow. Once you could count on your college boy to do the right thing. He'd be a regular cut-up on the campus, go to a road-house with a party of chorus-cuties on the eve of the Big Game, put on paper hats and have a high old time. But young Mr. Rogers will change all that. He is going to play *his* kind of college boy. He will take the stew out of student, showing him in his true colors as sober, self-respecting and occasionally studious. Don't laugh. He'll make you like it.

Marvelous New Discovery Makes Hair Beautifully Wavy

The Spanish Beggar's Priceless Gift

A story by Winifred Ralston

FROM the day we started to school Charity Winthrop and I were called the tousled-hair twins. Our hair simply wouldn't behave.

As we grew older the hated name still clung to us. Then Charity's family moved to Spain and I didn't see her again until last New Year's eve.

A party of us had gone to the Drake Hotel for dinner that night. I was ashamed of my hair.

Horribly self-conscious, I was sitting at the table, scarcely touching my food, wishing I were home. It seemed that everyone had wonderful, lustrous, curly hair but me, and I felt that they were all laughing—or worse, pitying me behind my back.

My eyes strayed to the dance floor and there I saw a beautiful girl dancing with Tom Harvey. Her eye caught mine and to my surprise she smiled.

About this girl's face was a halo of golden curls. I think she had the most beautiful hair I ever saw. My face must have turned scarlet as I compared it mentally with my own straggly, ugly mop.

Of course you have guessed her identity—Charity Winthrop, who once had dull straight hair like mine.

It had been five long years since I had seen her. But I simply couldn't wait. I blurted out—"Charity Winthrop—what miracle has happened to your hair?"

She smiled and said mysteriously, "Come to my room and I will tell you the whole story."

Charity tells of the beggar's gift

"Our house in Madrid faced a little, old plaza where I often strolled after my siesta.

"Miguel, the beggar, always occupied the end bench of the south end of the plaza. I always dropped a few centavos in his hat when I passed.

"The day before I left Madrid I stopped to bid him goodby and pressed a gold coin in his palm.

"'*Hija mia*,' he said. 'You have been very kind to an old man. *Digemelo* (tell me) *senorita*, what it is your heart most desires.'

"I laughed at the idea, then said jokingly, 'Miguel, my hair is straight and dull. I would have it lustrous and curly.'

"'*Oigame, Senorita*,' he said—'Many years ago a Castillian prince was wedded to a Moorish beauty. Her hair was black and straight as an arrow. Like you, this lady wanted *los pelos rizos* (curly hair). Her husband offered thousands of *pesos* to the man who would fulfil her wish. The prize fell to Pedro the *droguero*. He brewed a potion that converted the princess' straight, unruly hair into a glorious mass of ringlet curls.

"'Pedro, son of the son of Pedro, has that secret today. Years ago I did him a great service. Here you will find him; go to him and tell your wish.'

"I called a *coche* and gave the driver the address.

"At the door of the apothecary shop, a funny old hawk-nosed Spaniard met me. I stammered out my explanation. When I finished, he vanished into his store, returned and handed me a bottle.

"Terribly excited—I could hardly wait until I reached home. When I was in my room alone, I took down my hair and applied the liquid as directed. In a short time, the transformation which you have noted had taken place.

"Come, Winifred—apply it to your own hair and see what it can do for you."

When I looked into Charity's mirror I could hardly believe my eyes. The impossible had happened. My dull, straight hair had wound itself into curling tendrils. My head was a mass of ringlets and waves. It shone with a lustre it never had before.

You can imagine the amazement of the others in the party when I returned to the ballroom. Everybody noticed the change. I was popular. Men clustered about me. I had never been so happy.

The next morning when I awoke I hardly dared look in my mirror, fearing it had all been a dream. But it was gloriously true. My hair was beautifully curly.

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And with this Spanish blessing you get a simple, easily manipulated Wave-Modeller which enables you to fix the size and line of the waves to your style and exact liking—finger waves or marcel—anyway you like it.

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Wavy Bob

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is the de luxe publication of the screen. It prides itself on its bright and attractive features — features which are off the beaten track. It is ever in search of new, original and fresh ideas. It believes in giving you the up-to-date slant on what's going on in the picture world. It's far ahead of the field, because it scores one journalistic beat after another. Its contributors are constantly writing new impressions.

Buy the

CLASSIC

for SEPTEMBER

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The Magazine with the Personality

As Nice as She Looks

(*Continued from page* 58)

celluloid. With the dawn she applied for and got extra work at Fox studio. Two days later the director picked her for a bit, and shortly afterward the eagle-eyed Mr. Al Christie got a look at her and signed her for some comedies. Back again at Fox several months later, she won her first leading rôle in "Wolf Fangs" and proceeded to parts opposite Tom Mix and Rex Bell, and in "A Girl in Every Port."

The first appearance on the screen of her legs was in "Seventh Heaven," when she stood on a street grating and was observed from beneath by Charlie Farrell. The other pair of legs in the scene belonged to Sally Eilers. Caryl's legs got a pretty good break, too, in many Christie and Fox comedies. Nice to have about the house.

A Pulchritudinous Pan

Caryl's pleasant map, flashed on the screen in all parts of the world and elsewhere in the handful of pictures she has played in, produced letters bursting with admiration, esteem and regard from country bumpkins, poets, idealistic college boys and jail-birds. Number 4815, writing from Utah State Prison, remarked that she was a great help and encouragement to "those in here, who, although now paying the penalty for their sins, are working and planning for the future when they will be released to begin life anew." A group of collegiates in Philadelphia stated collectively and individually that, gee, she sure was the berries. From the Mississippi, where legend tells us that darkies all go dippy, one who described himself as a Southern Gentleman delivered himself of the opinion that the most inspiring thing about Caryl was her eyes, but that her mouth also gave him to ponder on the liberality of the Creator, and her hair also called for applause. In a broad, painstaking hand, on a page torn from a diary which smelt slightly of hay, there came all the way from Nebraska, line upon line in prayer form as if Caryl were some pagan goddess of the yokels. Caryl, you may be sure, takes them with all the seriousness their writers would ask of her.

Recently she went on a location trip to Prescott, Arizona, to make scenes for "Hello, Cheyenne," in which she played opposite Tom Mix. Two days after she arrived, the boys of merry Prescott had discovered the number of her room in the hotel, and every evening they would troop up in a steady stream, standing dazedly in the corridor gazing in at Caryl in a sort of stupefied wonder. There is no need to start imagining her embarrassment. The way they stood and stared at her was just touching to Caryl. She stared back. When she left Prescott she took with her a face that had launched a thousand young Prescott dreams. All the boys in town started writing highly poetic letters to her. Probably for the first and last time in the history of the Arizona burg its inhabitants began versifying, and the one question of the moment was what rhymes best with Caryl.

The extent to which Caryl undermined youthful Prescott morale may be gathered from the last letter she received from there.

"I am not an old man," it ran, "nor a middle-aged man, but merely a twelve-year-old high school student and I only saw you when you were taking pictures here. I saw a picture of you that the newsboy Barney Davis had, and would give just anything to get one. I suppose you think I am foolish and all of that, but I swear that I would cherish one as much as Barney, and he most certainly does cherish it. Won't you please write With love to Henry from Caryl on it? From just one of your admirers."

Problem in etiquette, number MNX. What should A do? Caryl must either risk a marital rupture by sending Henry a compromising photograph, or else produce a situation away in Prescott between Henry and Barney Davis (the newsboy who cherishes his picture) which nothing but pistols for two and coffee for one will set right. Barney will undoubtedly guard his photo of Caryl with his life. Henry cannot live without a photo.

The answer will probably be contained in the obituary columns of the Prescott newspapers.

The $97 Masterpiece

(*Continued from page* 40)

Unfortunately, the limited space of the "producer's" apartment, in which the entire picture was filmed, allowed of no camera range, so only Mr. Raucourt's head photographs. A detached head can't do much acting, especially when the brow is plastered across with Arabic numerals. Then, too, Mr. Raucourt fools you with those masks, which seems hardly fair, even for art's sake.

Now you may well wonder why Mr. Florey and his "Rhapsody" are being taken seriously by the United Artists people. I didn't consult them about it, but I really believe that Chaplin and Schenck have been won to this young man because he is so serious about this work, so confident that he is going to make a success.

They are taking into consideration the fact that "The Blues" was filmed entirely in the living-room of Florey's apartment. All the equipment he had was a little "home camera" and a good sized electric light bulb. His "sets" were made of cigar boxes and tin cans. One of these cigar box sets looks so exactly like skyscrapers illuminated at night, I confess it had me fooled. And the tin cans gleam with a misty glow that lends a touch of phantasy to the heaven scenes, in spite of the cardboard angel.

As to the cubist railroad tracks and wheels, they were made of tin foil saved from cigarette packages, and the heaven-bound hand-car was cut from cardboard.

By using such scraps, odds and ends, in the manner he did, the ambitious young producer proves that he has an inventive and original mind.

Florey came to Hollywood several years ago from Paris, where he had directed comedies starring the late Max Linder. His arrival was unheralded, for at that time enthusiasm over foreign artists had not yet been aroused. He had his ups and downs, but has always been busy doing something; writing for foreign film publications, acting as intepreter, technical director, assistant director and what not.

At present he is assistant for Henry King.

Looking Them Over Out Hollywood Way

(*Continued from page* 61)

nothing, you're mistaken," said Norma and loaded up her fawn-colored Rolls-Royce with new potatoes.

Eric von Stroheim went to New York, and in addition to shocking the lady reporters to death with his comments on sex and other topics of general interest, dickered with Dennis King for the leading rôle in Gloria Swanson's next picture. Von is going to direct Gloria in a picture called "Swamp," his own idea. If he isn't careful, he'll be down in the gutter yet. I mean, making movies.

Getting back to Dennis King, he is the young singer who has been giving the New York flappers the same kind of thrill Jack Gilbert does for the movie breed. Dennis is the star in Ziegfeld's "Three Musketeers."

Standing Up a Star

YOUNG Hollywood men become so blasé. For instance:

A handsome scenario writer who was visiting in New York was invited to meet Marilyn Miller. As Marilyn is the darling of Broadway, this was no slight honor. The scenarist said he would be delighted to meet Miss Miller, and an appointment was made.

The day of the meeting arrived. So did the hour. But no scenarist. The Miller party waited quite some time, and then one of the men went out and called the hotel of the tardy guest. "Where the devil have you been?" demanded the irate young man. "We've been waiting here hours to take you over to the theater to meet Marilyn."

"Oh, yes," replied the young Hollywood, "Terribly sorry, old boy, I've been shopping and completely forgot it. Couldn't I met her some other time?"

All that was heard from the other end was the sound of a falling body.

As I said before, one gets too blasé in Hollywood with Alice White and Joan Crawford and Clara Bow around all the time.

Tempering Temperament

AFTER being featured in several full-length pictures, Arthur Lake is being cast again in the two-reelers by Universal. A lot of people seem to think that this is a form of punishment to Arthur for having been temperamental about a few things on the lot. Arthur doesn't strike me as an unreasonably temperamental kid, but then you never know.

Wonder what would happen if the movies started dealing with their temperamental people in the same way the Actor's Equity handles the stage stars? They recently banned Jeanne Eagels from working for a whole year. What do you suppose they would do with Greta Garbo?

The Graceless Gesture

AFTER rating a lot of publicity by announcing her engagement to Dick Grace, young stunt flyer, Alice White now comes out with the suggestion that perhaps she will not marry after all. As Alice says, "A girl with a career to bother with should think twice about marriage."

That may be all right for Alice, but it makes it tough on her publicity-fiancé. I understand he was really in love with the gal.

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Women simply aren't homely any more. You meet plain women, yes . . . but their smart, trim air is the envy of many who are only beautiful.

In the old days, when a girl gave promise of becoming "hopelessly plain," she was frankly informed of the fact to save her from hurt pride in later years. She remained frumpy and tried to convince herself that she didn't care!

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Advertising has played a remarkable part in making every woman attractive.

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The great beauty and style specialists of the country have been her consultants, as they are yours, if you are taking fullest advantage of the opportunities before you, in the advertising pages of this magazine.

* * *

Read the advertisements. They hold secrets of beauty and style that were denied the women of yesterday

Do Women Rule the Movies?

(*Continued from page* 31)

wood. Just how much influence is wielded by the wives of handsome heroes is hard to estimate, except by some husbands who know what some wives can do! But Natacha Rambova was undoubtedly the power behind the throne of Valentino for several years.

The Girl Behind Gilbert

Menjou was another screen star whose career was managed for years by his wife. And they say that Jack Gilbert, easy-going and humble about his own possibilities, might still be playing unimportant rôles in obscure pictures except for Leatrice Joy's fierce ambition for him.

Spanish women live in a world run for men. When the Del Rios came to Hollywood from Mexico City, Dolores was the clinging, adoring wife who obeyed every wish of her Jaime. They were happy—until the petticoat policies of a city that worships woman and woman's beauty dethroned Jaime from his post as Master in the House.

The feminine stars of the screen have exerted a far greater influence upon the movies than their masculine peers, as any harassed director will testify. Mae Murray, it is whispered, even resorted to stronger measures than tears when a wretched male displeased her! Greta Garbo royally refused to be coerced by studio executives and kept a great picture company on tenter-hooks.

Producers might hire bespectacled lawyers to put threatening clauses into her contracts, but the lovely and helpless Corinne Griffith ignored them. Pola Negri, Gloria Swanson, Jetta Goudal, Maria Corda—these gorgeous ladies alone can tell just how far they have ruled the movies by a tyranny of tears.

Perhaps the most powerful of all the feminine stars of Hollywood is Marion Davies, but Marion reigns not by temperament but by her position as unofficial Hostess of Hollywood. Other women whose social prestige makes them powers in moviedom are Florence Vidor, Aileen Pringle, the delight of novelists; and Mary Pickford.

June Mathis and Valentino

Then there was June Mathis, who bestowed the boon of her great influence right royally. On the wall of her office hung a framed photograph signed in dashing hand, "To June, the only one to whom I owe my success. Rudolph Valentino."

Perhaps the most spectacular wielder of influence in Hollywood was Madame Elinor Glyn, who for a time had only to look at a blushing young man between narrowed eyelids and murmur, "You have *it*," to make him at least a leading man.

For years Jeanie MacPherson has stood at the elbow of Cecil B. De Mille, self-effacing, quiet, prim. Amid the chorus of yes-men, flatterers and disciples she alone has dared to disagree. "Don't you think, Chief——" she murmurs, and C. B. listens, and more often than not takes her advice.

Behind most of the great men of the movies stands some woman, inspiring his effort.

The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page* 53)

is worked over with painstaking effort, one which is neatly photographed and acted with a fine grasp upon the emotions.

Sizzling Romance

The ancient barrier of East and West bobs up to provide a red-hot theme of desert love in "Fazil," and while it tells nothing new, it manages to sizzle with the element known as passion. It will surprise all of Charles Farrell's public to discover him giving up temporarily at least the simple boy-and-girl romance such as "Seventh Heaven" and emulating Valentino and Gilbert. He sure is there with the erotic impulses. And his lady friend, Greta Nissen, goads him on with the quality known as S. A.

"Fazil" is a torrid yarn, so torrid in fact that the celluloid fairly crackles with the heat. One sees a Parisienne married to an Arab chief. And when the monotony of the atmosphere begins to pall upon her, she leaves him. Jealousy inspires her to return. And her rescuers wound him fatally. Before he expires he sees to it that she accompanies him by giving her poison.

The tragic ending tones it up and saves it from becoming one of those *ga-ga* romances. Yet even with a sugar-coated finish, the feverish love scenes preceding it would have made it compelling. Charles Farrell plays the sheik with good vehemence of expression and succeeds in ringing up a more realistic portrayal than some of the boys who have dashed over the white hot sands. Greta Nissen is alluring—and then some.

Russia Via Hollywood

No complaint should be registered over "Tempest," which speaks out romantically about army life in Russia. Though made in Hollywood, it suggests a faithful picture of what transpires in any army anywhere when an officer is stripped of his rank. For his effrontery in "crashing" aristocratic circles this peasant is made to feel the utmost humiliation.

The picture introduces Camilla Horn in her first American-made rôle, and she indicates that she'll give the Garbo and likewise the Banky quite a run for their money. It is her job to express anger, scorn, *coquetry* and a few other emotions when she becomes interested in the peasant who has been elevated in rank.

The picture takes the spectators through the overthrow of the monarchy by the Reds and effectively points the conflict of class hatred. And it moves with dramatic sweep, touching a deal of interesting incident in its journey across the screen.

Barrymore has had stronger rôles, those which gave him greater scope of emotion, but he will not lose any of his following here. His romantic moods are in order—and when he has moments of despair, these are attended to with good understanding. Camilla Horn has a definite screen personality and plays her part with excellent shading. George Fawcett, *than whom there is no whomer* among character actors, does his work well, as usual.

The Divine Lady Herself

(Continued from page 37)

were comfortable and secure and had pretty nearly everything. Good times. Then the father died. He left them penniless as do so many men whose hearts are bigger than their insurance policies.

What happened? Well, people who had eaten from their larder cut them.

By Way of a Contest

CORINNE, on the sill of leaving childhood, watched this sorry play of human events and in her tender, shocked young mind there formed the bitter conviction that friends are of one species only—fair-weather. That power and position are omnipotent assets. That you spend and the world spends with you. Be poor and you are poor by yourself.

Corinne's mother broke up what remained of the desolated home and came to Hollywood on a slight business enterprise. The girls stopped school and got jobs here and there. One night there was a dance and a beauty contest was staged. Corinne won the honors. A well-known director was there and they talked together. He invited her to drop around She did, and the rest is history.

In Corinne's beautiful Beverly Hills home we sat at luncheon and reviewed the past. Cast a speculative eye into the future.

We spoke of "The Divine Lady," which on the First National lot, she was to begin the following week. She said that she had not been so interested in any picture for many moons. She was amused because it had been argued that a great deal of footage would have, perforce, to be given the character of *Nelson*. Which will mean fewer close-ups for *Lady Hamilton*. "As if that matters," said Corinne. "I want a *story*."

I murmured, irrelevantly perhaps, "Most of 'em *crave* close-ups."

"So many of us on the screen 'crave' the wrong things. Get the wrong things."

"Such as——?"

"Parasites. Egotism. Notoriety. The three great evils. I know I haven't the first of them. I never have had. I trust I haven't the second and hope I shall never have the third. Publicity of the right sort is indispensable. It is the air in our lungs. But between publicity and notoriety there yawns a dangerous gulf.

"Perhaps my childhood, the things I saw happen after my father's death, have made me unusually wary.

Marriage Has Changed Her

"PERHAPS my years on the screen, my experiences, have given me just this for a philosophy—*to expect nothing of anybody.*

"And I have learned to be happy. I think being Mrs. Walter Morosco has done that for me. Walter frequently says to me that I am, today, totally unlike the shrinking, timid girl he married. Afraid of my own shadow. He has taught me happiness by the infallible medium of example.

"To expect nothing, to work, to be independent, to find happiness in things close at hand. I suppose that is my philosophy."

We drove to my home about five o'clock. Corinne has always to be home at five-thirty when not working. "Walter likes to find me there," she said.

We sat under white fur lined with mauve velvet in a motor that purrs like silk. I thought of the little girl watching the door of her home close behind her. Out of those childish blocks that bruised her heart, she has built "The Divine Lady" of today

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Lose 20 lbs. as I Did

Why should not men as well as women keep their figures, their health, their vitality? Excess fat blights both alike. And normal conditions are as easy for one sex as the other.

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The Second Christ Weighs Hollywood

What would an ascetic prophet think of Hollywood?

What would a man whose life had been devoted to things spiritual, who had dedicated his existence to the study of the profundities of the soul, to an inquiry into the eternal verities, think of it?

How would strike him its glamour, its lavish richness, its power, its display?

These questions have often been asked.

But never, until now, answered.

For in Hollywood today there is such a man: a profound and sincere and world-famed prophet.

The man who is regarded by the great theosophist, Mrs. Annie Besant, and by countless other followers of this religion, as the Second Christ.

Krishnamurti

He is in Hollywood now; and for the first time he has consented to an account of his views upon Hollywood; its people, its purpose, its power for good and for evil.

Krishnamurti's estimate of Hollywood, his trial of the capital and its people, his conclusions concerning what it possesses and what it lacks, are contained in an exclusive interview reported in the next, the September, issue of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

This interview, entitled "The Second Christ Weighs Hollywood," is probably the most significant and sensational appraisal of Hollywood ever made public.

MOTION PICTURE, the September number, will be on sale July 28th. Watch for the date and for the magazine on the newsstands. You can't afford to miss THE SECOND CHRIST WEIGHS HOLLYWOOD—or any other of the up-to-the-minute and fresh features in—

September
MOTION PICTURE

It's a Magazine
of Authority

Nize Baby End De Baby Stozz

(*Continued from page 25*)

'Ivan the Tarrible,'" he says, laffing himself seek, "and have Lon Chaney for Ivan and you'd be Tarrible."

Dese Hollywoot broducers are nize fellers. They talk English so goot as if from Park Avenue or the Bronix they dunt come. They started life from pressing pents end chauffering pushcarts end woiked up to having a wallet to press off them the pents, end a chauffer to drive them around in Rolls-Roysez.

You esk what I think about Hollywoot? Ho, boy! It is feeled opp Hollywoot from fleppers from a gudgeous nature! Witt ectors, witt directors, witt geg men, witt moofie—stozz—oy oy. In Hollywoot a man can enoin himself without it should cost him a cent, standing from the outside of the restaurant witt de nem from Montmartre watching the stozz gung inside. Soch dollink baby stozz! Soch cowboys with diamond belts, soch sheeks!

You esk what I think about the moofies? I only been here fife days already and maybe I didn't loined efferyting yet, but it came gredually the idea to me that what the moofies need is bigger and better Jewish peetchers, peetchers where the charectors is foist real pipple like the pipple which stend on your toes in the subway end stick from you the elbows in the elevators, real human beans foist end Jewish charectors efterwards. Soch a tings what it heppens when they make Jewish peetchers! Soch a way they make them talk by the subtitles! It could come de woist foolishness. Jewish pipple dunt all talk Bronix. Some from them speak soch goot English as me. It comes over me the feeling to yall "Benena Hoil!" when I see some these Jewish peetchers.

Offices Are All Esh Trays

And anodder thing Hollywoot needs is esh trays for de offices. Maybe you dunt hoid the story about de pessenger what go down from off of the tren in Arizona end went inside from de station house.

"Where is it yet the bethroom?" he esked the stations mester.

The stations mester pointed out from de weendow where was a gret deal of nottings at all axcept two, t'ree tousend acres of flet land. "It's *all* bethroom," he says.

De offices from de stoodio is all esh trays.

An epson minded poison could think he was in the Bronix when he stends in a Hollywoot flet house, end listens at de pipple over him end under him talking.

Across from the airshaft what they call it the "patty-o" in Hollywoot Mrs. Abrams what plays bits end Mrs. Baumberg what plays extras exchenges the latest inflammation about the femmous moofie stozz.

"Was it offle lest night, I esk you, Mrs. Baumberg? Soch a hollerink! Soch a coisink! Every time it comes a party next door I get failure from the heart the ceilings should shaking so! So it comes from living beside a *heavy.*"

"End did you see the vemp from the lower flet gung out, Mrs. Abrams! Soch cheeks she got! Maybe it should be healthy color, but she is healthier from one side oder the other, God forbid! They say she's getting off her husband a diworce. Maybe that's what they say 'getting ahead by decrees' is, no?"

Do I like Hollywoot? Dunt esk! Ony it ent any place for a femly man!

Eddie Props Up

(*Continued from page 63*)

treated now?" I goaded him mercilessly.

"Well, of course, I have my favorites," admitted Eddie. "I propped for Pauline Starke and Joan Crawford and Billie Haines and Johnny Mack Brown and Lillian Gish and Aileen Pringle and lots of others."

"And played in their pictures afterward?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, the very first picture I played in was 'Our Dancing Daughters,' with Joan Crawford, Dorothy Sebastian, Johnny Mack Brown and Nils Asther.

"When I walked onto the stage, they all welcomed me! Oh, it was heart-warming.

"Most studio people have been very nice to me always—props or leading juvenile, it seemed to make no difference.

The Unkindest Set of All

"It was mostly people outside the profession who were different to me before and after I became an actor—mostly tradespeople and society people. They couldn't see me at all when I was a props. Now I can even owe them rent and they still will look up to me!

"People in the studio seemed to want to help me. Billie Haines, Aileen Pringle, and Ramon Novarro were perhaps the very nicest among the players. But, of course, it was Byron Morgan who gave me my start.

"I met Byron Morgan the day I was given the script to prop 'Rookies,' and that's the day I gave him a gag or two. My first gag? Well, there was a hard-boiled soldier who came into a room and spat into a cuspidor. I suggested that when that happened it rocked the spittoon. That would show how tough he was. It got over fine.

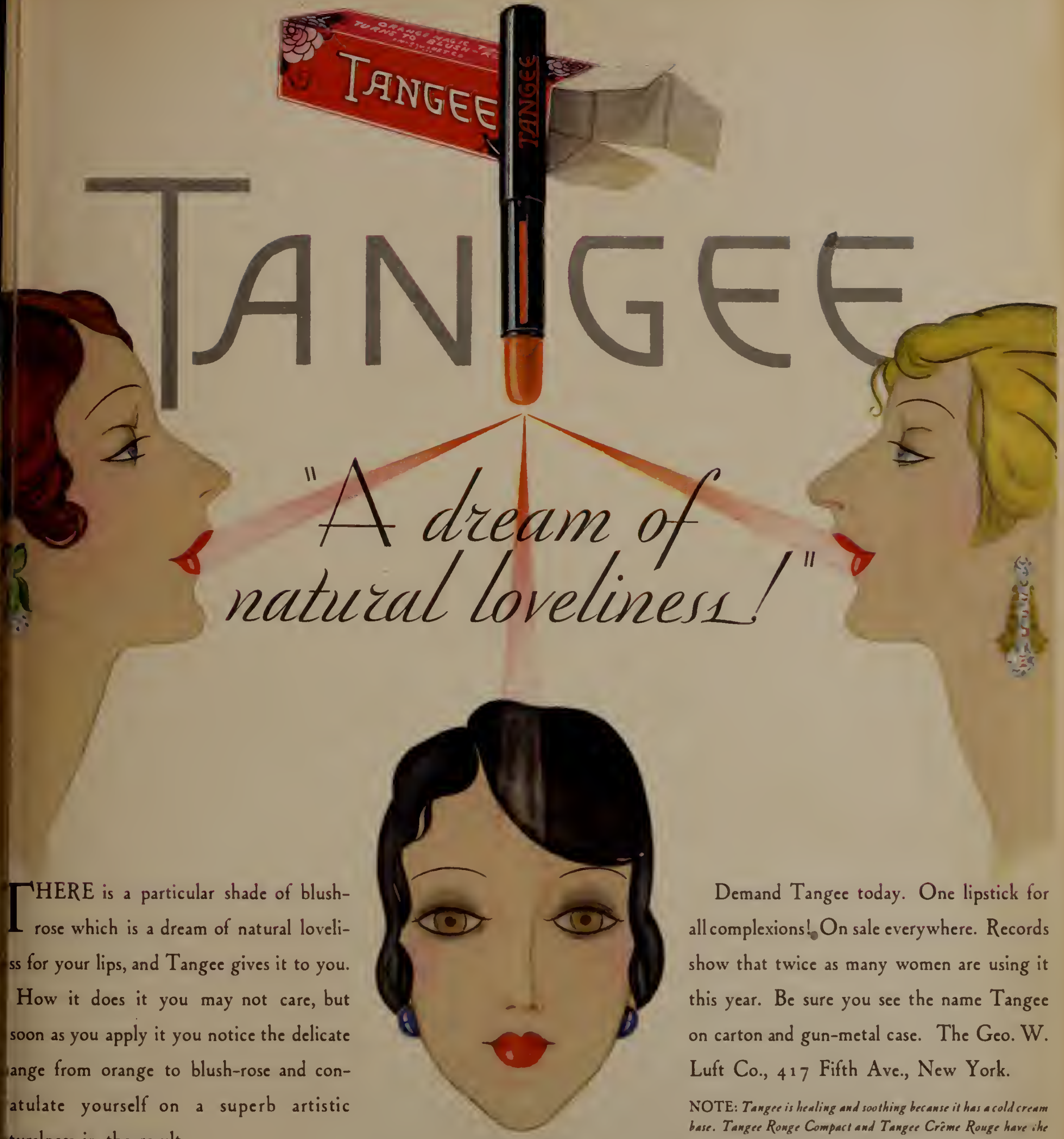
"I got hurt rustling some extra heavy props and was lying around in bed at home, just about discouraged and fed up with the work, when Morgan sent for me. He gave me 'The Smart Set' to gag. It was tough work, but I got by.

"It was Billie Haines who first thought of me as an actor, I guess. He and Harry Rapf went to see a picture I had gagged one night, and Billie annoyed Rapf all through the picture telling him I should act."

"Was there any jealousy among the property boys?" I inquired. "I mean about your promotion?"

"Oh, no, they were all tickled to death—thought that if I could get out of it, maybe they can. They come to me and say, 'Do you think I could do so-and-so?' And what a lot of talented boys there are in the props department."

But maybe they haven't all Eddie's background. His family were all theatrical and circus people. His grandfather and grandmother were acrobats, his father a theatrical manager. He himself was stunt man with Vitagraph, and he was also assistant director once on Poverty Row—which, in picture parlance, means down on a certain corner in Hollywood where the cheap independents produce.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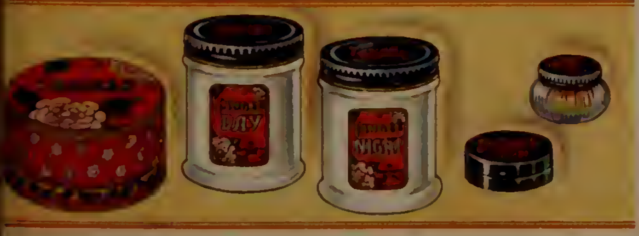

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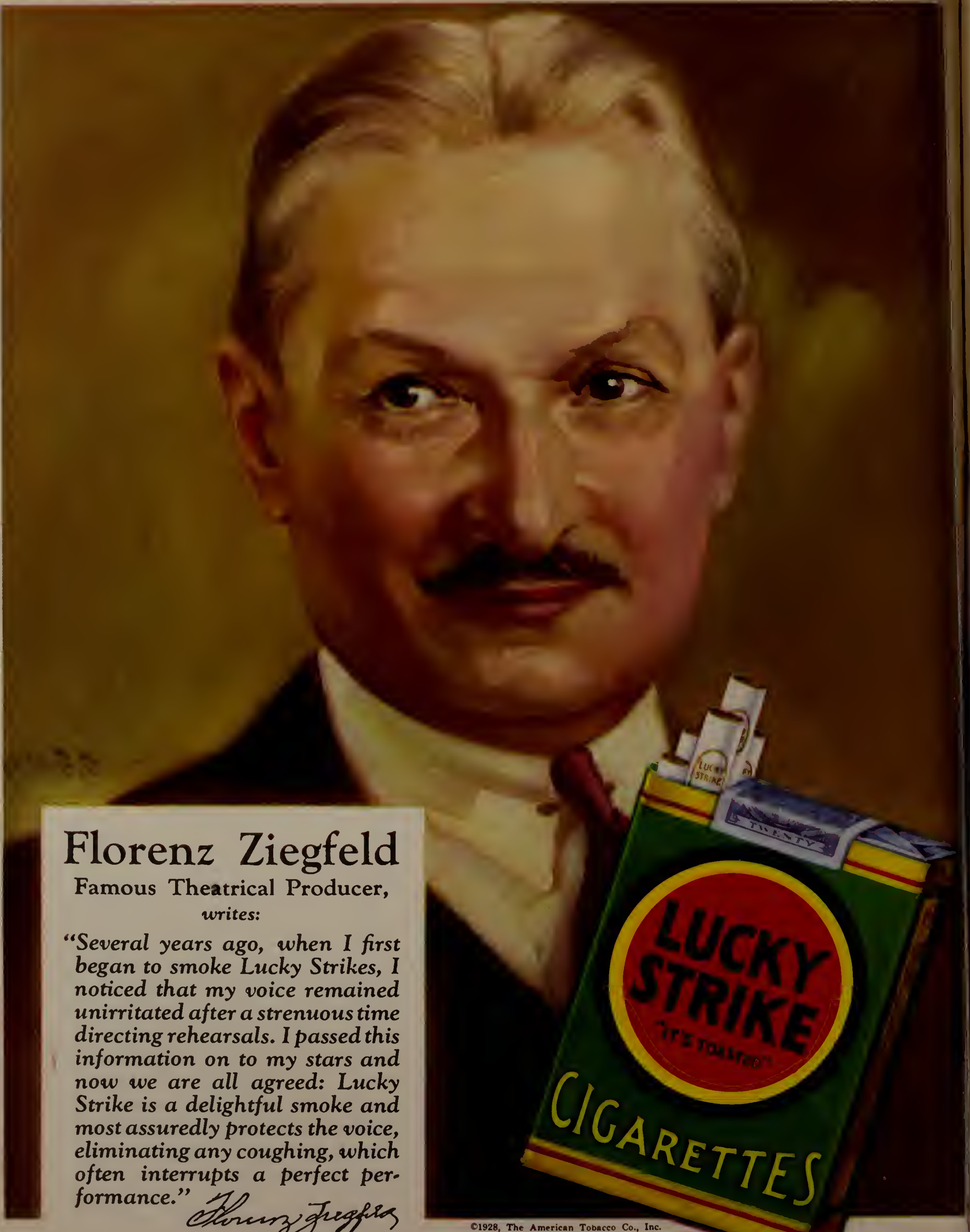

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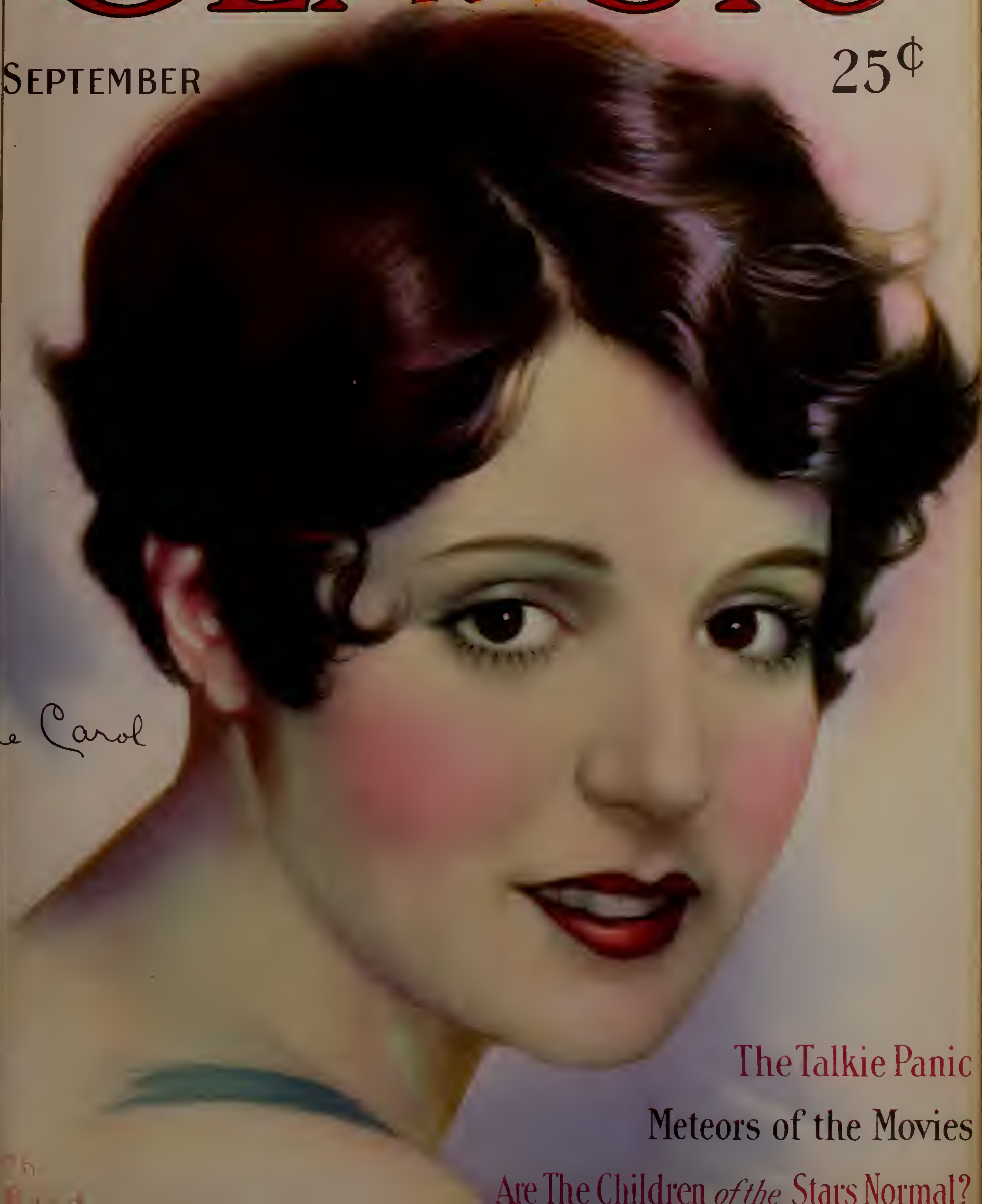

The Talkie Panic

Meteors of the Movies

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—New York American

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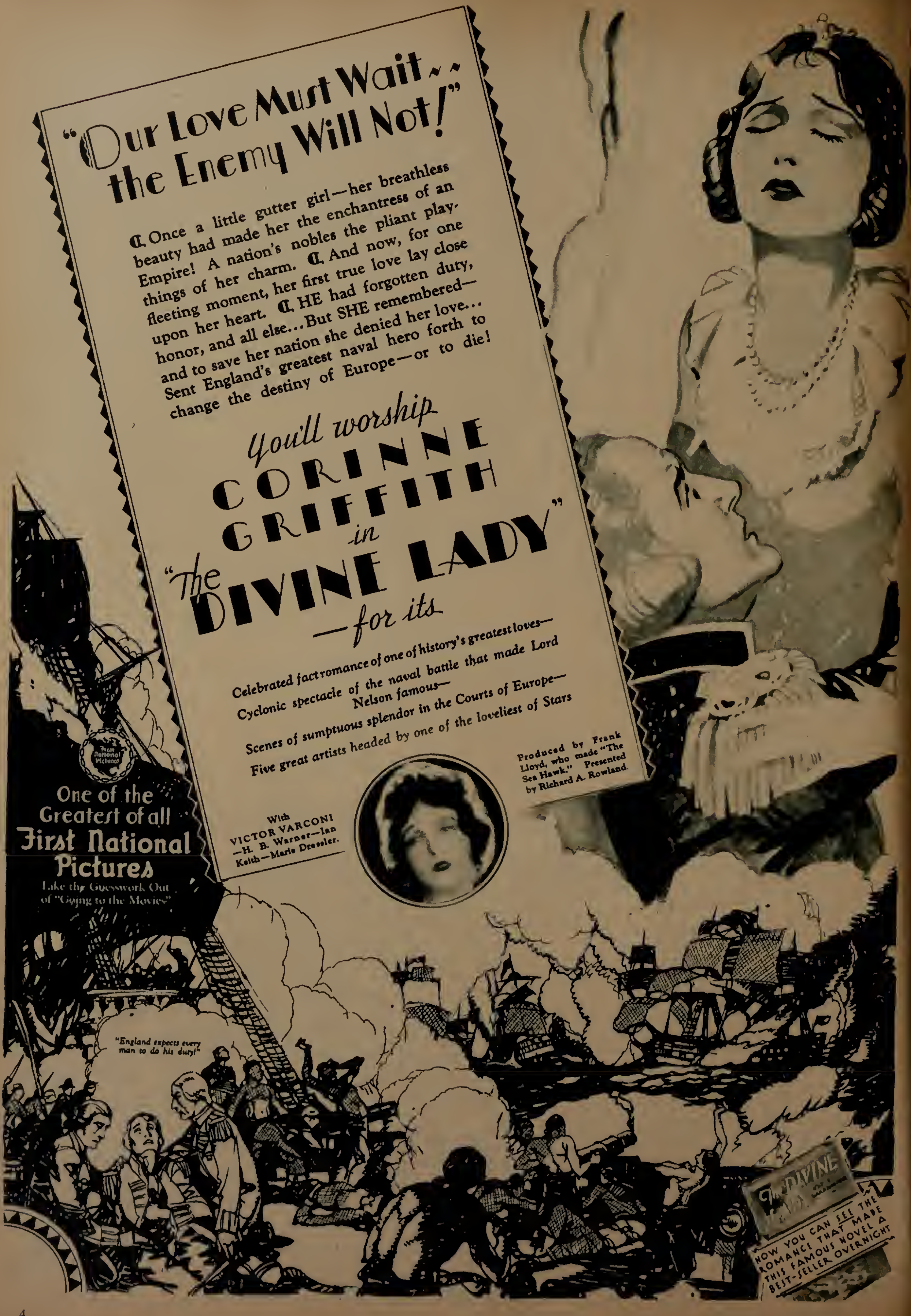

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First National Pictures
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MOTION PICTURE

CLASSIC

Vol. XXVIII SEPTEMBER, 1928 No. 1

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LAURENCE REID, Editor
Colin J. Cruickshank, Art Director
CLASSIC comes out on the 12th of every month, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE the 28th

Subscription $2.50 per year, in advance, including postage, in the United States, Cuba, Mexico and Philippine Islands. In Canada $3.00; Foreign Countries $3.50 per year. Single copies 25 cents postage prepaid. United States Government stamps accepted. Subscribers must notify us at once of any change in address, giving both old and new address.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC., AT 18410 JAMAICA AVE., JAMAICA, N. Y.

Entered at the Post Office at Jamaica, N. Y., as second-class matter, under the act of March 3rd, 1879. Printed in U. S. A.
George Kent Shuler, *President and Treasurer;* Duncan A. Dobie, Jr., *Vice-President;* Murray C. Bernays, *Secretary.*

EXECUTIVE and EDITORIAL OFFICES, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City
European Agents, Atlas Publishing Company, 18, Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4.
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LETTERS from CLASSIC Readers

$15.00 LETTER
The Silent Drama

DEAR EDITOR:

Recently certain critics made statements which prove conclusively that they do not understand the scope and effectiveness of picture plays; and it is to these that I would give answer. I address those who predict that the silent drama will soon be replaced by the new sound-producing films.

The silent drama in its ideal form, has no need for spoken dialogue. It is drama expressed in pantomime and when its effects have been properly planned and interpreted it is a complete and distinct form of expression. Spoken dialogue would mar its effect.

A good moving picture actor expresses ideas and emotions adequately in action alone. A great director plans and directs a series of actions that make a completely expressive drama.

What need for spoken dialogue has Lon Chaney, Emil Jannings, Pola Negri, Gloria Swanson, or any other of the host of first-rate motion picture artists? What use would Cecil B. De Mille, D. W. Griffith, Eric von Stroheim, King Vidor, or any other thoroughly competent director have for the spoken word. None whatever—if they know their business.

Synchronized musical scores can add much to the effectiveness of a picture play but spoken dialogue can only be a hinderance.

Let the screen give sound to musical comedies, vaudeville acts, grand operas and concerts, but let it add to the silent drama only a good musical setting. Truly yours,

Adrian Anderson,
Birmingham, Alabama.

$10.00 LETTER
Applause for "Speedy"

DEAR EDITOR:

THIS is a written applause for "Speedy." Children clap their hands loudly and sincerely during any part of a picture that pleases them. We over twelve years sit silently and limit ourselves to remarks of praise or disgust in our companions' ears.

Oh, to have been a child the other night! "Speedy" is full of the sort of stuff that tempts our hands to come together in a happy, snappy bang!

We have seen drama, sentimental syrup, slap-stick, mystery, wild west, and indigestible sex on the screen, but they are all topped and tipped by the good comedy picture such as Harold Lloyd creates. His possible nonsense lends itself perfectly to the camera. And "Speedy" *is* such *possible* nonsense. Mr. Lloyd knows just when to side step from the ridiculous.

"Speedy" is an unassuming hero—a young man of faith and fate. He is imaginative—witness his base-ball scoring at the soda fountain! He is shrewd—see how he adds a line to Pop's $10,000, making it $70,000. He is loyal—his sweetie and Pop are his life. He is an idealist—remember the home in the moving van? He is brave—fighting with fist and wit a gang of thugs. He is determined—he ran that horse car once during the twenty-four hours under the most suspensive circumstances, and *won!*

"Speedy" has the virtues that make for character, with enough of the "Old Nick" in him to make us wonder if we won't meet *him* on the street any day.

Very sincerely,
Helen Jensen,
Detroit, Michigan.

$5.00 LETTER
A Trip to Movieland

DEAR EDITOR:

WHEN troubles press on every hand, and life seems dull and drab and dreary, I take a trip to Movieland, and soon forget that I am weary. My woes are chased away by smiles; no journey could be brighter, shorter. A flash! We're in the South Sea Isles; the total fare a modest quarter. Along that moonlit coral strand no spirit could be heavy-laden, as heart to heart and hand in hand, the hero wanders with the maiden. A villain lurks beneath the palms, and plots his evil machination; follows suspense and inward qualms fed by your own imagination. The lovers now are torn apart; Virtue is slain without a reason; the hero sacrificed to art, Vice is triumphant for a season. What if it is the same old biz! What if you recognize the hokum! You know the villain will get his; the hero's sure to catch and choke 'im. And so you cheer the same old fight, and yell severely, "Give him hell, son!" then see the lovers wave Good-night, and fade out in the same half-Nelson. What if it is the same old brand, if one brief hour be free from sorrow, and you forget, in Movieland, your bills that will come due tomorrow!

Yours very truly,
W. W. R.
North Adams, Massachusetts.

$1.00 LETTER
Sea Stories, But Not Gruesome Ones

GENTLEMEN:

WHY this epidemic of gruesome stories of the sea? Why all these brutal sea captains who flay and chain their prisoners and make life generally miserable for them?

Must every sea story have a sordid, nasty plot, must it be crammed with brutal and cruel characters? There have been so many of these so-called realistic sea stories, that the average person who really is not a blood-thirsty moron, will run a mile when one is advertised.

In our city it began with Barrymore's "When a Man Loves." This was not a sea story, to be sure, but the ocean episode left a dark-brown taste in the imagination that was hard to forget. "Captain Salvation," for all the fine acting of Lars Hanson and Pauline Starke, left the same impression, and "The Blood Ship" contained sequences that were too harrowing for words. And now comes the worst of the lot, "The Haunted Ship."

Why doesn't some producer give us those fine sea stories like Thomas Meighan used to make? Or, why not film some of Edward Connolly's sea tales?

But deliver us from these horrid, sordid stories of the sea which we have suffered far too long.

Sincerely,
A. C. Bordeaux,
Dubuque, Iowa.

We Want to Know

What you think of the movies and the stars. This page is devoted to CLASSIC's readers, who are invited to write about their impressions of the pictures and players. Be as brief as possible, as letters must not exceed 200 words. We also suggest that you be entirely fair in your views. In other words, CLASSIC would like to receive constructive criticism or arguments about the productions and performances.

Fifteen dollars will be paid each month for the best letter, ten dollars for the second, and five dollars for the third. Besides these three prizes, we will also pay one dollar for any other letters printed. If one or more letters are found of equal merit, the full prize will go to each writer.

Anonymous letters will not be considered. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. This is your department. We want you to take advantage of it. Letters must be addressed: The Letter Box, CLASSIC, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York.

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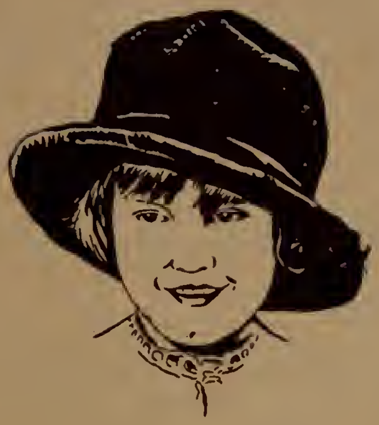

How big is "Big Boy"?

Smallest of the screen stars, and youngest, too . . . he's only "four, going on five" ✣ But in personality and appeal he ranks with the biggest of 'em all ✣ ✣ Millions on millions know "Big Boy," and every one who knows him loves him ✣ These millions have laughed over "Big Boy's" antics in "She's a Boy," "Navy Beans," "Kid Hayseed" and his other recent comedies ✣ They'll laugh more than ever at the new ones coming for this season, for he's funnier than ever in them ✣ We dare you to watch "Big Boy" for half a minute without smiling and forgetting your troubles!

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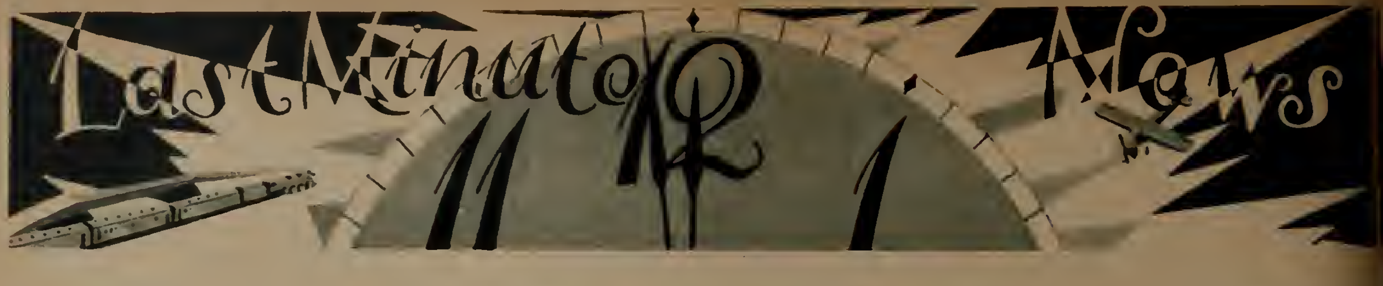


Last Minute News

Howard Bretherton will direct Dolores Costello in her next Vitaphone feature, "The Redeeming Sin," adapted from a story by L. V. Jefferson. Conrad Nagel will again play the male lead opposite Miss Costello.

George O'Brien will play the leading male rôle opposite Mary Astor in "The Fog," based on a story by Charles Francis Coe. Earle Foxe is cast as the villain.

Fox has just purchased screen rights to "Behind That Curtain," a mystery novel by Earl Derr Biggers. The picture will be in movietone and will be directed by Raoul Walsh.

Ruth Chatterton, the well-known star of the legitimate stage, has just been signed by Paramount to play Emil Jannings' leading lady in "Sins of the Fathers."

June Collyer will have the leading feminine rôle in the Fox picture, "Chasing Through Europe," showing the further adventures of *Newsreel Nick* Stuart. They will leave for Europe shortly with David Butler, who will direct this sequel to "The News Parade."

"**Bluffers**," an original magazine story, by Robert S. Carr, will be Alice White's second feature vehicle. It will go into production under the direction of Mervyn Le Roy as soon as Miss White completes "Show Girl."

Olive Borden has been signed by Columbia for the feature rôle in "The Younger Generation," to be made from Fannie Hurst's stage play, "It is to Laugh."

Mack Sennett, producer of comedies for Pathé, will soon begin production of two-reel comedies with RCA Photophone talking and sound effects.

The following are some of the principals who have already been cast for Universal's "Show Boat": Laura La Plante as *Magnolia;* Joseph Schildkraut as *Ravenal;* Alma Ruhens as *Julie;* Emily Fitzroy as *Parthenia Ann Hawkes* and Otis Harlan in the rôle of *Cap'n Andy.*

"**Hard Rock**," the Milton Sills' picture now being made in the Sierra Mountains under the direction of Edward Cline, is a railroad story, with a sensational wreck scene. Thelma Todd and Yola d'Avril are in the cast.

Arthur Lubin who has been on the legit and will return to it in the fall, has the leading rôle in the Gotham Production, "Times Square."

Howard Hughes has announced that he will film Wilson Mizner's original story based on the *Titanic* disaster. Louis Wolheim, Raymond Griffith, Ben Lyon, Lucien Prival and John Darrow have already been cast, and Lewis Milestone will direct.

Underwood & Underwood

When Mary Pickford stopped in Chicago recently on her way back to Hollywood, she parted with the famous blonde curls that have been a veritable trade-mark to her. This photograph shows Mary in the act of losing her locks

Anita Page has been assigned the rôle of leading lady to John Gilbert in "The Mask of the Devil." This part was originally intended for Eva Von Berne, Metro-Goldwyn's new Viennese player.

Carl Laemmle's niece, Beth Laemmle, has changed her name to Beth Herol.

"**A Son of the Golden West**" is the title of the first Tom Mix Western for FBO. Sharon Lynn will play opposite Tom.

Benjamin Christensen will shortly begin work on Owen Davis' play, "The Haunted House." It will be released by First National.

Paul Fejos will direct "The World Tomorrow," Universal's first complete talking movie.

Having just completed his rôle in "The Awakening," opposite Vilma Banky, Walter Byron, Samuel Goldwyn's English importation, has been loaned to Metro-Goldwyn to play opposite Greta Garbo in "A Woman of Affairs."

Irene Rich has been signed for the title part of "Ned McCobb's Daughter," following her splendid work in "Craig's Wife."

"**The Mysterious Lady**" is the final title of Greta Garbo's new starring film recently completed. It is a story of Viennese adventure, formerly known as "War in the Dark." Conrad Nagel plays opposite Miss Garbo.

Production has been started at the Fox Studio on "Riley, the Cop," glorifying the American bluecoat. Farrell MacDonald has the title rôle, with Nancy Drexel and David Rollins in the supporting cast.

The second all-talking Fox comedy is now being made with Sammy Cohen, Marjorie Beebe, Tyler Brooke and Ben Bard. It is a short sketch by William Conselman entitled "Four A. M."

"**Scarlet Seas**," previously called "Mutiny," will be the next Richard Barthelmess picture to go into production for First National. John Francis Dillon will direct.

Rin-Tin-Tin, Warner Brothers' canine star's next feature will be "The Outlaw Dog," which will be filmed in the "Big Trees" country of Northern California.

"**Thirst**," the action of which takes place in a desert in Central Africa, will be John Gilbert's next vehicle. It is an original story by John Thomas Neville and Dale Van Every.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has acquired the screen rights to "The Last of Mrs. Cheney." Norma Shearer will do it following "A Little Angel," which is now in production.

Universal is producing musical comedies in sound. Nat Ross will direct the first, the title of which is "The College Hero." "The Minstrel Show" will also be filmed embodying the atmosphere of the old-time black-face shows.

Leon d'Usseau has been assigned to direct Ranger, FBO's dog star, in "Fury of the Wild."

Production on FBO's "Singapore Mutiny," a colorful story of the Far East by Norman Springer, will shortly go into production, with Ralph Ince directing and in the leading male rôle.

Pathé glorifies youth and beauty

Coming Pathe Pictures

"ANNAPOLIS"
with Jeanette Loff and John Mack Brown. Directed by W. Christy Cabanne

ROD LA ROCQUE
in
"LOVE OVER NIGHT"
with Jeanette Loff, Tom Kennedy and Mary Carr. A Hector Turnbull Production. Directed by Edward H. Griffith.

LEATRICE JOY
in
"MAN-MADE WOMEN"
with H. B. Warner, John Boles and Seena Owen. Directed by Paul L. Stein. Produced by Ralph Block for DeMille Pictures Corporation.

Coming Pathe Pictures

"TENTH AVENUE"
with **PHYLLIS HAVER**
Victor Varconi
and Joseph Schildkraut
A William C. deMille Production. Produced by DeMille Pictures Corporation.

WILLIAM BOYD
in **"THE COP"**
with Alan Hale, Jacqueline Logan and Robert Armstrong
A Donald Crisp Production. Produced by Ralph Block for DeMille Pictures Corporation.

James Cruze, Inc. presents
"THE RED MARK"
with Nena Quartaro, Gaston Glass, Gustave Von Seyffertitz and Rose Dione. Personally directed by James Cruze.

FOR the new season Pathe has cornered the market on Youth and Beauty—players with color, dash, beauty, personality! Pathé's stars and players are youthful—comers—typifying today.

There's Lina Basquette, Jeanette Loff, Lili Damita, Nena Quartaro, Sue Carol, Phyllis Haver, Leatrice Joy, Marie Prevost, Jacqueline Logan.

And William Boyd, George Duryea, Robert Armstrong, Junior Coghlan, Victor Varconi, Joseph Schildkraut, John Mack Brown, Eddie Quillan, Alan Hale.

Here are names that sparkle, that connote big scenes, fine roles, worthwhile pictures. *PATHE HAS THEM.*

Pathé

Why Did Mary Do It?

Not so long ago Mary Pickford had her curls cut off. Why?

The step was too radical to be meaningless. It was due to no whim, to no flitting fancy.

As well might Adolphe Menjou announce his intention to play in westerns, Alice White be chosen to succeed Pola Negri, or Bull Montana be cast as Hamlet, as that Mary part with her spiral trade-marks.

There are those who say she did it as a last desperate move to induce Doug to stop smiling. Or, by force of sweet example, to get him to cut off his mustache.

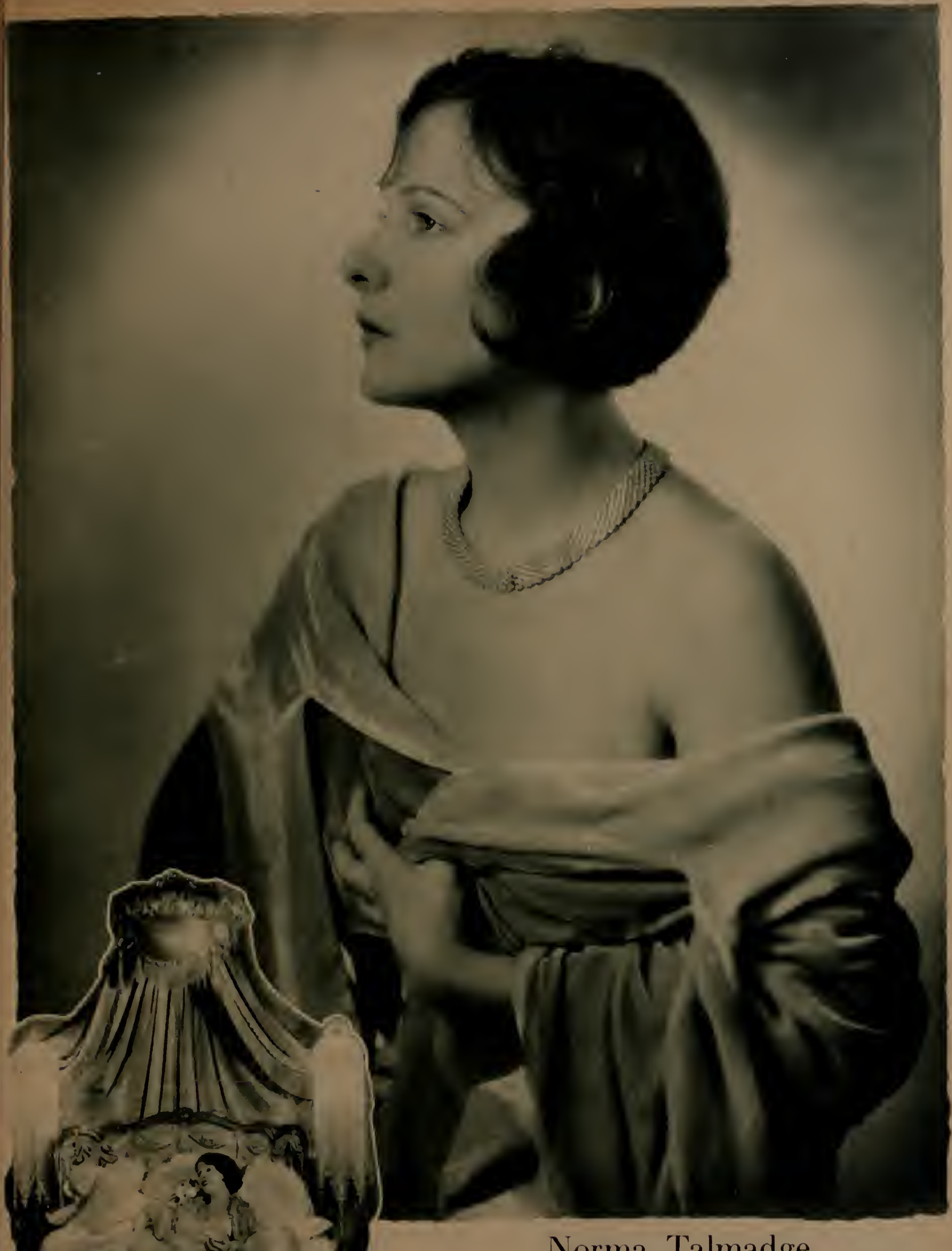
But nobody really knows.

Yet this much may be said: When anyone does know, the readers of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will, too.

For this is the periodical devoted to the interests of the screen which gets the news first, gets it right—and spreads it broadcast.

There are some big new features in the next—the October—issue of MOTION PICTURE. And it will be on the newsstands August 28th. Make a date with yourself now to be there, too—just to be sure that you get your copy of the October MOTION PICTURE.

It's the Magazine of Authority



Norma Talmadge

"The Woman Disputed" is her latest photoplay. And it would seem that, in the smaller picture, one of the disputants is on the unseen end of the wire. Norma's expression, too, indicates that he is the winner and new champion

W. F. Seely

Richee

Neil Hamilton

He's doing a dangerous thing, coming out in a picture entitled "Take Me Home." If one per cent. of his feminine followers takes the title literally, he'll have to throw barbed-wire entanglements around his house

The Magazine With the Personality
MOTION PICTURE
CLASSIC

Pictures and Personalities

By GEORGE KENT SHULER
PUBLISHER

THE topic of the hour in movie circles continues, naturally, to revolve around the talkies. A complete encyclopedia could be written about the various pros and cons of the subject without getting down to the meat of the matter. Most everyone concerned with picture production is becoming panicky. First are the producers, who are hastily installing the necessary apparatus to record sound and vocal effects to keep pace with their brethren who are cashing in on the new design of the cinema.

With this novel process of picture-making confronting them, they are doing their best to adapt themselves to the new order of things. But in their haste they have become panicky. They want to collect—and collect quickly—regardless of the fact that the talkie development cannot be worked out in a day or a month or a year. But those who have story aces up their sleeves should not put the cards on the table too eagerly. Even the best idea in the world can be spoiled with haphazard methods, even though it credits its sponsor with foresight and imagination.

Take Your Time, Boys

THE company that takes its time—that works out a clearly defined policy of making talkies—is the one to cash in pretty when the public becomes fed up on the novelty of vocal effects. As most of the boys are working now, they have gone back to first principles. And those sitting on the sidelines, who have a fairly good perspective on the talkies, have declared that the screen has gone back anywhere from five to fifteen years. These critics are not talking so much out of turn, since screen technique (the mechanical side of production), looks decidedly like a throw-back to "The Great Train Robbery."

But the dollars must roll in, since the public has become dissatisfied with the present-day picture and the ten, twent' and thirt' vaudeville which accompanies it. However, Mr. and Mrs. Fan and all the little Fans (all being children of Mother Nature, a fickle old woman and intolerant at best) will ultimately reject it after the novelty is worn off, unless *class* stands out in the production. The primary quality of pictures is movement. And where actual flesh and blood is lacking, the producers cannot expect to emulate the stage, make their screen puppets a lot of chatter-boxes, and expect to get away with it.

Several directors have taken pot-shots at the talkies, some even declaring it won't last a year. Their argument is that you can't develop screen pantomime for twenty years and throw it in the discard for the sake of giving vocal expression to over-night stars who are beginning to spell C-A-T and D-O-G like a child in the nursery. Naturalness, they say, is about to choose the quickest exit for a complete fade-out.

More Than Fifty-Seven Varieties Now

THE talkies will be worked out correctly in the end. But before the perfect talkie is achieved, several asylums are apt to close their doors behind a host of the boys and girls who are now registering indignation, despair, melancholy, delusions of grandeur and a flock of inhibitions.

The panic doesn't rest entirely with those who are concerned with the movies. We'll let the cat right out of the bag and tip you off that the sponsors of talkie devices are also running around in circles. At present there are approximately sixty-one devices for the reproduction of talking pictures registered at Washington. And more, doubtless, are on the way.

Those in the highest state of perfection will naturally eliminate those that are not so good. A few of the devices are already operating. But it will take years of experience, years of toil, years of disappointment and despair before the movie introduces the perfect synchronization of voice and sound—with perfect screen qualities, as they are recognized now, dove-tailing with voice and sound.

Keep Out the Old Army Game

OUR advice to all the Higher-Ups and Lower-Downs (and we're all in this talkie thing up to our neck) is to step out of the panic and come down to earth. There's nothing wrong with the movies except the business of playing the old army game—hitting the public in the face with too many pictures. The screen, as constituted today, is a vast commercial enterprise. The idea back of it all is to develop a constant Turnover to the tune of Supply and Demand. The supply has far exceeded the demand. Maybe the talkies will solve it. They've got to be good. The public is still from Missouri.

The Great

Hollywood Has Advent of Sound

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

P &A

Richee

In the oval at the top: John Gilbert and Greta Garbo; next below is Lupe Velez; then Cullen Landis and Helene Costello, in the first all-talking movie; and, at the bottom, Emil Jannings

SEVENTEEN people stood in line at the box-office window of the new Warner Brothers Theater on Hollywood Boulevard the evening after the premiere of "Glorious Betsy." A Hollywood producer passed in his limousine. His eyes bulged as he counted the waiting line, he wrung his hands and lifted up his voice in lamentation. "Qvick! Qvick!" he wailed, "the silent drammer which speaks should be a success, God forbid! Already every minute I lose money! A waiting line yet, oy, oy! Drive by the studio. Tomorrow I should start a talkie."

For a year Warner Brothers had been telling the world that they were making talking motion pictures that would revolutionize the industry. They waylaid press agents, players, writers, seized them by their respective buttonholes and begged them to listen—make a million dollars. They cajoled everyone who came to the lot out onto the silent stage and pointed proudly to the camera hidden in a noise-proof booth. They said, "Don't you *realize* what is happening? Don't you *understand* what we're doing? This is the biggest thing that ever hit Hollywood!" And everyone yawned and said, "Talkies! Pooh, pooh! Nonsense. People don't want talking pictures."

Then seventeen people stood in line for tickets to "Glorious Betsy" wherein Conrad Nagel booms, and De Segurola sings the *Marseillaise* and Dolores Costello lisps, "Jerome, my tomorrow hath come." And Hollywood proceeded to have hysterics!

Within a week, new million-dollar sound-proof stages were rising on every lot. The Famous Players convention meeting staidly in San Francisco to discuss next year's programme—which did not include a single talkie—was stampeded into a frenzy by the rumor that Warner's was making a fortune out of the despised innovation. It changed its plans overnight. Elocution teachers who have made a lean living since *The Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight* packed their bags and took the next train for California to teach the stars how to talk.

Speaking of Speakies

SEVEN schools of voice culture are already established in Hollywood and reaping fortunes from panic-stricken players whose voices might suffice for

Talkie Panic

Hysterics Over the
To the Screen

saying, "Great stuff—where did you get it?" or "My wife is my severest critic" but were hardly adequate for talking motion pictures. Screen auditions have taken the place of screen tests. Stars with whisky tenors have scrambled aboard the water wagon. Leatrice Joy is taking singing lessons, Emil Jannings is studying English. Wherever screen players are gathered together, at the Montmartre, at Henry's, at the Mayfair, there is only one subject of conversation, "What do you think about the talking pictures? Now *my* voice——"

I have seen Hollywood excited before this. The foreign invasion, costume pictures, war movies, the latest scandals have all rocked the town for a day and been forgotten. But I have never seen anything to equal the present hysteria of confusion, conjecture, terror, and change—all within the space of a few weeks. Pictures synchronized with sound have their enthusiasts who bang desks and shout, "The talkies are here to stay!" And they have their enemies who wail, "This means the ruin of the industry!" People argue, explain, prophesy with voices raised to be heard above the hammering on the new sound-proof stages. Overnight, careers that seemed as safe as Gibraltar have been threatened. Calamity faces the most popular stars, directors, scenario writers. Every day has its wild rumors of an invasion of trained voices from the speaking stage.

Among all the rumors floating about Hollywood are fantastic theories regarding the reason for sound pictures. A woman star tells you bitterly that the producers are using them as a bluff to force new contracts on the players, and to reduce salaries. A studio executive admits that the picture business has been in a bad way for a year and that a novelty was needed to fill the theaters. A director takes you aside and solemnly assures you that the studios have been forced into adopting the new medium by a group of radio and electric corporations that hold the patents for the sound devices and have threatened to go into a rival picture business themselves if the present companies do not adopt their plans. "All the producers are sorry this has happened," he whispers, "but they couldn't help themselves."

Each of the movie companies has announced a name for its new inventions. Warner Brothers, looked on enviously as the heroes of the moment

(*Continued on page 68*)

Lionel Barrymore, at the left, is one star to benefit by the talkies. Just above him is shown the sound-proof booth used in making audible photoplays. With her foot in this photograph is Lya de Putti; and just above her, Ramon Novarro and Renée Adorée

Duncan

Spurr
Mishkir
Hesser

Meteors of

Stars Who Have
Brilliantly, But

By HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

THERE are meteors in the movies as well as in the skies. They flash for a little moment across the heavens, dimming in their flight the constant lustre of the old reliable stars that twinkle steadily and steadily through many a box-office storm. And then they disappear. Or at best leave a mere flicker behind to remind the world of their brilliant hour.

How strange that these personalities who ride high through the rarefied atmosphere of sensational stardom, should fall like Lucifer from public grace. Once in the saddle, one would think the rider would cling with might and main to the steed that travels so quickly toward that pot of gold which marks the rainbow's end. But perhaps it is easier said than done.

Whatever the reason, there are countless instances of motion picture players who have leaped from the misty past to the murky future of obscurity with but one picture marking the strange interlude of the present and its too-brief success. For a day opportunity appears a permanent house-guest. But the morrow dawns. The guest has gone. And all that is left is the sour solace of ancient adages. One swallow doesn't make a summer. Nor a single nugget a mine of gold.

When Charlie Chaplin made "The Gold Rush," Georgia Hale played the part of the dance-hall girl. She was loaded with the gaudy jewels of critical acclaim. With a bound she had vaulted over the moon into the land of milk and honey, where streets are paved with adulation, and hearts and dollars are flung neath the careless wheels of monogrammed Rolls-Royces. On the night of the photodrama's premiere, her sea of fortune reached flood tide. She had more offers than Constance Bennett during the hour after "Cytherea" was first shown. But the dawn was cold and gray.

Hale and Farewell

WHAT happened to Georgia? She has been in other pictures. There is still the sullen beauty, the somber, brooding charm, the very evident ability to put "it" in her personality. But from favorite in the cinema sweepstakes she has been relegated to the field, and the books will let you write your own ticket if you bet on her success.

There was Gibson Gowland. And there was "Greed." Gowland played *McTigue* in Von Stroheim's morbid masterpiece. Those who never heard of him before have never heard of him again. He still acts in pictures. Presumably, he retains all the qualities that made his epic-making performance possible. Presumably, his experience—his worth—is enhanced because of his great triumph in that great and gloomy production. But now you'll find him, if you watch, hidden away in obscure

At the left, and from top to bottom: Belle Bennett, Gibson Gowland, and Mae Murray

the Movies

Twinkled Never Twice

rôles. At best, leading the mob, or enacting some similar bit of business. Yet, here is an actor that grasped the gauzy wings of the butterfly of fame in a manner to challenge Jannings's best effort, and to eclipse the marvelous portrayal of Jean Hersholt. Why is it, then, that Jean has gone forward—alone?

Is it possible that players are the merest puppets, after all? Moron-mannequins whose every move is dictated by the master of the megaphone? Should the director take the bow, the homage, and the pay check?

In conjunction with the strange case of Gibson Gowland, consider that of Roy D'Arcy. Because Von Stroheim directed D'Arcy in "The Merry Widow." And Von Stroheim directed Gowland in "Greed."

How the writers raved over D'Arcy. Another this—a second that—a new Barrymore. Comparisons. And oh, how odious they seemed when the nine days' wonder passed. D'Arcy's break has been better than most. He still plays important parts. Fewer, less prominent, perhaps, as time passes. But still not so far back in the ruck, but that the crowd opposite the judge's stand has hope that he'll whip in a winner in a Garrison finish.

Why not? D'Arcy hasn't changed. He's still the smirking crown prince who was Jack Gilbert *Danilo's* brother. The teeth are just as white. The smile as wide. The delightful air of *savoir faire* as manifest. Yet one of his latest rôles was an indistinguished and indistinguishable part in a screen version of "Trelawney of the Wells," notable for its thorough-going mediocrity.

Making Mae Act

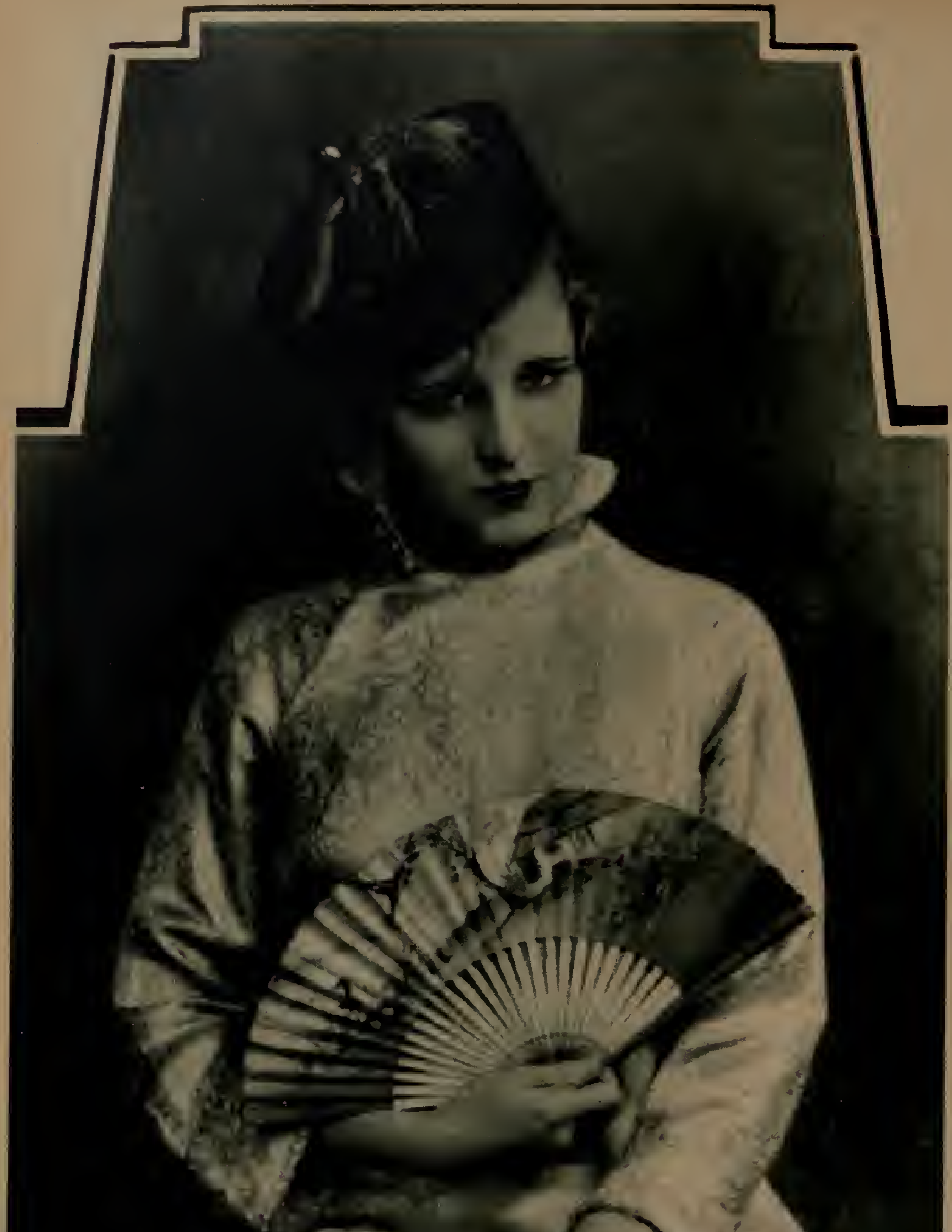
What has happened? With Gowland and D'Arcy their own men much as ever, what is missing? Is it Von Stroheim? One is tempted to believe so. Doubly, perhaps, when listening to those catty individuals who sneer that Von made an actress *even* of Mae Murray. And of the legion of worshippers of the former fly-paper salesman who swear that he has repeated his performances with players in "The Wedding March." Perhaps it is Von. He sold fly-paper in 'Frisco—where there are no flies. Perhaps that quality has helped him to make actors where none exist.

Belle Bennett was twenty years a trouper before the world came to worship at her "Stella Dallas" shrine. It had been a long, long wait. But when that picture was released, the years seemed well spent. The burn of tears was forgotten in the flush of victory. Fame may be measured by newspaper lineage. Where Belle got an inch, she received pages. No magazine complete without its gallery of her. No column readable without her description: what she wore, (*Continued on page* 73)

Lansing Brown

Muray

At the right, and from the bottom up: Georgia Hale, Roy D'Arcy, and Betty Bronson



C. S. Bull

Chi Knees

Although not what you'd call shy knees—certainly not shy of beauty. They are the joint property of Blanche LeClair and Blanche LeClair. This is Blanche, in the costume of a maid from the Mongolian Middle-West—a Chow Mein Street girl

Follies of Broadway

By MARY NOLAN

With Asides in Italics
By DOROTHY MANNERS

SHE was ill, so she was lying in an orchid bed with a luscious-looking green spread covering her. The room was a garden of hot-house flowers from people who were sorry. That she was ill, of course. A colored maid hovered about. A nurse's starched uniform rustled. A shaft of expensive sunshine streamed through the window of an Ambassador Hotel suite and illuminated the hair of the girl who was once the toast of Broadway. Now she was trying to live down those toasts in Hollywood. Because they had touched her. Dangerously. Broadway had wined and dined the name of Imogene Wilson into sensational headlines. The great love affair of her life had furnished back-fence gossip for washerwomen and manicurists. Bellhops had gossiped about her between rings. Now, as Mary Nolan, she was trying to forget. And hoping Hollywood would. Imogene Wilson of Broadway—Mary Nolan of Hollywood. The same girl. But a story lay between. She said hoarsely:

Lansing Brown

Many a girl has sought a screen career as a means to getting before the public eye. But Imogene Wilson chose it as an escape. And, to assist herself, changed her name to Mary Nolan

I was born in a little town in Kentucky. Its name isn't terribly important. It was just like a hundred other little towns in the South. Honeysuckle blossoms bloomed. And negroes sang jazz songs. And prayed. And went to revivals. I don't remember much about it. I was too young when I was sent away from there. You see, both of my parents had died by the time I was three years old, and I became a problem to my sisters and brother. We were not rich by any means, and it would have cost money to have someone look after me if I was to stay at home. It was my elder sister, now dead, who decided to put me in a convent in Missouri. So, at three, I waved good-bye to the only people I had ever known and went off to a strange place. I guess it was the best thing. I don't know.

Eleven Gray Years

ANYWAY, I stayed in that convent until I was fourteen years old. It was the only home I have ever known. For eleven years I did the same things every day. Mostly I prayed. Before I could even lisp the words, I was saying long prayers in Latin. I prayed before I ate and before I slept. "Ave Maria—Gloria Patri"—but they were good to me. I guess it was best that I went there.

At fourteen I left the convent. I don't know exactly how it came about. Things happen so gradually in life. We hardly notice what brings about the changes. But I remember that it was just a little after my fourteenth birthday that I went to live with my married sister in New York. I must have been the hickiest looking little thing—in the funny clothes I wore.

She cleared her sick throat. The nurse's uniform rattled ominously. It is not good for sick ladies with a sore throat to talk too much.

Yes, I bet I was funny looking. I wore my hair in slick braids and my shoes were dull and round at the toes. But I didn't care. I was wildly, crazily happy. New York was a mirage to me. After all those gray years in the convent, the city was a circus—a kid's circus

(*Continued on page 72*)

A Pollyannic Pola

Lucy Doraine, Chosen to Succeed the Abdicant Miss Negri, Has Just the Gladdest Thoughts!

By GLADYS HALL

THIS doesn't mean that Pola has left to Lucy Doraine her cabochon emerald, her blocks-of-ice diamonds, nor yet has she deeded to the Hungarian houri the Prince Mdivani.

It is less—and it is more—than these. It has, really, nothing to do with Pola's big-heartedness at all. It means simply that B. P. Schulberg has signed Lucy Doraine to fill the yawning gap left by the pallid Pola when, very recently, she moved on to pastures new. Address unknown.

Lucy Doraine was "discovered" by Mr. Schulberg. In Germany. Her parents are the Baron and Baroness Perenyi, of Budapest, Hungary. They are, of course, impoverished noble people. War stuff, and all that. Lucy changed her name because — she was wed — what fan would want to pronounce the name Perenyi every time they are seized with a fit over Lucy? What fan could? And besides, you can't live on a name even if it has a handle prefixed to it. So it's Lucy Doraine. The Lucy doesn't fit the case at all. Too limpid.

Lucy began as a pianist and a dancer. She was all for being a music mummer. When she was twelve, in Budapest, she played before the nobility. Her parents objected to the public display because they are old-fashiond aristocrats and believe that a woman's place is in the harem—I mean the home.

Applause? How Vulgar!

BUT the applause of the nobility filtered, a divine intoxicant, into Lucy's blood. She decided that she would have more of it. Her father, hiding beneath his crown or whatever barons wear, decided that once was more than enough. The clapping of the royal palms was, somehow, a blot on the Perenyi escutcheon.

He sent Lucy to a finishing school where she would be turned out according to the proper Perenyi pattern. Lucy had time and to spare. The three R's and the social amenities didn't consume her. And she took her time and her ambition and her vivid talent to the dramatic academy of her native city. A duller person might simply have run away. So many have. But not Lucy. Caution admixed with courage, you see.

She told them at the Academy that she had no money. They said "Come on in, anyway." They believed in her. And so, after studies at the finishing school were finished, Lucy would escape to the dramatic school and, all unbeknown to the baron, she perfected her technique of emoting and whatnot.

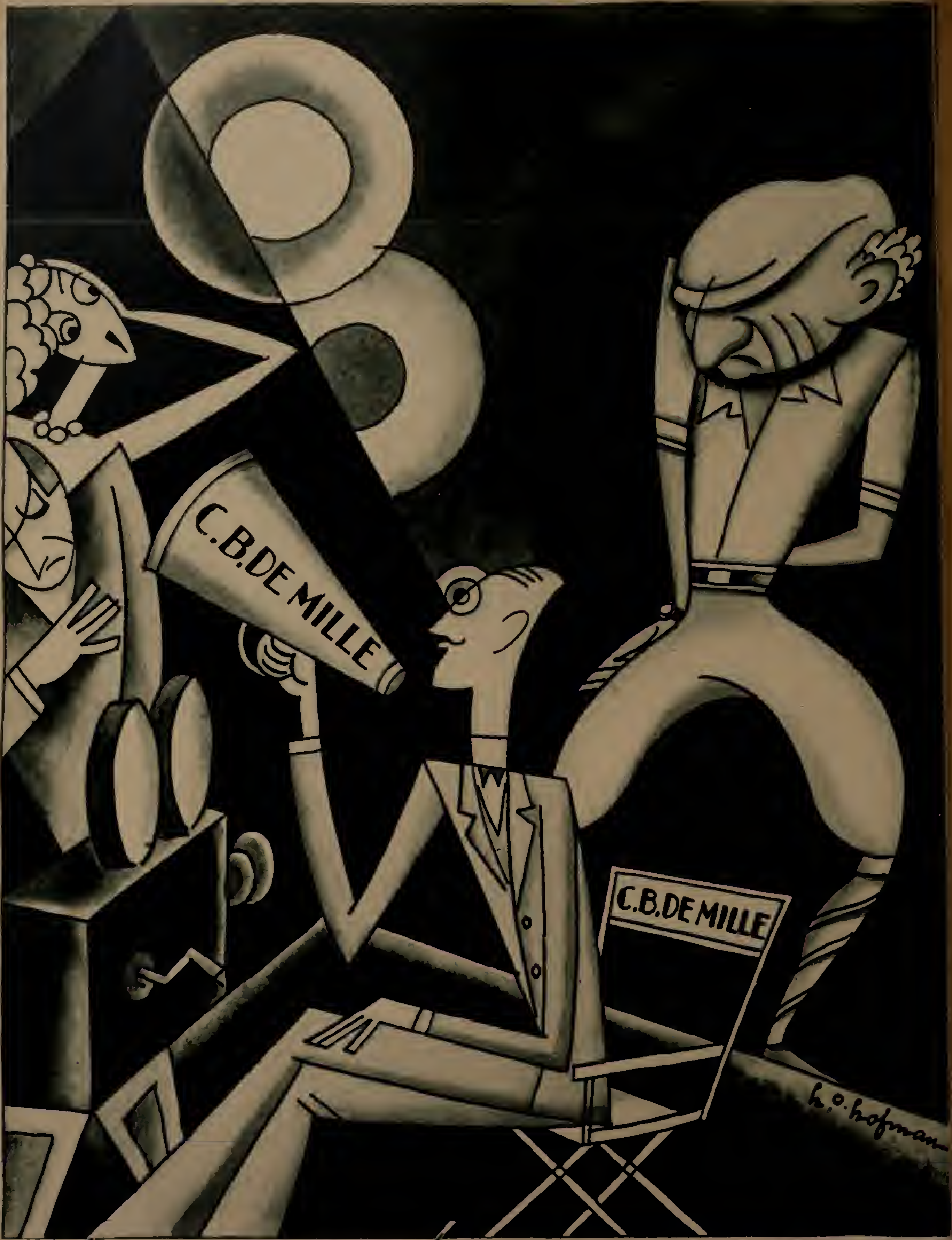
When she was seventeen, six months after the Academy had taken her to its bosom, she made her professional début as an ill-fated Jap girl in the Hungarian theater's production of "Mr. Wu." You have all seen our own Lon Chaney strut his stuff in that opus over here

Among the audience were the Baron and Baroness Perenyi, probably secure in the thought that their Lucy

(*Continued on page* 70)

Strum Baby!

If Lady Hamilton had actually been as divine as she is represented on the screen by Corinne Griffith, Admiral Nelson would have stayed home and directed the Battle of Trafalgar by radio. Or maybe just have stayed home


C.B.DE MILLE
C.B.DE MILLE

Hollywood Horrors:

The Comical Extra
Thinks That DeMille
Has Gone for the Da

Photo By Sarony

Louise Dresser Was Old Fashioned at Sixteen and Is Young at Forty-Six

By DOROTHY DONNELL

Seely

Otto Sarony

BILL HART tells me that she was the most beautiful woman that ever stepped on Broadway.

Sarony photographed her then, Sarony the great theatrical photographer in the days when Lillian Russell was the reigning queen of the stage and Bill Hart himself was the matinée idol of girls in shirt-waists and pompadours. Curves were the taste of the nineties. Sarony shows her in a black taffeta dress that fits her slim roundness as though she had been poured into it, one black-gloved elbow resting on an ornate pedestal, a heavy coronet of golden braids framing the cameo clearness of her face.

She had then—she has now—the loveliest, most piquant profile I have ever seen. Profiles are one thing that don't change with the years—and that queenly young actress leaned her elbow on that pedestal in Sarony's studio *almost thirty years ago.*

"I said to Daddy the other day, 'Jack, I'm going to get my face lifted. I think I'm getting a double chin,'" smiles Louise Dresser ruefully. "Of course, I meant him to insist that I hadn't changed a particle. But he just looked at me and said, 'Well, now you speak of it, I don't know but you *are.*' For three whole days I simply sulked around the house, then I said to myself, 'Louise, maybe at forty-six it's *time* to be looking older.'"

Two Kinds of Forty-Six

THERE are different kinds of forty-six. Hollywood is full of one kind, determinedly dieted into slenderness, with expensively rejuvenated complexion and old eyes. At a very different forty-six Louise Dresser is not so slender as in the old photograph, and the golden wreath of hair is a little dimmed. But her eyes are young and she has a girl's laugh.

She straightens, tenderly, the frame of the Sarony picture. "I don't see why I keep this around, reminding me! And all the rest of my photographs. It's not modern to cover your walls with autographed pictures of old friends. I was told so the other day, but this is an old-fashioned house, and I'm an old-fashioned woman, and there's my life there on the wall."

Funny stiff groups, the women standing, hands on the men's shoulders, scenes from old Broadway plays, sumptuous soubrettes in plumed hats. A young Louise with Weber and Fields, with William Collier, with Raymond Hitchcock. "That was in 'The Girl Behind the Counter,' and here I am with wonderful Lillian Russell. What a woman she was! My patron saint—she was so kind to an unknown little girl. I adored her. That stoutish young man in the background, there, is Douglas Fairbanks. And there's Norah Bayes. Norah and I both were once married to Jack Norworth—at different times! She claimed that made us sisters-in-law. And now she's dead—I can't imagine it, somehow. She had so much joy of life. Wherever Norah is this minute, I'll wager she's having a glorious time and making everyone around her happy—that's Norah Bayes."

Still Bee to Bill

THOSE fine, womanly eyes of Louise Dresser fill with tears. She turns abruptly away from the fading photographs. "I think I'll put them away—out of sight. They remind me I'm playing mother-parts now. The other Sunday we were out driving, and stopped at Bill

(*Continued on page 78*)

Lift And Let Lift

That's Broadway's Motto, Says "Broadway's" Co-Author. He Has Just Lifted a Quarter-Million From the Movies

By B. F. WILSON

"WHAT do you think is the outstanding feature of your play?" I asked Philip Dunning, co-author of "Broadway." We sat in the darkened theater watching George Abbott direct a scene from "The Brass Ring," the latest dramatic opus from the pen of P. Dunning, Esquire.

"The fact that nine out of every ten plays since it first went over have been stories of night-club life. This theater game is a swell business," he continued. "'Lift and let lift' is the motto, and I suppose for the next five years we'll see nothing but hoofers and bootleggers and night-club denizens until somebody else writes another 'Abie's Irish Rose,' and then we'll go back to the old stuff of the Jews and the Irish. Who can tell?"

He didn't seem to be very much overwrought at the idea that the lifting game was being overworked at his expense.

Above are George Abbott and Philip Dunning, the authors of "Broadway," and below a scene from the play that made them as famous as the street they named it for

"What will happen when the movie comes out," I asked.

"Same old story," he murmured. "Every film after 'Broadway' is released will have a gang-leader, a cabaret gal and her sweetie, and a couple of queer waiters for comedy purposes.'"

The sale of this play to the movies is another of those unbelievable fairy tales of finance. Two hundred and twenty-five thousands of dollars—the highest cash price ever paid for the motion picture rights of a play—is the amount Universal handed out for "Broadway."

The story of the transaction is unique. Jed Harris, producer of the play in New York, had been approached by several film organizations. First National wanted it, so did Famous Players. An agent (representing some unnamed company) crashed through with the highest bid. Two hundred thousand. One of the executives over at Universal entered the race. Carl Laemmle was in London. A telephone call was put through from the Universal office in New York to Mr. Laemmle's hotel in London. The conversation, at a hundred dollars a minute, went something like this:

"Hello! Mr. Laemmle? Goldberg (I think that was the name of the Universal executive speaking from New York) speaking: We want 'Broadway' for Universal."

Mr. Laemmle: "How much?"

Goldberg: "Highest bid so far two hundred thousand. Everybody's after it. What say?"

Laemmle: "Will they take two twenty-five?"

Goldberg: "Yep."

Laemmle: "Take it."

Voice of the London operator: "I say, are you through?"

Ditto New York: "Soitanly!"

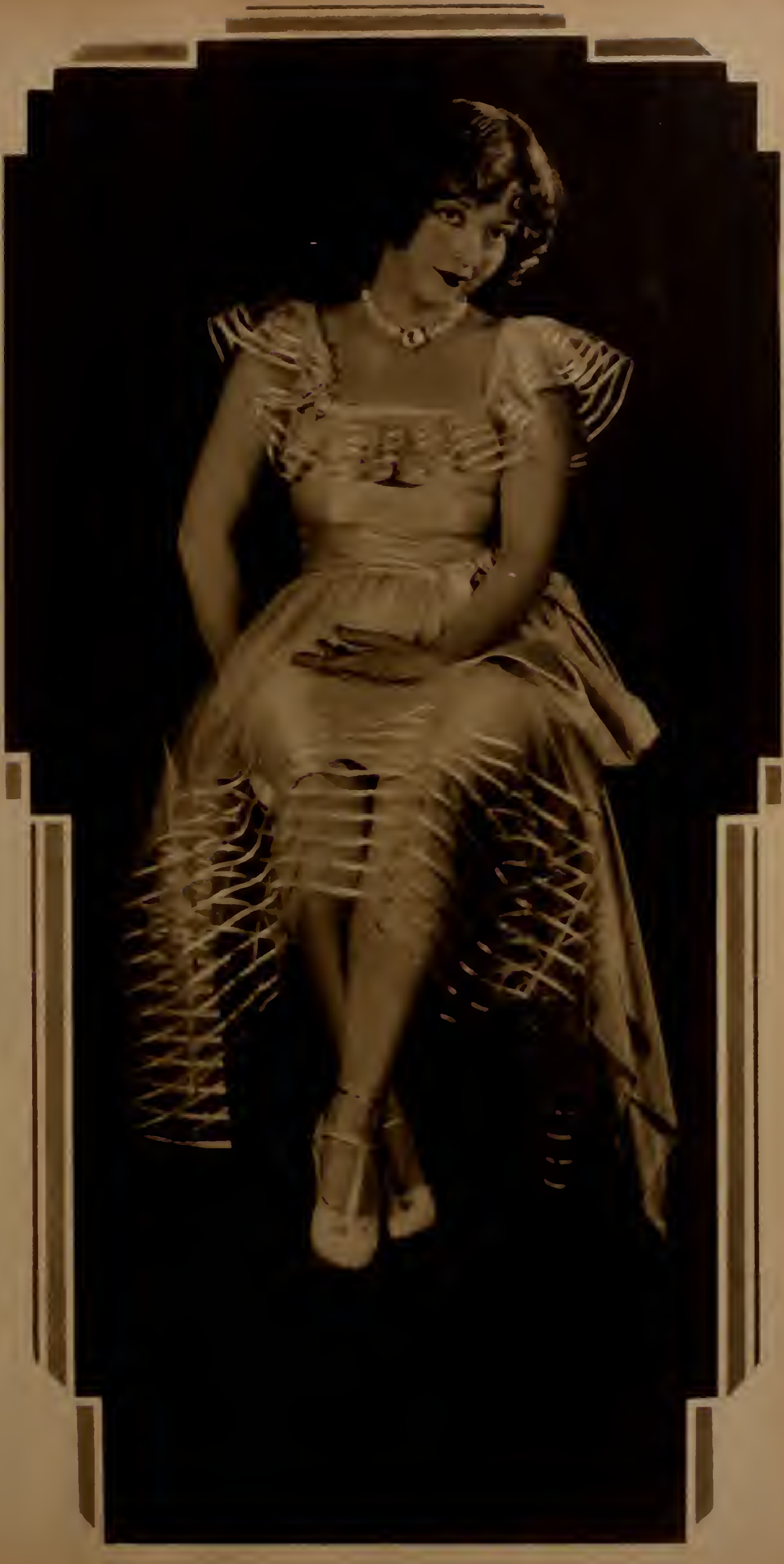
And that's all there was to it. The two young authors were notified through Mr. Joseph Bickerton, arbiter extraordinaire of the Authors' League, that a small-sized fortune awaited them at his office, any time they chose to call for it, and Mr. Goldberg sat back in his chair, lit a fat cigar, and concluded that he had done a good day's work.

Everybody by now has either seen or heard of this play which for about a year and a half has been entertaining America. Without a star performer; written by a couple of men who had previously little or nothing to their play-writing credit, it crept into New York without any preliminary announcement, and overnight became the theatrical sensation of the season.

The same old hard-luck story lay behind it. Philip Dunning had peddled it around Broadway for over three years. Nearly every manager in the city had let slip the

(*Continued on page* 80)

A *High-Stool* Girl



And one that stands right at the head of her class in the portrayal of the flipper sort of flapper. In her career, in the estimation of her unnumbered fans, and in the picture, Alice White is indeed sitting pretty

“I’m Going T

By GLADYS HALL

IT'S a pathetic statement, because no one ever is—very. And if they are, they are stoned out of Jerusalem.

So many of them have said just that to me, so many times before. Almost all of them have said “Before my popularity wanes I'm going to quit.”

Mary Pickford said it, five or six years ago. Colleen Moore solemnly assured me that at the end of her First National contract she was through. Constance Talmadge has said it. Rod La Rocque once said it. They never do. A new contract is offered at so many hundreds *per diem.* The old fan letters continue to pour in. The box office holds up. Well, why should they? After all? And so they continue to go on—and on—and one of these days the clock will strike ONE, the glass slipper will fall off and the poor little *Cinders* and *Cinderellas* of the Screen will stand revealed as tired men and women, not so young any longer, the mantles of illusion stripped from their mature shoulders. One generation never learns from another.

But “I'm going to be diff'runt,” said brand-new Anita Page to me.

“How?” I inquired. And sighed because she was so very brand new and because she was saying it all over again and believing it and—oh, and everything!

I inventoried her while she inventoried her thoughts, first saying, “Of course, a young girl doesn't have very *int'resting* thoughts!”

Large blue eyes. Very large. Peach bloom skin. New-penny colored hair. Round, soft features. Seventeen-year-old features. A trace of Marion Davies. A reminiscence of Blanche Sweet some years ago.

Anita lived in Bayville, Long Island. With Mother and Dad and little brother. She went to the Washington Irving High School in New York City. She studied commercial art and was very good at it. But she had always known that she would be a movie actress. She didn't just hope to be, she knew that she was *going* to be, some day, somehow.

Unfavorable Thawts

SHE had a friend in New York who acted as whilom agent for her. She did an extra bit or two at the Paramount Studio in Long Island. The agent sent her to the new Kenilworth Productions. They signed her up and shipped her West, accompanied by her mother, need we say. In Chicago they were joined by Harry Thaw. That would be a shock to any young girl. For even a very young girl has heard detonations of the Thaw past. Mother Page was all for going back. Father Page wired them to return at once. Anita pleaded for her chance. Mother acted as stop-watch and didn't take her eyes off Anita. Mr. Thaw acted like a gen-nulman and they arrived in Hollywood technically intact, but with a tarnished reputation. It took Anita a bit of time and considerable dramatic ability to overcome the undeserved stigma. She had, if you will forgive me, to thaw the producers out. Mal St. Clair saw her and wanted her. The Metro lot were for her, to a man—but—they didn't know—a young girl liberally advertised as a protégée of Harry Thaw's—not—so—good.

Woodbury

Just as LeRoy Mason promises to be different, he goes and reminds us somehow of Lupino Lane

Anita talked turkey, chicken, duck and drake to Mr. Mayer himself. And the result was a five-year contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. In less than forty days and Harry Thaw notwithstanding, the girl from Bayville had done what it takes the average youngster five years or never to accomplish.

“Well?” I prompted the child of lucky breaks.

“I'll be diff'runt because I have faith.”

“Faith in what?”

Very softly, “Faith—*in God.* I don't believe that this is all. I don't believe what a very great actor told me just

Be Diff'runt!"

In Resolving This, Anita Page and LeRoy Mason Are Exactly Alike

R. H. Louise

So long as Anita Page doesn't succeed in being different from herself, we're all for her keeping her resolution

yesterday—that the grave is the end of everything. I wouldn't want to go on if I thought like that. I believe that we do go on—and that what we do here counts for us or against us.

"I don't drink and I don't smoke. Mother says that I can do what I want when I am twenty-one but I won't want to. I value health too much.

"I'm going to save money—and how! I've started right now. I've seen and read too much about penniless theater people when they are past doing anything about it.

"I'm going to be married some day. I don't believe a woman *is* a woman unless she has had a child. I know that I will have to go on living after I am thirty and forty and fifty, and it is then I will most appreciate a home and a husband and children.

"I'll work and work hard for the next five, perhaps ten years. I'll make the screen my life and give it everything I have. And at the end of that time *I will retire.* Positively. I'll marry and travel some and have a home. In that respect I will be diff'runt.

"I won't get high-hat. I couldn't. It wouldn't be me. I believe that all truly great people are simple people. I'm never going to have temperament or act hysterical and silly. I *couldn't.* Besides, everyone has been too good to me.

"I'm not going to let people flatter me. They may try to, but I won't believe them. I know that no one is so important but that someone else could take his place.

"I'm not going to try to please everyone. Nobody can. I'm going to do the best I can in my own way and just hope that enough people will like me.

'I want to play parts that are real, not arty. Girls with character and with a spice of the devil, too. For we all have it. Girls who are clean-minded, not ignorant. Girls who know about life and want to do something about it.

"I've watched the others and I'm not going to make the mistakes they have made. I'm going to be diff'runt!"

I sighed—and went on to the next. Youth beating its bright wings against walls it can never break down. Or can it? Will she? Who knows?

On the afternoon of the same day LeRoy Mason came to call. He spent a couple of hours with me in the Western offices of the magazine.

Another brand-new one, ardent with faith, eager to change the pattern of things, believing that he will. Of course.

My first impression was one of bewilderment. How had they let this astonishing super-compound of John Gilbert, Valentino and all the matinée idols of Hollywood compounded into one startling young man—how had they let him sleep on park benches or something for five long years?

It seemed to me that he should have been spotted in any extra crowd. Tall, magnificently built, coal-black hair of the most approved kind growing in shining swirls and side-burns. Moonstone gray eyes of a proportion to cause even the heart of a Garbo to miss a beat. Flashing white teeth. A shy, deprecatory manner calculated to stir the maternal—where have been the eyes of Hollywood?

Leroyal Road to Earning

For LeRoy worked or didn't work for five long, lean years without a break. A bit with Alan Dwan. A bit with someone else. A kind word or two. Nothing. A conference with Louis B. Mayer. A month of waiting about the Metro lot. Nothing. And in between extra work and no extra work there were days when a suit was sold to get something to eat. Days when there were no more suits to sell. Days of pride too stiff to go for help to the mother who believed in him or to friends who might have eased the way. Days when there was nothing but hope, very thin and desolate but hope none the less. He knew that some day——

(*Continued on page* 85)

Are the Children of

By ANN CUMMINGS

From the top down: Dr. Earl Tarr and Jane Elliot; Billy Reid; Faith Brook and Felix, the cat; Gloria Lloyd, on the chute; and Joesph and Robert Keaton

"GOD Made Her a Woman" runs a subtitle in the "Jazz Singer," "But *Love Made Her a Mother.*" Destiny made them movie stars, and nature—now and then—makes them parents. The children of many film players are not publicized as much as their police dogs. Some of them are merely rumors as far as the public goes. Gloria Swanson, Leatrice Joy, Eleanor Boardman have never allowed a photograph of their small daughters to be made public. Several romantic screen sheiks have successfully concealed from their fans the fact that they are fathers of families, on the theory that sex-appeal and domesticity are incompatible. One lovely blonde heroine of a hundred love dramas, known to be a mother, still gives dimpled washbowl photographs of her son to interviewers, though the baby of whom she speaks so touchingly is a leggy young chap of fourteen.

Shut out of the nurseries of Hollywood, gossip insinuates spitefully that the reason the public isn't allowed to know about some of the stars' children must be that there is something wrong with them. What do you expect, adds rumor, when you think of the wild life these movie people lead?

What sort of mothers and fathers do movie stars make? Do the handsome heroes of costume drama ever walk midnight floors when their offspring have pains in their tummies? Are the gorgeous women of the screen thrilled over bottle formulas and first teeth? *And are the children of movie stars any different from the children of college professors, motormen and novelists?*

Like Ancestor, Like Child

ONE way to find out anything is to ask someone who knows. And in Hollywood that someone is Dr. Earl Tarr, one of the children's specialists who see these famous babies into the world, guide them through whooping cough and measles, separate them from their adenoids and prescribe for their mental and physical welfare.

The most sensational statement that Dr. Tarr makes is that the children of screen celebrities are *more likely to be throw-backs to ancestors than* the children of people in more humdrum walks of life. A musician's son, for instance, may inherit his father's talent, even his father's long sensitive musician-fingers. Probably also a farmer's granddaughter and a farmer's daughter will become a farmer's wife. But few children seem to inherit the temperament and talents of film parents.

The movies have been in existence only the length of one generation. There has been no time to hand down the traditions of the art from father to son as in the case of the great theatrical families, to develop inherited professional traits. The Costello

Screen Stars Normal?

How Well Do Celebrities Play the Rôle of Parent?

girls might seem to be an exception, but they come of a long line of theatrical people. It seems probable, from a close study of the children of most movie families, that they will take after their storekeeper grandfather, their army officer great-uncle, their grandmother whose cake was the pride of the church sociables, rather than after mama or papa movie star.

But—one suggests—this famous temperament one hears so much about—does that provide a proper background for children? If mama stages hysterics in the drawing-room because the picture isn't going so well at the studio; or if papa throws the furniture about when he reads an unfavorable criticism of his work, don't such emotional scenes have an effect on the tender mind of a young child?

Parents First, Then Celebrities

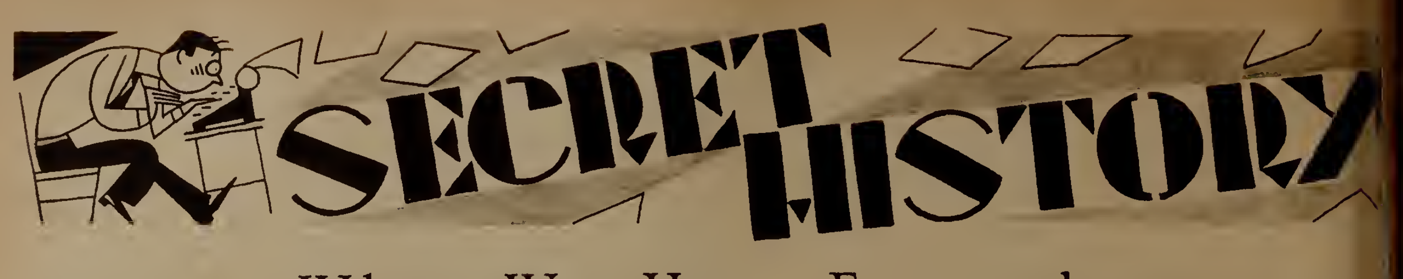
"FORTUNATELY," says Dr. Tarr, "motion picture parents are able to afford a large enough establishment so that their children are separated from the domestic upheavals which occur in any family life. They are far more sheltered from excitement, more quiet than most children. People sometimes ask me whether movie mothers don't neglect their children for their careers. I have always found them unusually devoted. True, they must be away from the nursery much of the daytime, but they have the money and the intelligence to procure the best care possible. Trained nurses look after their children's bodies and trained governesses watch their mental development. And at the least sign of danger to their babies, movie parents forget that they are famous stars and behave just like any other fathers and mothers.

"I think there is no doubt that picture players are more emotional than ordinary people. They have to be. They are paid huge salaries to keep their emotions always on tap. And in the case of symptoms of sickness in their children they become much more excited and anxious than most parents. Where Mrs. Smith would diagnose her small Johnny's fever as a little cold and doctor him herself, rightly or wrongly out of the family medicine chest, a movie mother would send at once for a specialist."

Stars who spend their lives obeying direction are a great relief to the harassed doctor who has tried to explain what he means by preventative medicine to the general run of parents with dubious success. A woman who prides herself on being a good mother will tell a doctor firmly, "Ah, but a mother understands her child better than anyone else." A man whose life work is selling bonds or writing advertising has ironclad theories on health and medicine, picked up from scattered reading, and argues heatedly with a doctor that inoculation against

(*Continued on page* 81)

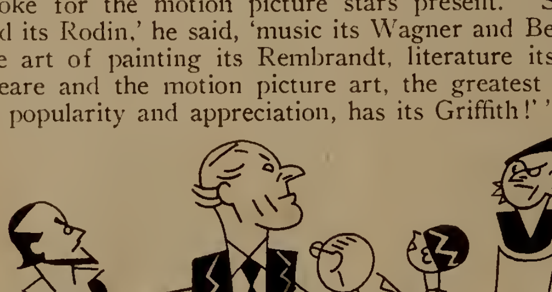
Between Doris Kenyon and Milton Sills, at the left, is their son, Kenyon; in the circle, Arthur Stone's eye and the apple of it, his son; on the elephant is Mary Hay Barthelmess; to the right of her, Suzanne Vidor; above and between them, Conrad Nagel and his daughter, Ruth Margaret; and at the top, Tim Holt



What We Hear From the

Absolutely free and unsolicited tribute to the feeble shades of Wagner, Rembrandt and Shakespeare, given to the world in the super-artistic Los Angeles United Artists Theater, and reported by the Artists' Own press gang:

"Acting as master of ceremonies, Cecil B. De Mille spoke for the motion picture stars present. 'Sculpture had its Rodin,' he said, 'music its Wagner and Beethoven, the art of painting its Rembrandt, literature its Shakespeare and the motion picture art, the greatest in point of popularity and appreciation, has its Griffith!'"



Decline and fall of the hitherto potent Sam Goldwyn publicity bureau, made public by its chieftain, Barrett C. Kiesling:

"Lili Damita was the honor guest Monday at a press tea in the offices of Samuel Goldwyn, with whom she has signed for American productions . . . Eight guests attended, all active press workers."

Tactless reference to the brawny Miss Daniels in a Paramount broadside:

"Just when Bebe had almost completed her journey over the slender cable, the tug to which one end of it was fastened gave a lurch . . . Bebe dropped with a huge splash into the Pacific."

Carrying out that genuine Shakespearian touch in the new Griffith "work of art":

"Gerrit J. Lloyd is now engaged in writing the adaptation and continuity of 'The Pioneer Woman.' Lloyd, who has been with Griffith for the past ten years, is one of the fastest continuity writers in the business. He has been known to complete a full and finished script—with revisions—in less than ten days' time."

Piquantly Rembrandtesque (or is it more Wagnerian?) remark from the Artist himself, probably shedding light on something or other:

"The chief function of a film editor," Griffith contends, "is to pare directorial verbosity to the point where it is recognizable as a work of art whose limitations have been predetermined by intent, custom or practical application."

Philological note from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer revealing the uncouth foreign slang evidently shared by the Danish and English races:

"Dane broke his shoulder falling off a bicycle for a comedy scene in 'Detectives,' and Arthur played tennis w but not wisely and was laid up for several weeks. No to put it in their own words, 'they're rarin' to go again.'"

Surprising revelation from the same studio of the poor muscl developing value of a fight with Cecil de Mille:

"Jetta Goudal, playing with Marion Davies in 'H Cardboard Lover,' wears no less than ten jeweled brac lets in her rôle as the French vamp. She says it's a she can do to lift her arm."

Ineffably tender result of the Bebe Daniels good-luck char competition, especially demonstrating the old truth that Holl wood will pay just anything for a really original idea; from th Paramount harbingers:

"The prize winner is Lillian Callahan, of Long Beac and the token she submitted is a tiny insignia typifying th spirit of Christianity. Out of the thousands of token sent her, Miss Daniels felt that one in some way symboli of the Supreme Being should be the one in which sh should place her faith."

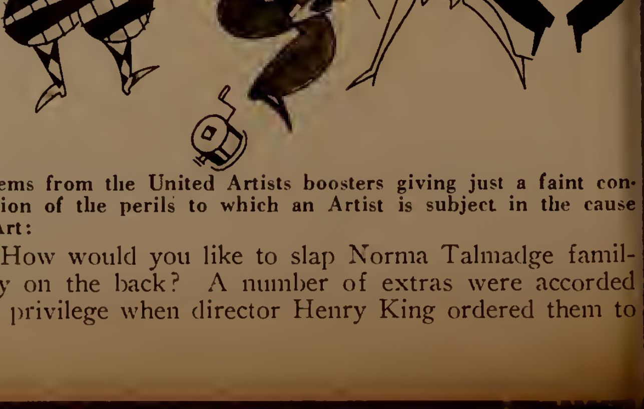
"The Paramount star made known her decision las night after narrowing her selection down to ten talismen."

Another angry denial from Universal City of Hollywood' quaint old superstition that Uncle Carl's nephews are *ipso fact* Universal directors and that they come from Laupheim, Germany

"Completion of but one feature production for Universal convinced Carl Laemmle of the ability of Willian Wyler . . . Wyler came to Hollywood from Switzerland about four years ago. After a period of struggle he turned up as a director of Westerns. It was from that post that he was assigned the job of directing 'Anybody Here Seen Kelly?'"

Breath-taking incident hot from the M-G-M sleuths, showing that Hollywood still keeps its whimsical sense of humor:

"Buster Keaton was playing with a large tripod socket and dropped it—and it happened the camera caught it as it struck his foot. Everybody laughed but Buster."



Items from the United Artists boosters giving just a faint conception of the perils to which an Artist is subject in the cause of Art:

"How would you like to slap Norma Talmadge familiarly on the back? A number of extras were accorded this privilege when director Henry King ordered them to

OF THE MONTH
KELLEY

Press Circles

By Cedric Belfrage

act as they would naturally act in the rôles of trench-weary soldiers when they saw a pretty woman pass through their ranks . . . The extras took King at his word, and for several minutes, while cameras shot the scene, Miss Talmadge was all but manhandled."

Innocent remark dropped on the scarred battlefield where "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was made, reported by Sam Jacobson, press agent by the grace of God and Carl Laemmle:

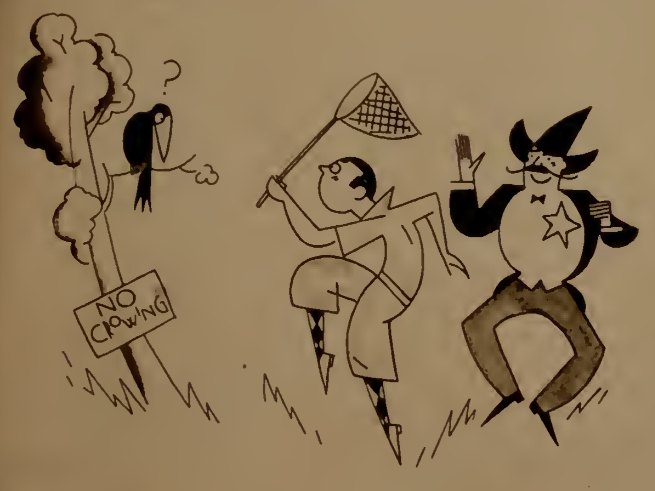
"'Your method here is very direct,' the Hungarian Secretary of State told Carl Laemmle, whose guest he was at Universal studio. 'There is no energy dissipated by working in wrong directions. You first have a definite plan. Then you work at making it into a picture.'"

Poetic frenzy of one of the Paramount prattlers:

"Vacation time will find the film notables of Hollywood scattering like the petals of a daisy under the fingers of a high school lover . . . Esther Ralston will do her zooming on the deck of an ocean liner . . . Emil Jannings plans to confine his gasoline gallivanting to California."

Delightfully candid confession of lawlessness from Fox studio:

"Borzage is using every means of locating a tame crow. He is advertising in the daily papers, broadcasting his requirements from various radio stations and seeking bird sellers and trainers who might know where he could obtain a crow. The state law prohibits capture and possession of crows."



Long-awaited light thrown by Lincoln Quarberg, Caddo chronicler, on the nature of actors said in Hollywood to be "groomed for stardom":

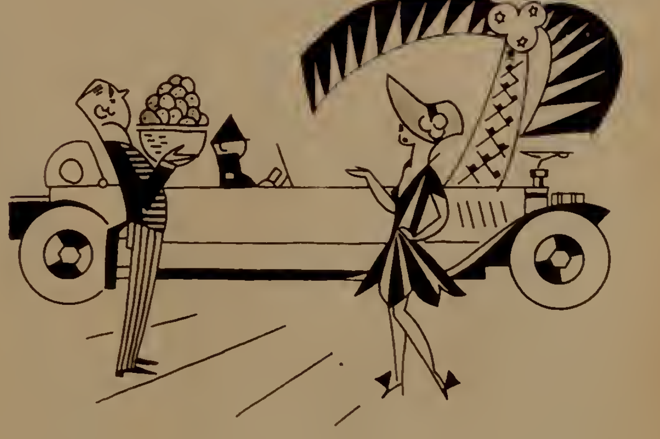
"The latest addition to the Caddo stable is Lucien Prival, one of the leading character artists in the business."

Another intensely human episode for Mrs. Schenck:

"Norma Talmadge—farmer! The famous motion picture star recently spent a day digging, sacking and loading potatoes. Norma has some real blisters on her hands to show for her reel effort as a potato digger."

Ending the perfect democratic day by roycing unto Schenck the things that are Schenck's:

"Norma, in the character of one of the victims of war-torn Austria, was called upon to dig potatoes. They were delectable little new potatoes. And Norma likes young potatoes. At the end of the day she had a goodly supply put in her fawn-colored Rolls-Royce and carried them off with her."



The month's language innovation, a brand-new plural; from the haughty Messrs. Paramount, coincident with their striking decision to omit the "P" in Hampstead, London's suburb, in "The Street of Sin":

Naïve extract from the "columns" of First National's broadside:

"Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., playing in 'The Barker,' is an author of note. He has had one volume of verse printed, and is busy writing the second."

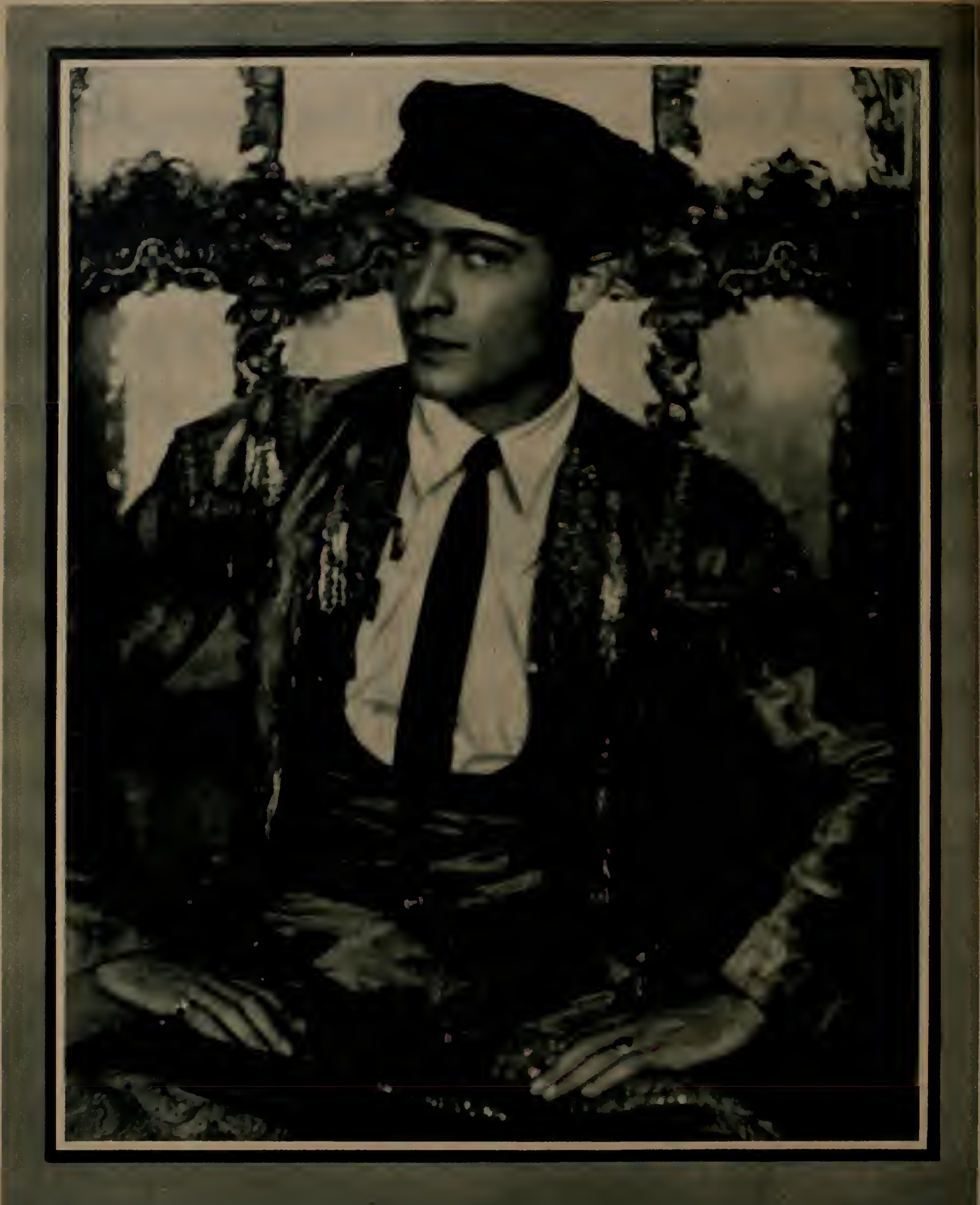
"If Monte Blue had had a tail, he would have been a mermaid. At least, Blue so asserted when he returned from five months in the South Seas. During the making of the picture, Blue was forced to go swimming 198 times for scenes of the production." (Extract from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer publicity sheet.)

On general principles we refuse to say what the publicity man who wrote this would have been under similar circumstances.

IN "TOTO" *or* "IN TOTO"?

"Mary Duncan played an entire scene of 'The Four Devils' last week with her hands alone. . . . Incidentally, it was the personality of Miss Duncan's hands that won her her first rôle on the stage with Leo Ditrichstein in 'Toto.' This same personality of the hands also was much in evidence in her portrayal of the rôle of *Poppy* in 'The Shanghai Gesture.'" (From an Earle Hampton publicity panegyric.)

(*Continued on page 73*)



Helen Macgregor

MAY 6, 1895 **Rudolph Valentino** AUGUST 23, 1926

IN MEMORIAM In the hearts of all who knew him, his memory is still as vivid and as glamourous as the costume he wore in this, one of his greatest rôles

Accept This Elegant Key

"It Won't Unlock Anything, But It's Yours," Says Mayor Cryer of Los Angeles

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

The fruits of celebrity: Norma Shearer, upon her return from Europe, is presented with a basket of oranges and the key to the city, by Mayor Cryer

A KINDLY man, Mayor George E. Cryer of the City of Los Angeles, meets all trains with something like the punctiliousness of the Toonerville Trolley, armed with a key for some lucky boy or girl arriving from the East.

You can well imagine how crazy he has got the little darlings of the film colony about collecting keys. The new hobby has all the allure of stamp-collecting, but is less trouble because a mere handful of keys looks as impressive as thousands of stamps. It also has the added advantage of giving the collector an exact rating in the scale of movie celebrities. It isn't merely a question of how many keys to cities you can amass. Certain keys are harder to get than others. For instance, the key to New York is rarely given except to returning transatlantic flyers. Topeka's key is said to be about as hard to get as any. The reason given for this is that nobody in their senses wants to go to Topeka anyway.

Mayor George E. Cryer of Los Angeles has added new delights to key-collecting by constantly varying the types of key presented. He has evolved more or less of a scale of values, whereby a very big personage indeed receives an ormolu key of massive weight and so all the way down to the newly arrived nurseling star or beauty-contest winner, who gets a key of three-ply wood or of flowers. The solidity of the key does not matter, inasmuch as it won't unlock anything. But the Hollywood kiddies find it's the greatest fun trying to collect a specimen of each kind of key that is given.

The town Cryer of Los Angeles is the Mayor himself. Next to him is the new City Hall, with the Mayor's car parked before it

The Low Cost of Giving

I DON'T want to crab Mayor Cryer's virtues—for he is a kindly man—but it must be admitted that rarely, if ever, does he pay for the key out of his own (I mean the city's) slender purse. In this seething haunt of press-agents there's nearly always somebody interested enough in arriving celebrities to pay for the key. All the Mayor has to do is present it. Keys for visiting philosophers and lecturers are supplied by "ism" groups. For movie stars they are paid for by the producer to whom they are under contract. Producers themselves buy their own keys and give them to the Mayor to give back to them. The Mayor is the essential factor, for nobody else is allowed to present the key to the city. If he presents it, it's the key to the city. If anybody else presents it, it's just a key. Darned clever, these Mayors.

Sometimes it happens that a star or producer is not interested in collecting (can you imagine?), in which case, if he does a lot of traveling, he carries a permanent key around with him. Louis B. Mayer is said to have received so many keys from the Mayor of Los

(*Continued on page 86*)

Richard is

From His Illness

Emerges

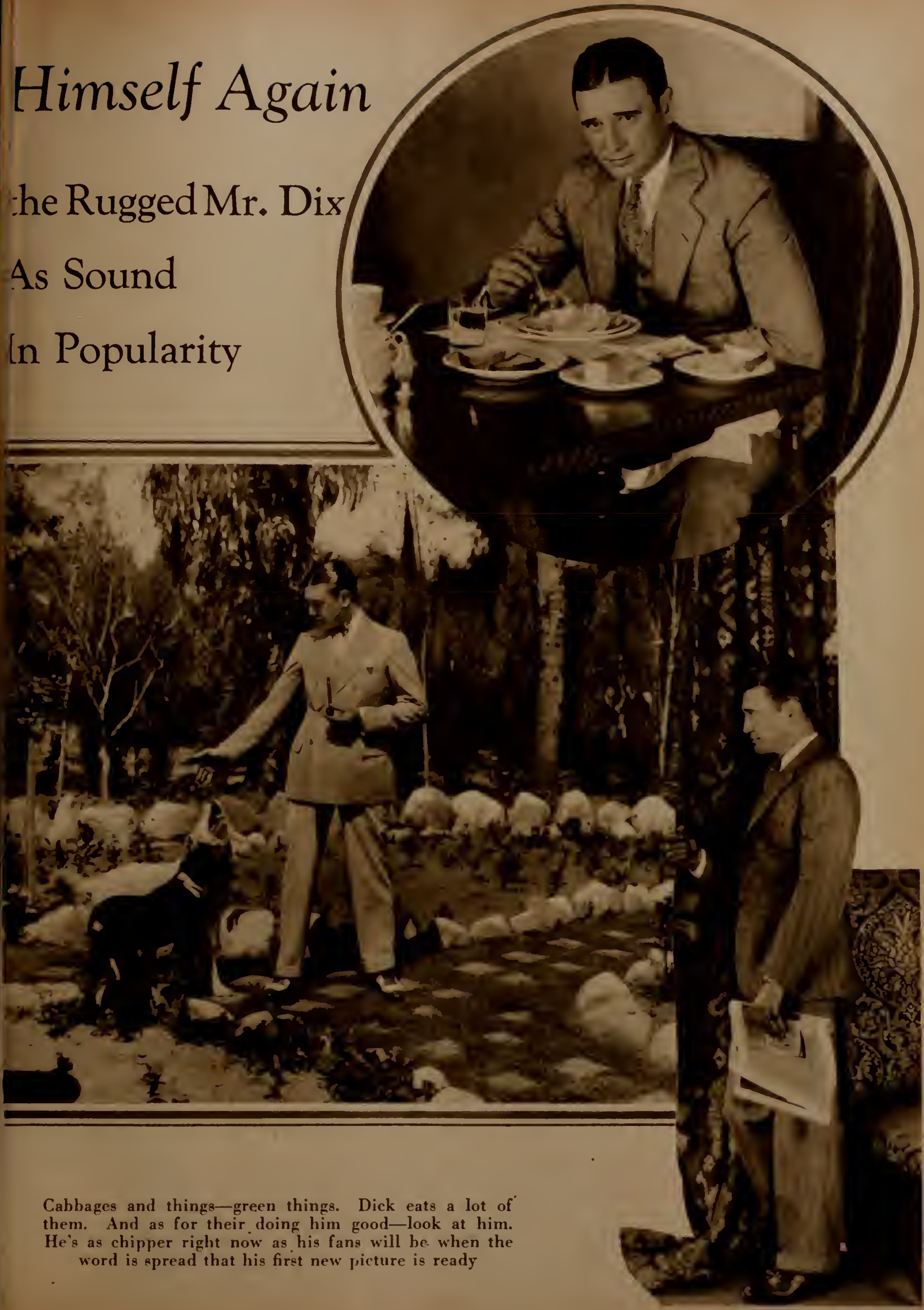
In Health As

All Photos by Hommel

Able to sit up and take notice? There's no question of that, even without referring to the pictures at the top and bottom of the page. He's up on his dogs again —and what's more, out playing with 'em

Himself Again

the Rugged Mr. Dix
As Sound
In Popularity



Cabbages and things—green things. Dick eats a lot of them. And as for their doing him good—look at him. He's as chipper right now as his fans will be when the word is spread that his first new picture is ready

Knight Life in Hollywood

If You Think It Is the Woman Who Pays, Ask James Hall

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

James Hall impersonates the evening male in Hollywood. It should be of interest to students of formal fashion to note that he wears a dress shield

FOUR score and seven years ago our fathers would have been amazed to hear that James Hall had thirty-five suits of clothes. Today nothing shocks them The flappers have seen to that.

They were lucky if they had two suits, with a black broadcloth to wear for funerals and christenings. And shoes. They should stand at least two more peggings, by cracky, or they weren't worth the two dollars paid for them.

Ten score and eight years ago our fathers. But let's do right by our Nell. Let's skip back to the good old days of Launcelot and Galahad when King Arthur passed the beer and skittles 'round the Round Table. When knights were knights and days were, well, just daze. Happy, happy daze.

What do you suppose Launcelot, for instance, would say if he read in the paper that Jimmy Hall had thirty-five suits?

Tall and slim, he would stand by the casement window with the morning tabloid in his hand.

"Egad," he would say, stroking his long golden mustache. "Egad! Imagine a chappie with thirty-five suits. 'Tis trouble enough to keep this one. If the silver mesh of the tunic doesn't need repair, the breastplates must be polished. The plume on my helmet is forever in want of cleaning and the vizor keeps slipping down at the wrong moment. Trouble enough with one suit, but thirty-five!

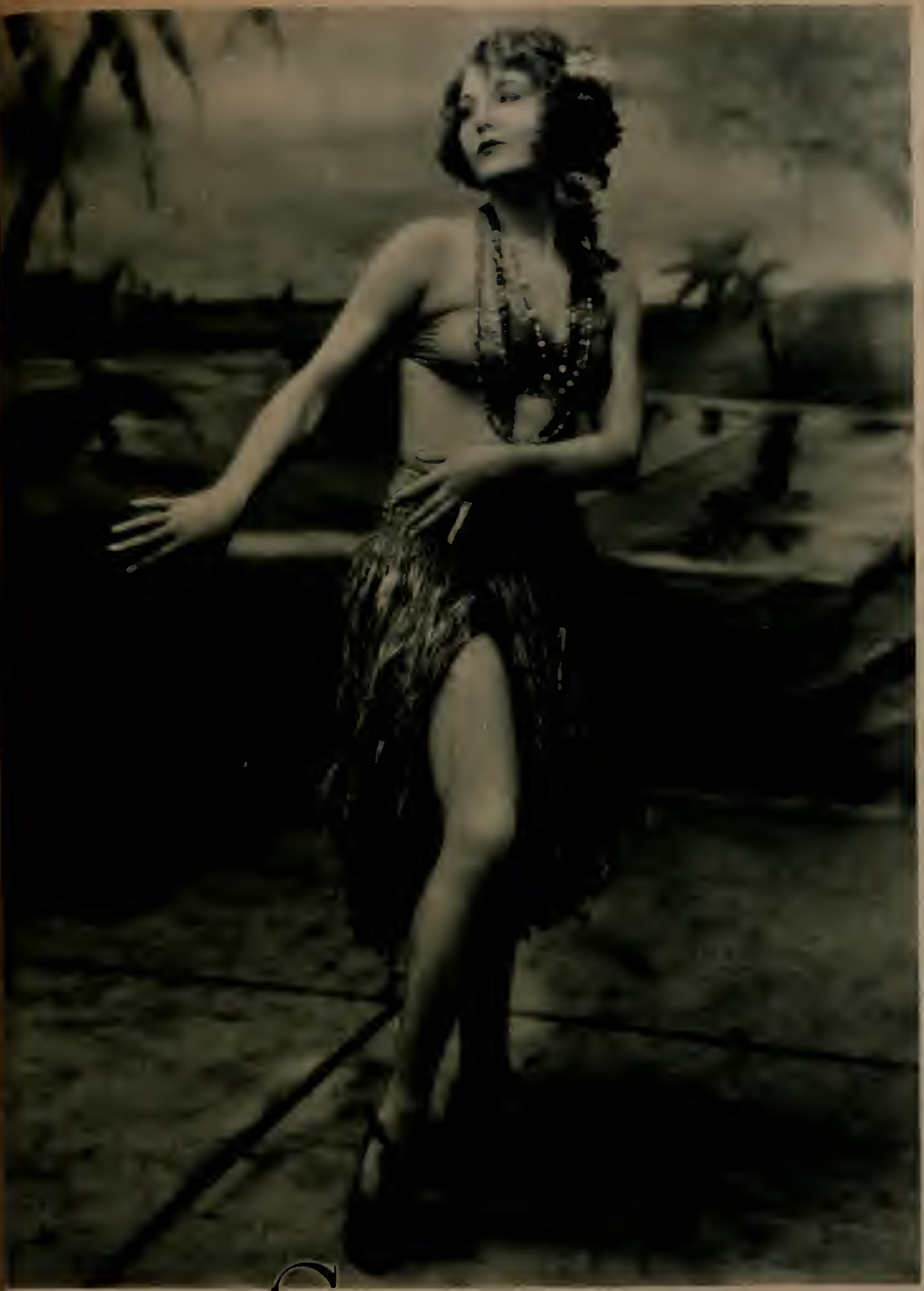
"Oh, Elaine! Here's a chappie with thirty-five——"

Those were the days when every knight had his milk-white steed. When he charged down the tournament field. But that was all he charged. It was long before the days of credit evil. All was crash and carry. And let the equerries fall where they may.

"The stores even open charge accounts for you, without your knowledge or consent," Jimmy sat telling me, "and phone or write you to become a charge account patron."

We were talking

(*Contin'd on page 77*)



Shaking Hay

Whether the sun shines or whether it doesn't, this is Betty Compson's occupation in her newest screen character. She appears, in support of Milton Sills and Dorothy Mackaill, as the hula dancer in a play of side-show life entitled "The Barker"

Isn't Love Wonderful?

(Not a D.W. Griffith Production)

By DOROTHY MANNERS

Spurr

Ask Jobyna Ralston about her career and she will tell you all about Richard Arlen's. And she'll be giving you a true and direct answer, too

THEY said, when Jobyna Ralston married young Dick Arlen, that she had lost interest in her own career; that Jobyna Ralston's place on the screen had become secondary to the niche her handsome husband occupied. They said Jobyna was more interested in her new home than in her close-ups. They said it was too bad. Jobyna, of the lovely photographic face, was allowing herself to slip out of the picture and Arlen was mounting to the top. Jobyna wanted it that way, they said. They said "Dick, Dick, Dick" was all she talked about. It was love. It was grand. But it wasn't doing Jobyna any good so far as the movies were concerned.

I thought "Bosh!" or something like that. You see, I could remember Jobyna when she was playing leads with Harold Lloyd, and there wasn't a more ambitious kid in Hollywood than the Ralston, with her curls down her back and her cute little giggly laugh. She wanted to get somewhere on the screen and do the bigger and better things. The comedy stuff of the politer variety was her aim and she used to say nothing was going to keep her from getting there. Men? Oh, men were all right in their way, but Jobyna couldn't be bothered with them—not seriously, anyway. Men were all well enough to go dancing with and to serve as escorts in general, but Jobyna was just a bit of a heart-breaker. She allowed them to fall in love with her without getting her own affections involved in the slightest. I remember a certain young business man, a romantic actor, an up-and-coming young press-agent. They had felt pretty tough when Joby said "No."

I knew all this, and that's the reason it was hard for me to reconcile myself to the idea of the independent-minded Jobyna giving up "all" for a man. Any man. Even the fascinating Dick Arlen.

Journeying to Jobyna

IT was one of those California days with a hundred little white clouds marooned like islands in the sky that I Chevroleted out to Burbank to see Jobyna. I wasn't quite sure which one of the drowsily pretty homes along Taluka Lake was theirs, but before I had gone very far up the tree-lined street I spotted Jobyna herself in an old white coat and a straw hat mashed down on her head picking flowers from her own garden. "Hi," she said.

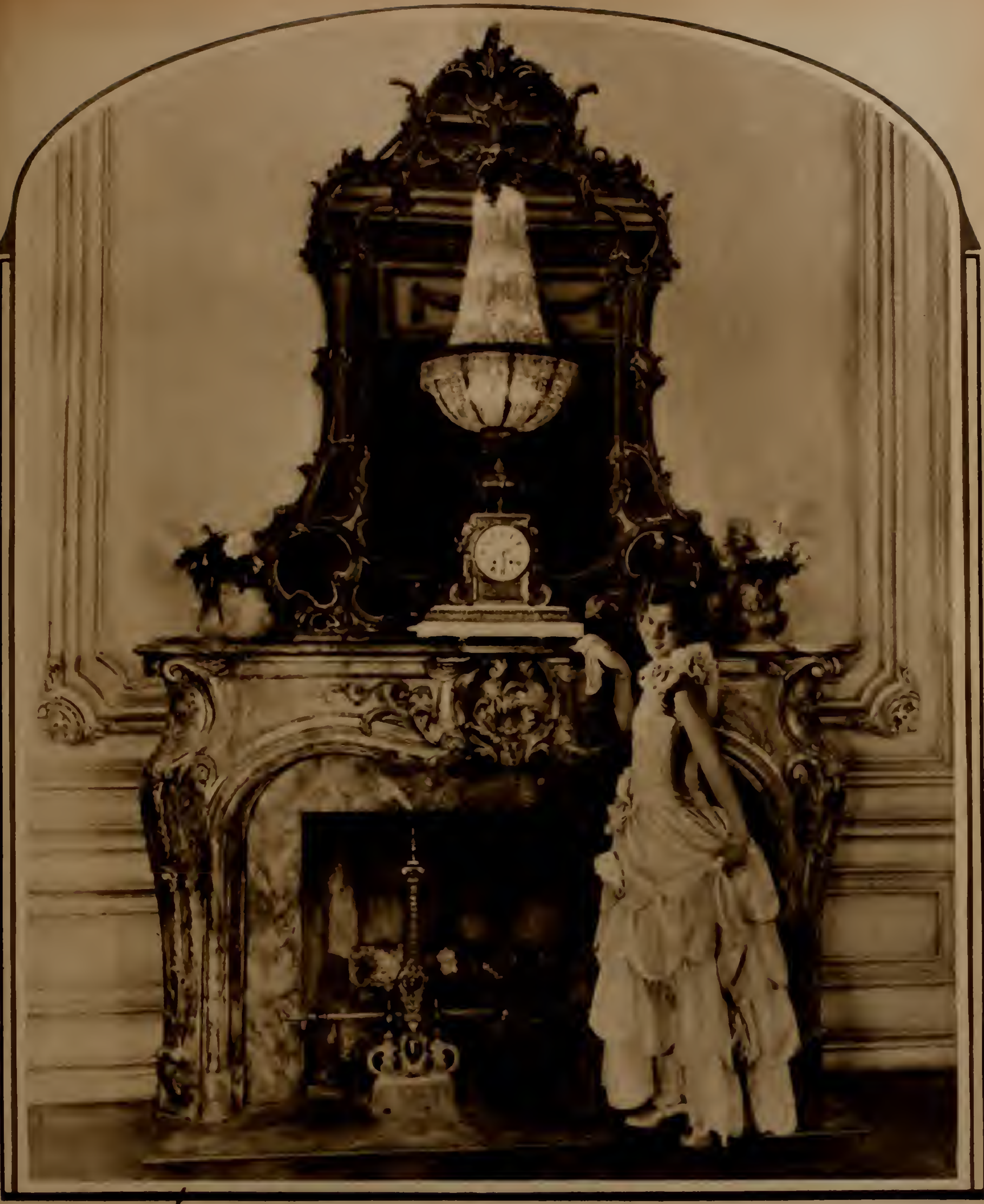
Well, this was a honeymoon house if there ever was one. It just yelled its new-founded domesticity. An enormous tree in the front yard threw one whole wing into shadow, and through the opened door I could see a living-room of fireplaces and book-shelves and huge easy-chairs.

We stretched out on our backs under the Arlen tree and observed the clouds, lazily. Jobyna never looks so pretty as when she is informal. She had clasped her hands under her head and pushed her hat back and every now and then she picked a grass blade and nibbled at its root the way you do when you're lying on your back on the grass. I said something about it being grand out here.

"Yes," agreed Jobyna, "it's awfully nice and quiet for Dick. He's working like a dog lately and he comes home dead tired from the studio. At first we didn't know whether we were going to like being so far out from town, but with Dick working so hard, I realize it is the best thing in the world to be out where he can rest and get to bed early without people dropping in at all hours of the night."

Dick. You see?

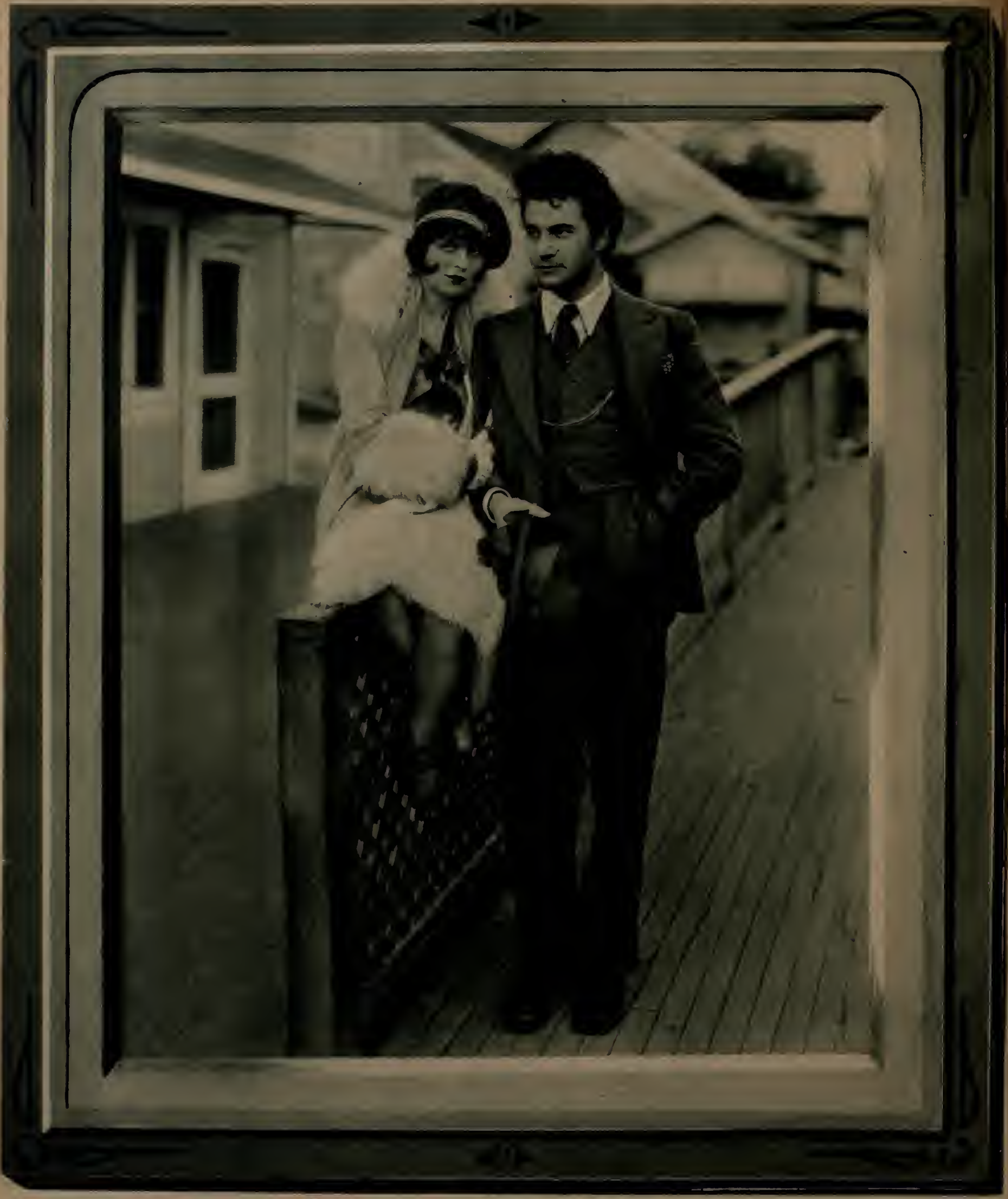
"What's all this about your losing interest in your work and devoting yourself to Arlen?" I asked by way of getting right to the root of the thing. (*Continued on page 86*)



Otto Dyar

A Mantel of Beauty

A highly ornamental fixture in her new home, we will admit. But it seems so unnecessary. For why should Nancy Carroll have such a thing contrived, when nature has already bestowed upon her a mantle of uncommon loveliness?



Classic's Family Album

Measured by years, it's not so long ago. But according to the number of events in their lives since this was taken, the picture represents ancient history. For then the girl with the bobbed hair was nearly as famous as she is now. But the only engagement that the gentleman with the bobbed waistcoat had ever had was to marry her. He has since shaved and succeeded. Who are they? Of course: Clara Bow and Gilbert Roland

Our Own News Camera

A moving picture star reverses the usual order of events and turns tiller-girl: Billie Dove sailing her boat off Coronado Beach and having just yachts and yachts of fun

Ray Jones

Engaged in meditations: Reginald Denny and his fiancée, Isobel Stiefel, thinking chiefly of saving space in the swing on the porch of his cabin in the San Bernardino mountains

C. S. Bull

Glorifying the glory that was Cæsar's: Jane Winton standing in the Constantine Arch in Rome, with the Colosseum — properly — in the background

One, two, three—fore! Clive Brook (in the center picture), with Mrs. Brook and their daughter Faith, has tee for three on the beach

Stars in sunlight: Dorothy Sebastian and Anita Page looking seaward and their prettiest on the sands of Santa Monica

CINEMA SHOTS FROM COAST TO

Right, the first woman in the world to decide to turn over a new leaf: Eve, as portrayed by Sally Rand

The milk of human kindness is manifested literally by Dolores Costello in her care of the baby lamb that was, with herself, on the passenger list of "Noah's Ark"

Are screen beauties ultra-modern? It would hardly seem so, for Sally Blane, just above, is so old-fashioned that she rides her automobile side-saddle

A Daniels not in the lion's den, but in a predicament quite as disturbing. Bebe dodged under the ladder to keep a black cat from seeing her

Speaking of fast sets in Hollywood, if anyone wants to play them, he has only to meet Ralph Forbes in a tennis match. He is champion among the British actors there

A pretty swift baby—not Polly Ann Young but the little car she's stepping into. It will do sixty miles an hour without batting a headlight

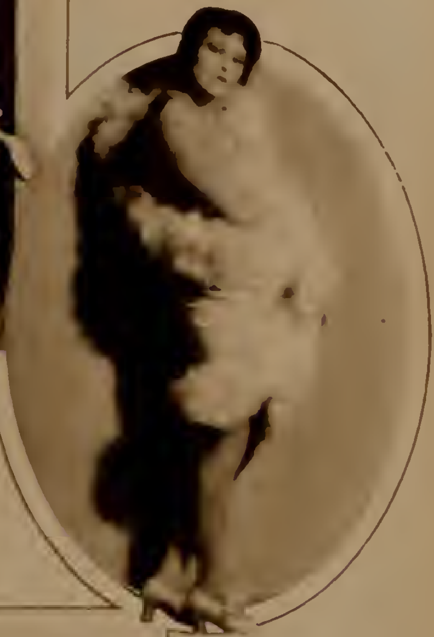
As Laura La Plante has all who have seen her, so has she her white cockatoo—simply eating out of her hand. And liking it

COAST AND BACK TO COAST AGAIN

ιot that June Collyer,
bove, ever slights her ap-
earance. But when she
as her picture taken, she
eems to like to get particularly dolled up

Wouldn't you call Marcelle Edwards—at the left—a neat little baggage? You should, for she's just come back from the studio costuming department wearing wardrobe trunks

A Laurell who makes other beauties of the screen look—and none too confidently—to their own is Jane, in the picture below



Chester Conklin may prefer his spectacles plain, but he likes himself horn-rimmed. He had this photograph taken just to prove that at least one person in the world takes off his hat to his playing

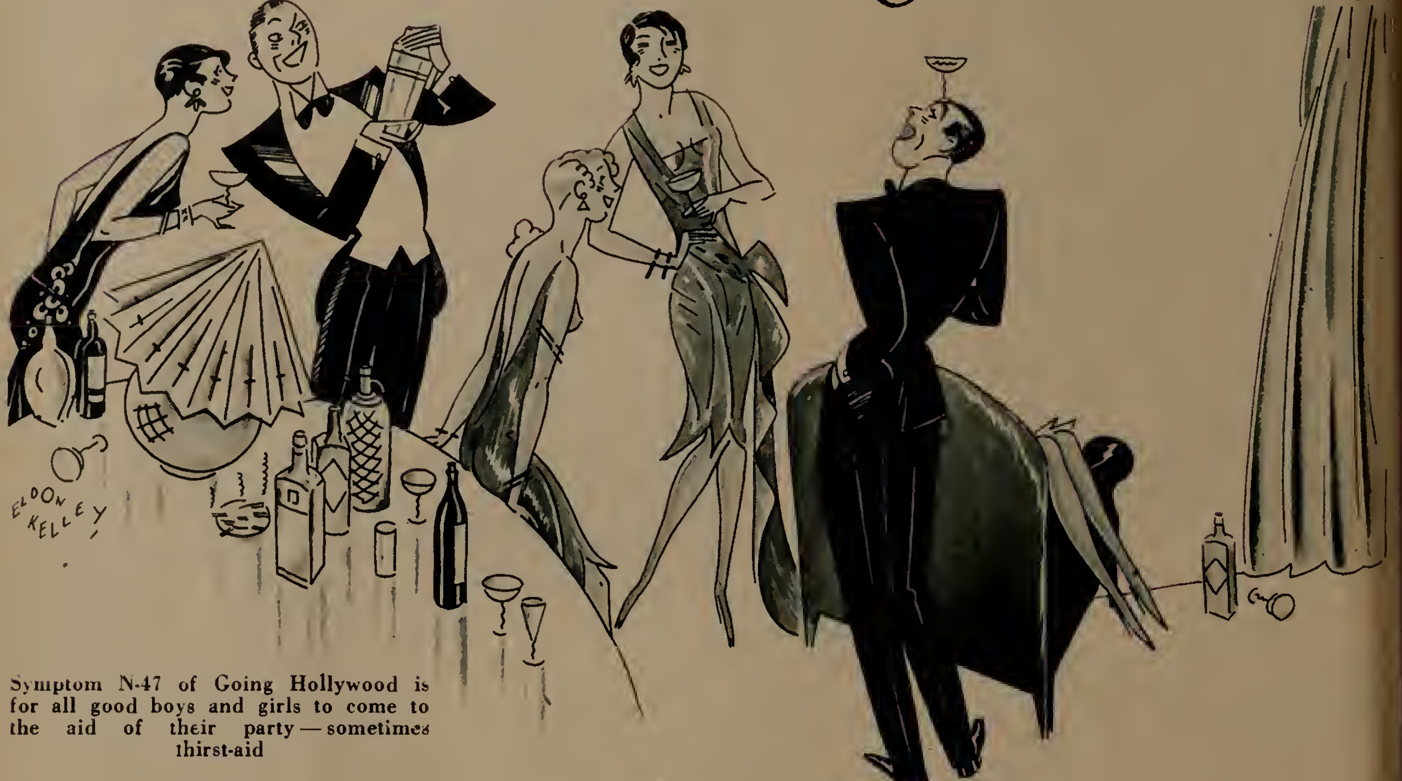
Down in front!" is likely to be
eard in more than one theater
Virginia Bradford wears this
own when she appears in
"Craig's Wife"

Chuting stars—and four at once! They are, beginning at the bottom, Agnes Franey, Myrna Loy, Audrey Ferris and Rin-Tin-Tin

Two Minniecure girls: Barbara Kent and Dorothy Gulliver making Minnie the elephant look her daintiest for the opening of the social season at a Hollywood zoo

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

Going



Symptom N-47 of Going Hollywood is for all good boys and girls to come to the aid of their party — sometimes thirst-aid

AL JOLSON was approached on the set at Warner's by a newspaper man who asked him to give him a "quote" for a story he was doing.

"What is the story about?" inquired Mr. Jolson.

"Just a general article. I'll tell you the idea and quote your comment."

"No, indeed!" quoth Al, with mock indignation. "If the story isn't all about me, I won't play!"

The newspaper man, whose sense of humor, perhaps, was not quite equal to the Jolson brand of jocularity, walked away in some annoyance.

Jolson called after him, "You may quote me, if you like, as saying I've 'gone Hollywood'!"

Friends fluttered up to him, protesting, "Al, you've said the wrong thing! You don't want to be quoted as saying that."

Seeing the real concern in their faces, Jolson called after the reporter, "Say! Come on back! I'll talk. Don't quote me on that."

The newspaper man, really irked by what he doubtless considered a rebuff, tossed over his shoulder a laconic, "Sorry! You've committed yourself!" and walked on, amid the consternation of press agents.

Now the press agents doubtless exaggerated the significance of the remark. Nevertheless, it is true that the highest compliment you can pay anyone in the film colony is to say that he is "not at all Hollywood." And, by the same token, more contempt is probably expressed by the phrase, "He's gone Hollywood!" or "He is very Hollywood!" than by any other comment that can be made.

It is a little bit like the Pittsburgh millionaires of twenty or thirty years ago. But it is more complicated. Those people had acquired money abruptly and with it ideas of grandeur. This made them very amusing to the folks back East who had had their wealth for a generation or so and had got used to it.

Symptoms of Hollywoodness

BUT the Hollywood type differs from the steel magnates and their wives and daughters in that it has other things besides sudden affluence to influence it.

We are concerned with Art.

We have Burning Messages and things like that.

We have Temperament and Aspirations to Count for Something.

And we have Sensibilities!

You can see for yourself that the thing is very involved.

In the first place, if one is an artist, then all the story books say that one must be bohemian. This seems to mean somewhat loose as to morals and very, very impulsive and uninhibited.

But there is a catch to that! Reports of one's bohemianism must not get into the public prints. The mass of the American public clings to its Puritan ideals of conduct and finds difficulty in adjusting itself to the free-and-easy ways of us artists.

So the poor actor tries desperately to seem bohemian among his friends and to seem pure and noble, an upstanding example of young manhood or what-not—in the newspapers.

In other words, he strives to present a Boy Scout exterior to the fans and remain just a little Pagan to his intimates.

Although this thing of going Hollywood takes many forms and strikes as often in high places as low, there are some few characteristics common to all its victims.

It is very Hollywood, for instance, to talk always in the

Hollywood

The Causes, Symptoms and Effects of a Disorder Peculiar to the Movie Colony

present tense. Probably because scripts read that way and conversation upon sets is always in that mode.

Also it is typical Hollywood-ese to speak of important people by their first names and to tell in loud, important tones how you told Joe Schenck or Jesse Lasky where he was wrong!

The Cess Men

SNATCHES of conversation heard in cafés and about the lots go like this. "And I say to Cecil De Mille, I say, 'Look here, Cess! You take my advice. I'll tell you what it is! It's like this.' And Cess, he says, 'Bob, you're right! I never thought of that!' "

Sartorial elegance to the *n*th degree is a symptom. Warner Richmond says that when he left New York, men's shirt collars showed a little elongation of the points. When he arrived in Hollywood, he observed that the points of collars rested somewhere about the waistline.

"That," says Warner, "is Hollywood!"

Nick Grinde, the director, says that the typical Hollywoodian is a "guy who flips a coin to decide whether he wears evening clothes or golf knickers to an opening!"

Idiosyncrasies of attire are a part of it. Someone told me, and swore it was the truth, that a prominent director had a dinner suit made with trousers cut like the golf knickers to which he is addicted!

Eddie Sturgis cites as an example of going Hollywood, a certain director who borrowed his car and used it for months while Eddie was in the East. He came up in the world a bit during Eddie's absence and upon his return, affected not to remember him.

"When I spoke to him," reports Eddie, "he came back with 'Hello, Frank!' A bird I had known for years! Hollywood had got him!"

Ordinarily it is the hangers-on, the eternally hopeful crew of youngsters who are trying to break into pictures who are dubbed Hollywood with such contempt by those who have more or less arrived.

They are the imitators, the grand bluffers, who try to appear tremendously prosperous on a shoe-string.

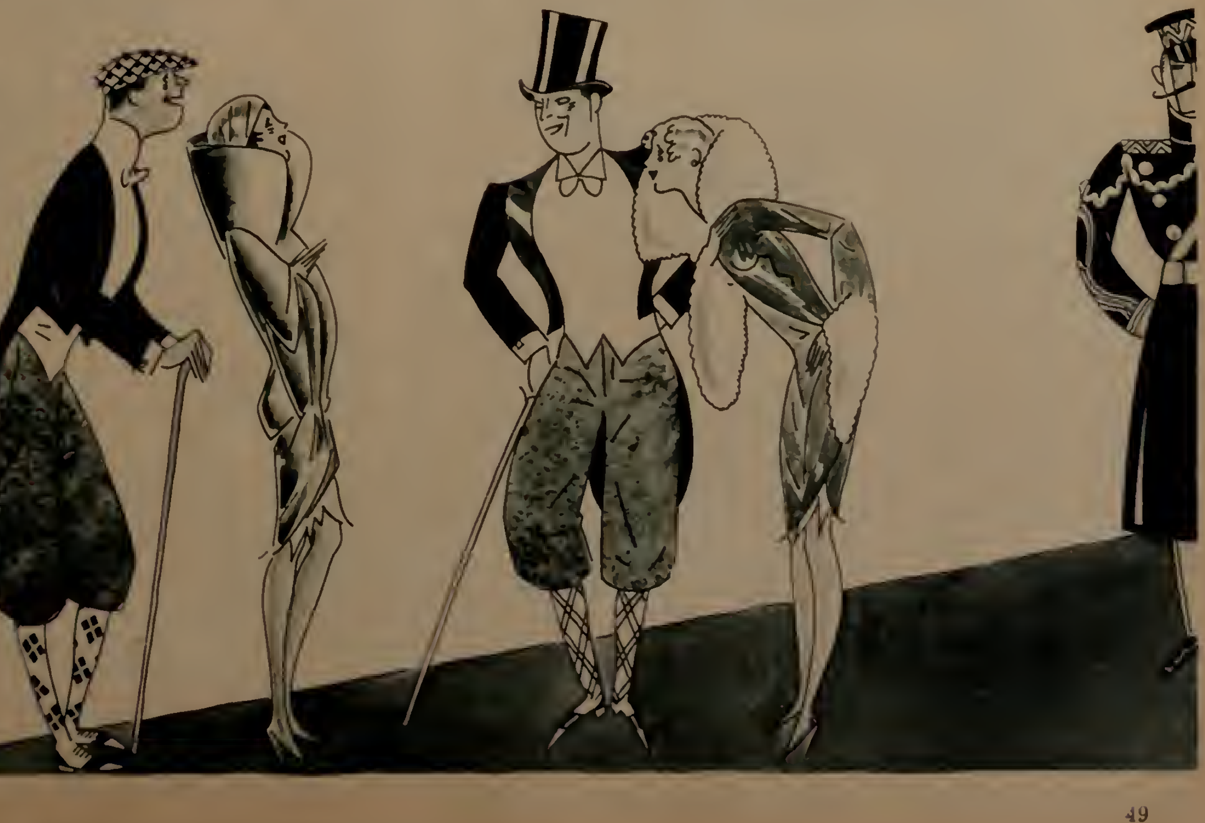
The Hollywood idea of a party, is as typical and peculiar to Hollywood as any other term.

What a Party Means

ANYWHERE else in the world a party is a gathering of people of similar tastes, who enjoy each other's company, for the purpose of doing together the things they enjoy. Whether it be a chicken supper, given by the Ladies' Aid in the church basement, or a group of débutantes who gather to play bridge for higher stakes than they can afford.

But in Hollywood a party is a specific thing. The word implies Bohemianism rampant. It may spring up spontaneously or it may be planned. Mostly they just happen. They are likely to go from house to café and back to house again—a different house, in all likelihood, from the one where the party had its birth. Surprising

(*Continued on page* 83)

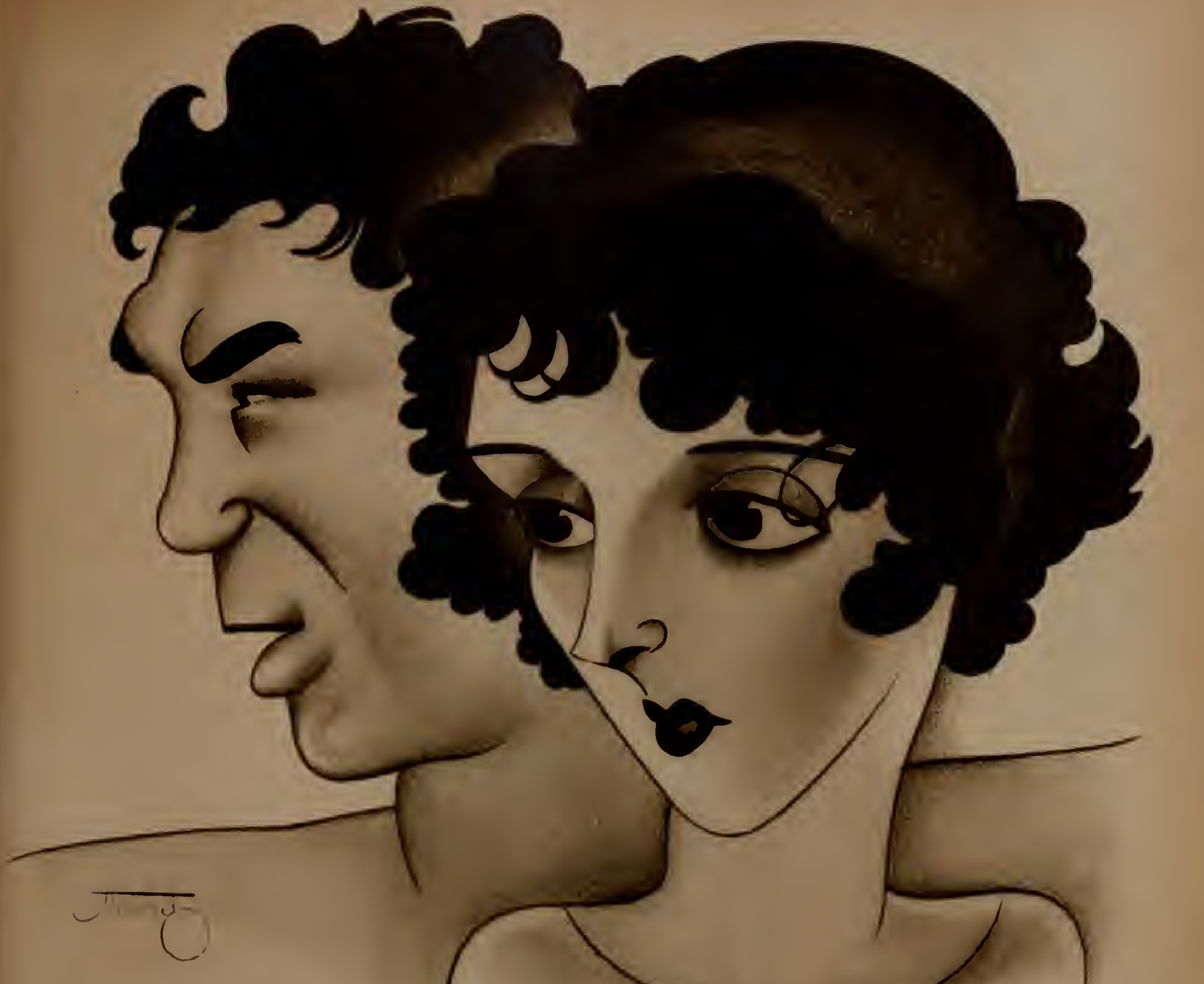


Symptom C-19 of Going Hollywood is to go in for sartorial cocktails, to mix clothing with the same recklessness as one mixes drinks

Just A Little Gypsy Sweetheart

Neil Smith

Dolores del Rio is not hurt; she is just terribly, terribly angry. All of which is part of her part as *Rascha*, the gypsy girl in "Revenge," when she finds the man she loves sharpening pencils with her Sunday dagger



Mister and Missus

Impressions of Mr. Ginsberg, the Manassa Mauler, and of His Wife, Estelle Dempsey

By Carol Johnston

THEY are a National Institution, like the Follies and Niagara Falls. They rank with Lindbergh and the new Ford car as favorite American products. No matter where they go, crowds gather and people point. And The Dempseys grin and bear it.

Household words, they have no more private life than the Prince of Wales or the Queen of Roumania. They were born to fame; they couldn't escape it if they tried. And today they are more popular than ever. This, despite the fact that Mr. Dempsey has definitely announced his retirement from fisticuffs and Mrs. Dempsey has made regrettably few films of late. It's not so much achievement, then, as high-powered personality that makes these two so celebrated. They have all the qualities that the Great American Public demands of its idols—the ability to get themselves on the front page and the humility to wonder why.

The minute they close the gate of their comfortable Hollywood home behind them they become public property. In New York their every move is chronicled. The hotel on Park Avenue, where they stop, may be harboring—as it was last time—a prince and princess, a lord and lady or two, assorted diplomats, aviators and screen stars—but it was The Dempseys who received the attention. They were deluged with distinguished guests, costly gifts, phone calls, telegrams, and vaudeville, movie and stage offers. And they managed to remain, in the midst of all the adulation, simply Mister and Missus—a De Luxe edition, but still Mr. and Mrs. This king of the ring and his movie queen have never taken themselves seriously, and they don't intend to begin. Now that they can afford all the caviar they want, they still prefer corned beef and cabbage. Their combined earnings have brought them

(*Continued on page 87*)

LAURENCE REID REVIEWS THE NEW PHOTOPLAYS

The Celluloid

THE Russian Revolution turns out to be a topsy-turvy, harum-scarum, hit-and-miss affair as revealed in "The Red Dance." Those responsible evidently thought it spelled *box-office* to cram it full of extreme sacrifice, extreme adventure, extreme unction, extreme plunder and all of the other elements which are generally depicted as the voice of a people in rebellion. The mistakes are in the story, for the direction shows first-rate technical qualities—even if the action doesn't build much sequence.

The trouble is too much picture. It could have gone on into next week. After the characters are planted (and none important are forgotten except Kerensky, who, strangely, has to give way to figures bearing a strong likeness to Trotzky and Rasputin), the scenes shift dizzy-like from aristocratic circles to those representing the peasantry. And before you know it, you are in the throes of the Revolution, depicted here as the Mad Rush.

The detail is very good, especially in those scenes of peasant life. And Hollywood surely has enough Russian uniforms to go around. Pictorially it is satisfying, but as a genuine treatment of the Revolution it is away off the mark. There's a romance typically movieish which has to do with a Grand Duke falling in love with a lowly peasant and the latter saving his life at the climax. The excursion into the arbor of love gives Dolores del Rio a chance to look picturesque and act with a fair amount of feeling. As for Charles Farrell, he wears his uniform well and his quick stride is all to the military. Ivan Linow, providing comic relief, fails to arouse much mirth after a brief moment or two. He starts out as a wolf and ends up a lambkin.

There's no real motivation here. The Russia Revolution has yet to be picturized in Hollywoo I would recommend it as a task for the Russian or Germans. "The End of St. Petersburg" captured the real thing without love interest.

Blood Will Tell

THE dual rôle bobs up to give Richard Barthelmess an opportunity to differentiate twi brothers—and he performs very well in "Th Wheel of Chance," a picture which shapes up a likely entertainment. The idea is an old one but it is developed compactly and with a eye on building suspense.

Barthelmess is discovered as twins one good, the other a disciple of evil Having been separated in infanc in Russia, the good one is reare by his thrifty parents in America while the other becomes a gangster. It happens that the bad boy is tried for murder and his prosecutor is his brother. You've seen that situation before, haven't you? The psychic understanding of twins is exploited when the sponsor of the law refuses to continue the case. And the love appeal has its innings. And there you are.

The court-room scene is the highlight in a picture which doesn't contain very many. Yet it is well con-

At top is Richard Barthelmess playing a dual rôle in his newest picture, "The Wheel of Chance." In the oval are Richard Arlen and Clara Bow, whose picture, "Ladies of the Mob," is a good melodrama. Below, Raquel Torres as a dusky South Sea maid shows her interest in Monte Blue in "White Shadows of the South Seas"

Critic

THIS MONTH

- The Red Dance
- The Cossacks
- Ladies of the Mob
- The Wheel of Chance
- The Michigan Kid
- White Shadows of the South Seas

structed and contains a fair amount of human interest.

Gangster Love

Trust a gangster's girl to stick by him—and thus point a lesson in loyalty to her more strait-laced sisters. This is the idea behind Clara Bow's newest opus, "Ladies of the Mob," which is not only a neat melodrama with the stamp of reality upon it, but which also gives Clara Bow a chance to demonstrate emotions away from *Itty* circles.

The picture serves a moral in its theme of regeneration. The girl's father burned in the chair, and to save her boy friend from following her old man she deliberately plugs him so that he will give up the "gat" and reform. It is charged with fine atmosphere and speaks right out with action that carries a snap to it.

What particularly pleased me was the different note suggested in the process of regenerating a crook. Most film crooks reform by meeting a girl who doesn't talk their language. Here is one whose *frail* is a product of his own underworld. Richard Arlen is not up to the Bow in vitalizing the rôle. His personality is cut from too refined a pattern.

At top, John Gilbert has an interesting film in "The Cossacks," and Renée Adorée provides the romantic appeal. In the oval Conrad Nagel and Renée Adorée climb to a mountain-top to talk things over in "The Michigan Kid." Below, Charles Farrell demonstrates passion *à la* Grand Duke for Dolores del Rio in "The Red Dance"

But the Cocoanuts Fall

In so far as collecting an assortment of beautiful shots which show how life is lived South Seaward, the picture version of Frederick O'Brien's book, "White Shadows of the South Seas," is not so hot. Much license has been taken with the original—and much more could have been taken that might have pepped up this production. For instance, they could have staged a lively fight among the tribesmen—with the fair native as the pawn. The white man would then have an opportunity to prove his superiority. While this is an ancient idea, it would have livened up the proceedings. As it is, one waits in vain for something to happen.

It is nothing but a travelogue of the manners and customs of the South Seas, with Monte Blue playing a derelict who is made the white god when he applies first-aid treatment to the brown-skinned poobah's little boy. This not only wins him the undying gratitude of the father, but the love of the kid's sister as well. And that's all there is to it. The picture was actually shot in the South Seas and the native life is interesting. But the story is very weak—a poor prop to hang some striking scenes over. The hula dances must have been trimmed.

Fast Work on Hollywood's Steppes

John Gilbert has a good number in "The Cossacks," and it seems like old times to find him reunited to Renée Adorée, who was his sweetheart in "The Big Parade." Not so much fuss has been made over this contribution to celluloid art, but it is easily a better bet at any

(*Continued on page* 91)

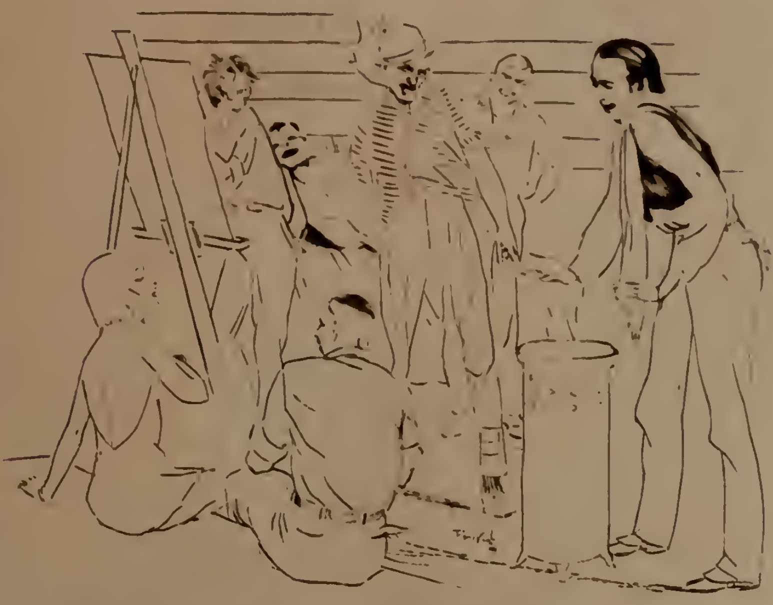
A Wray With Him

Gary Cooper has one, no doubt. Her first name being Fay. Here they are on location together, while acting in "The First Kiss." Was it this, we wonder, that suggested their being pictured against the background of a fleet of little smacks?

A Ham Among the Yeggs

Lucien Prival Lived a Gangster's Life In Order To Be Able To Portray It

By MURRAY IRWIN



If you don't believe that Lucien is blasé, look at him here, in spite of the presence of an artist's model, having to hover over a charcoal stove

IT'S not so difficult to be a discoverer. After all, Chris, or Americus, or Eric the Red, or whoever it was that did the job of discovering America, couldn't very well miss it. The boys were simply out for a boat-ride and got to sailing along, when all of a sudden some one said: "There's America!" And sure enough, it was.

Take Balboa, if that was the gentleman's name. What a time he'd have had not bumping into the Pacific. And Hendrik Hudson. My goodness, why should he sail up Coney Island creek or the fragrant Gowanus when the Hudson was right there handy? I ask you.

If you saw a flock, herd, bevy or gathering of goats surrounding a slim gazelle, or a stately elk (the kind with teeth in mouth instead of on watch-charm), you wouldn't get high-hat because you knew the deer wasn't a nanny, would you?

All of which leads up to this: it's a bit childish for a lot of these fellows to claim superior perspicacity because they discover a real actor mixed up with the main product of John W. Meatpacker and Company.

Any child would know that Clara Bow is a darb—Lina Basquette a natural—Sue Carol quite the cat's—Alice White a wow. At least, any child who wouldn't might just as well look forward to spending an uneventful middle life among the feeble-minded.

Which brings us to Lucien Prival.

Not that Lucien is feeble-minded. What I mean is that he is so tattooed with film genius that they just couldn't miss him. Right now Lucien is atop the world. One of those most desirable contracts. You'll see him in United Artists photoplays. But I knew him when. Here's how it was.

I was editing a picture. It was a bad picture. The job of an editor, the world over, is to cut out the bad and leave in the good. When I got through with this one, there was nothing left but Lucien Prival. Of course, I had to go and splice in a few close-ups of the stars and a couple of love sequences. But the one and only thing worth-while in that drama of the underworld was the villainous-looking gangman whom I came to know as Lucien Prival. He didn't even have screen credit. He didn't need it. Except for him there was no picture.

I remember I christened the character "The Portuguee." I thought that was what it looked like. But finally Lucien emerged as Spanish, because the producer didn't know what a Portuguee might be, or was, or is.

Later I worked on another opery, and there again was "The Portuguee," slick, slim and sinister, in a foreign uniform with rape and ruin staring from his monocled eye. Again he stole the picture. The boy was another von Stroheim. You couldn't miss him. His portrayal was brilliant and colorful as a many-sided prism scintillating in the clear, bright rays of California sunlight.

It was New York. I didn't know his name. He lived a dozen blocks from me. But I met him first in Hollywood. On the boulevard. To coin a phrase, he was the glass of fashion and the mold of form. Totally in character. The character of the Stroheimesque figure of the war drama. The monocle flashed. The head was closely cropped. The erect, alert figure was tight-girt in well-tailored clothes. He wore spats and a cane. And the women turned to look. The air of prosperity bespoke a long-term contract. I was right. I was a discoverer. Only I wouldn't cash in on him. United Artists would.

Prival is a New Yorker born—but not bred. He is of French-German parentage. Apparently, the German part predominates. For when he was a kid of twelve they sent him to the Fatherland to be educated. He is quite Continental in manner. But not in speech.

He was in Berlin when the war broke out. And when America entered it. He witnessed the departure of many trig youngsters such as he portrays so well. And saw them come back—in pieces. He heard the *hochs* echo through the leafy lengths of Unter den Linden. And later the rat-tat-tat of machine-guns in the hands of the revolutionists. He remembers the day when the news of the mutiny at Kiel capped the dynamite of unrest which came when there was no bread. He recalls the food bootleggers, who risked instant death under martial law to reap the rewards of profiteering in the very necessities of life. Spent bullets dropped at his feet, or mushroomed against the wall behind him, as he scurried to the theater for the evening's performance, or to the great German film studios beyond the city. For, yes, Prival had drifted quite naturally to the stage and to pictures.

(*Continued on page 77*)

Out Where the Wet

Where Women Are
And Men Are

Milligan

Brent on keeping fit, Evelyn is. And if you don't think she's succeeding, remember that the medicine-ball is as heavy as some of the rôles she's enacted recently. And that she handles it quite as easily

She may cross her feet and her arms, may Sally. But never her fingers, what with the luck of the Irish being what it is and her last name being O'Neil

Doris Dawson—on the ball—wins hands-down. Or up, for that matter. And she likes the seat she's chosen. There's nothing like it, she says, for sphere comfort

Don Gillum

Time, money, Lindbergh, *et al.* cease to monopolize the category of things reputed swift in flight. Yola D'Avril springs into mid-air almost as easily as she has sprung into prominence

Begins

Swimmin'

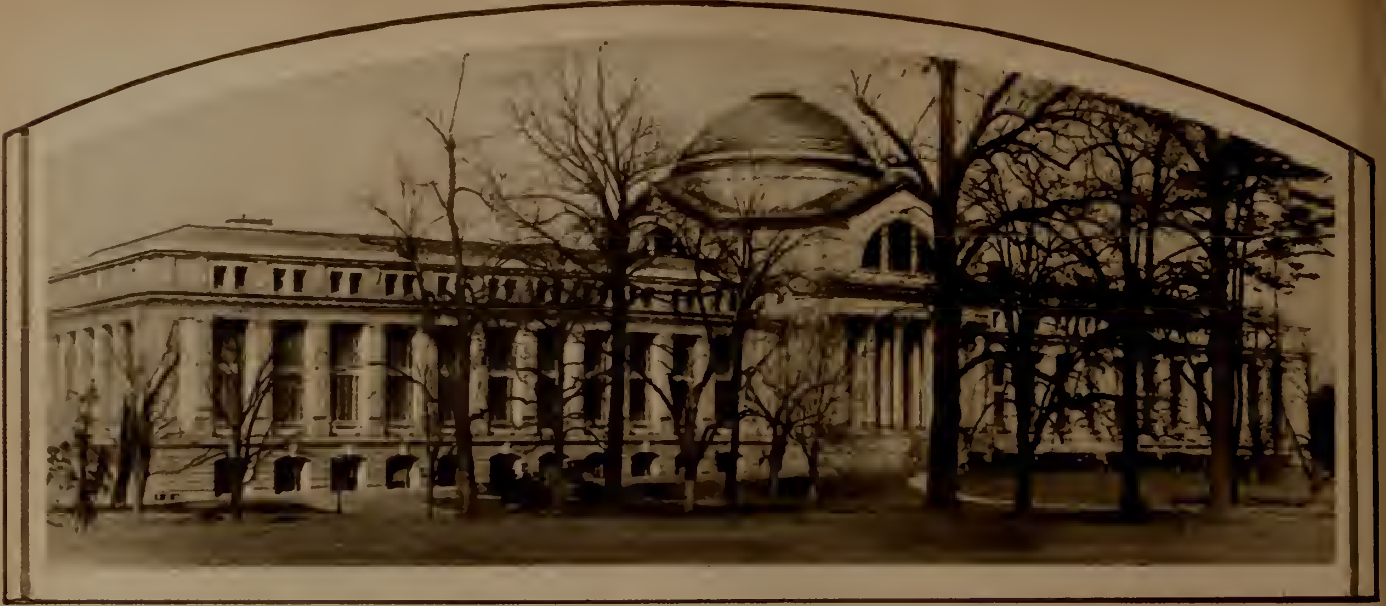
Uneasy

The sunshine and her smile—they seem here, beside the pool—to be rivals for brilliance. But what chance has the first against the second when the smile is Norma Shearer's?

Six feet in the air. Four of them belong to Flash, and two to John Mack Brown, And all are engaged in a little hurdling contest on the beach

R. H. Louise

If it doesn't give you the impression that we have a cold in the head, let us point out quite unnecessarily that Andrey Ferris, under the umbrella, looks very dice, indeed



Is Time Rotting Our Film Records?

To Our Grandchildren, Screen Stars of Today May Be As Invisible As the Face of Cleopatra

By LYNN FAIRFIELD

"A HUNDRED years from now," Rod La Rocque said tragically, "if people look at our pictures at all, it will be as curiosities. Our names will be forgotten. *They will laugh at us——"*

A hundred years from now, what will be left of the pictures we make today? Pictures that each one cost more than the building of a pyramid! How many times we hear sentimentalists bewail the fact that the movies had not been invented centuries ago, so that we might look on the fabled beauties of Helen with our own eyes (and say with a sniff *"We-ll!* I don't see anything to make such a fuss about in *her"*) or watch Cleopatra gliding down the Nile on her flower-decked barge in some B. C. newsreel.

But even if there had been a camera grinding when the Wooden Horse moved on the walls of Troy, even if Anthony had wooed Cleopatra in a screen close-up, these things would probably have disappeared long ago; for the fame of the movies is a chemical fame. The exotic loveliness of a Garbo, the romantic passion of a Valentino are held caught in a film of jelly smeared on a substance composed of guncotton and camphor, ether and alcohol. This is celluloid.

Forever and a Day: the eternal element in the scene being the vault, wherein films are sealed for ages to come; and the Day being Marceline. The vault is in the Smithsonian Institute, shown above

Air is the Enemy of Film

THE action of air on celluloid is slowly but surely to destroy it. Heat dries up film, makes it brittle, humidity dissolves it, light turns it brown. Even the pictures made ten years ago show plainly the devastating effect of time.

No art in the history of the world has ever been so temporary as that of the motion pictures. Where the ancients immortalized their heroes and heroines in marble, we capture ours on a two-inch strip of film. Where earlier craftsmen kept a record of their times on canvas or tapestry, we entrust the chronicling of our day to the news camera, with what result?

The screen idols of twenty years ago—Arthur Johnson, Mary Fuller, Florence Turner—names as beloved as Pickford and Fairbanks today, have completely disappeared. Not a scrap of film with their faces on it remains. In those days no one thought of the movies as anything but a temporary device for amusement As soon as a picture was out of date, the film was destroyed. It is only comparatively recently that studios have even considered preserving some of their best pictures for future generations.

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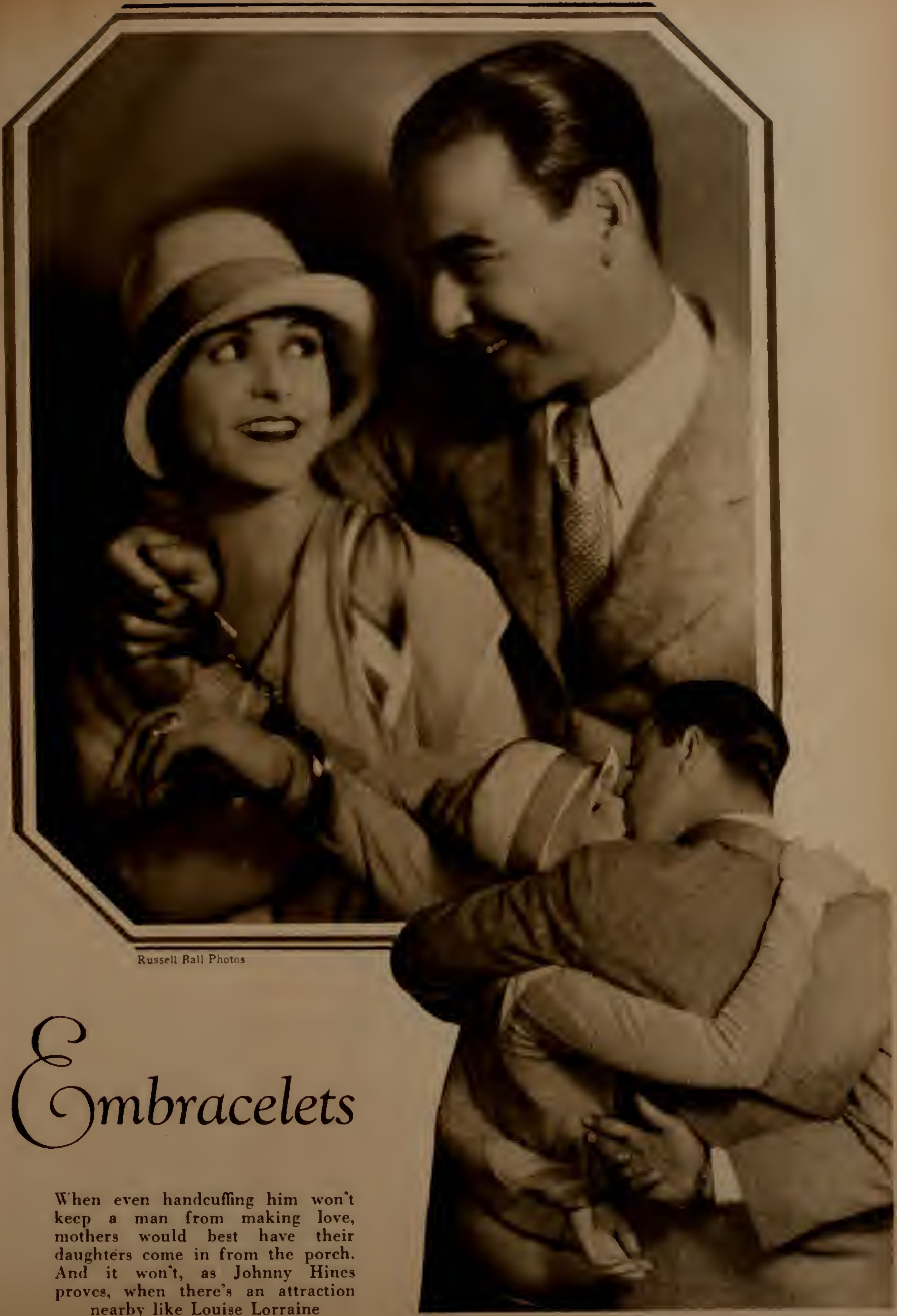


Russell Ball Photos

Embracelets

When even handcuffing him won't keep a man from making love, mothers would best have their daughters come in from the porch. And it won't, as Johnny Hines proves, when there's an attraction nearby like Louise Lorraine

Autrey

Underworldly wise: Don Terry is—or soon will be, for he has been chosen by Charles Francis Coe, author of "Me, Gangster," to play the title rôle upon the screen

Freulich

Is it necessary that the one to enact the part of "The Girl on the Barge," be tow headed? Apparently not, for Sally O'Neill has won the assignment

Looking Them Over

Close-Ups From the West Coast

IT was at the opening of "Fazil," the vivid première of the gaudy picture in which Charlie Farrell plays such hot love scenes with Greta Nissen:

Intermission found Charlie proudly strolling around in the crowd with Virginia Valli on his arm. "Nice work, Charlie," called lovely ladies in corsages and handsome gentlemen with gardenias on the lapel. "Yes," yelled one wisecracker, "but aren't you jealous of those love scenes with Greta, Virginia?"

Virginia smiled her inscrutable smile. "Why?" she inquired calmly, "I taught him how."

The Loy of living, symbolized necessarily and most appropriately by none other than the lovely Myrna herself

Lay Off the Mex Appeal

MARILYN MILLER once wired Ben Lyon, after she had heard that he was running around Hollywood with little Marian Nixon, "Nixon liking any one but me."

Wonder what she'll say when she finds out that Ben is escorting Lupe Velez to the Montmartre for lunch?

Caramba!!

Or Lon Chaney "The Spider"

THE latest Boulevard laugh is that Carl Laemmle has purchased the stage play, "My Relations." If young Carl Laemmle, Jr., writes the script, and Edward Laemmle directs it, under the supervision of Ernest Laemmle, you can see where the snicker will come in.

Wonder if Gloria Swanson will buy "The Queen's Husband" for Hank? Or maybe somebody will star Patsy Ruth Miller in "Coquette."

Now if Joseph Schenck would only put the Talmadges in "The Royal Family"—what could be more appropriate?

Talkie Talk

WHETHER or not you like the talkie movies, they are going to benefit the screen in one way. The various "phones" will be the medium by which several brilliant plays that depend entirely on clever lines can reach the screen.

Clarence Brown is interested in "Paris Bound" as a speakie. Or so they say. And M. G. M. is all set to put the spoken word in the mouth of "Mary Dugan."

One Noiseless Divorce

NEVER was a divorce secured with less sensational or harmful publicity than Dolores del Rio's. Where other stars are forced into headlines, Dolores was carefully engineered into inconspicuous paragraphs. Up until the final decree Dolores even denied that proceedings were in action. In this way, an alert press-agent nullified any possibility of Dolores' being tied up in a divorce of several months previous when Edwin Carewe separated

Freulich

Grand Rapids might see an uncommon amount of beauty in this tapestried chair. But so long as it obstructs a complete view of Barbara Kent, we find it nothing less than a blemish in the scheme of things

Spurr

If there are any girls among the bandits in Jack Pickford's next picture, "Gang War"; and if winning Jack is what all the shootin's for, we'll guarantee that the battle will violate all the pure-feud laws

Out Hollywood Way

By DOROTHY MANNERS

from his wife and left his two infant children.

Everyone is expecting to see Mr. Carewe and Miss del Rio wed as soon as possible after the interlocutory year.

Mary Goes Pola

SAW some marvelous new pictures of Mary Pickford taken by Edwin Bower Hesser—Mary, as a brunette; Mary, as a Spanish vamp; Mary, as an alluring-looking lady in a white wig. Why, Mary!

Will Sue Sue?

SUE CAROL has offered Douglas MacLean $25,000 for her contract. This contract was signed when Sue first started out in pictures and represents an original investment of $3,900 on MacLean's part. A profit of $20,000 on any gamble isn't bad returns. But Doug says "No" and is asking the producers $150,000 for the piece of paper he holds on Sue's services. Mr. MacLean's argument is that if he had gambled on a race horse, say, he is entitled to all the profit he can make.

As Sue isn't a race horse, but just a little kid who is doing awfully well in the movies, a lot of people don't think that is very cricket of Doug.

If a producer bought that $150,000 contract, it would mean that he could never afford to pay Sue over a few hundred a week and realize any profit on his investment. Which makes it tough on the little Carol.

Friends of the Fairweather sort ordinarily rate little. But if we had just one like Helen, we'd consider ourselves lucky

No one would be very much surprised if this little tangle wasn't straightened out in court.

A Bird of a Place, Too

ALL that is left of the exclusive and expensive "Russian Eagle" Café is a rag, a bone and a hank of draperies. This favorite rendezvous of the movie crowd was burned down. Unexpected complications set in, and endangered the lives of many of the stars, when the stove in the kitchen of the restaurant exploded and blew the top off the building.

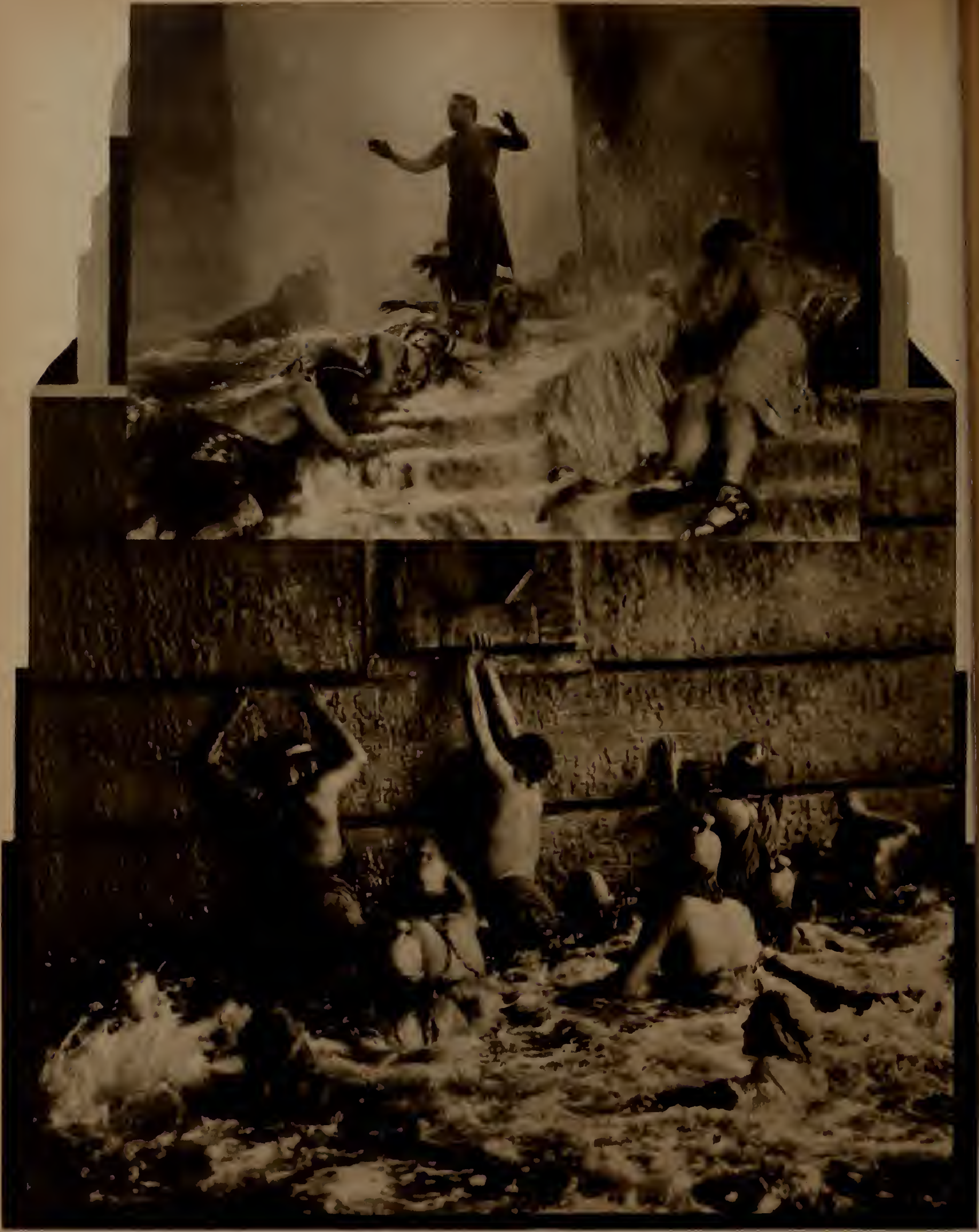
Charlie Chaplin, Gloria Swanson, and Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor were among those who escaped uninjured.

What Price Hair-Feex?

LUPE VELEZ is a child of impulse. Some one has made that observation before, I believe, but it was never more clearly demonstrated than one evening recently at the Cocoanut Grove. Lupe was seated at the next table to Mary Nolan, the former Imogene Wilson. Lupe had never met the girl who used to be the toast of Broadway, but her admiration for Mary's blonde beauty was ardent.

"Oh, you are so bee-u-ti-fol," Lupe exclaimed after

(*Continued on page* 88)



Fryer Photos

The *Rain of* Terror

Two spectacular scenes from "Noah's Ark," an epic of the epoch when everybody in the world, given half a chance, would have voted dry. In the upper picture George O'Brien is wandering around, trying to remember where he left his umbrella

A Serbian Cinderella

Eva Von Berne's Hejira to Hollywood Argues that Fine Parts Are More than Coronets

By MARY WILLIS

Apeda

IF you can sing *Ach Du Liebe Augustine,* speak a few words of high school French, make Indian sign language, do nib-ups and 180's, you will gather that:

Eva Von Berne prefers the company of men to that of women.

She was eighteen July ninth.

She was born in Serbia, but has lived most of her life in Austria.

She does not like New York, but understands that Hollywood is "ach, so beau-tee-ful."

She hopes they will give her sad rôles like Greta Garbo's.

But if you have none of the accomplishments mentioned in paragraph one, you will notice only a bewildered little girl with a strain of sophistication in her face and a coronet modestly embossed on her luggage. The sophistication and the coronet will put her across in Hollywood.

She should have arrived in a pumpkin carriage instead of on the *George Washington.* You've guessed it. She's another one of those *Cinderella* gals. The story goes like this: Norma Shearer and Irving G. Thalberg were honeymooning in Europe. Miss Shearer saw the picture of a beautiful girl in a society magazine in Vienna. She called her husband's attention to the picture. Thalberg looked her up, gave her a screen test and a long-term contract. Eva (she was Von Plentzner then, her name being changed to Von Berne the day she arrived in New York) had never been on the stage or screen. I rather imagine that her people have more family background than money. Anyhow, Eva signed the contract and came to America all alone to beard the Hollywood lion in his mahogany-paneled office.

Her Spinal Gowns

I SAW her in her suite at her New York hotel. She was dressed like a child, in a little green jersey dress and a Buster Brown tie. She explained with the use of both hands and couple of feet that it was her mother's idea to make her look like a baby, but when she got to Hollywood she would wear dresses like this (the gesture being done with the right hand placed about at the base of the spine). This attitude will help.

You scream at her, of course, and then you dig down into your subconsciousness for the remains of the fourth lesson in the French grammar which has something to do with your mother's pen on the table, and there is no necessity for talking about Eva's mother's pen. She looks bewildered at your screams and your very bad French, and her amazing eyebrows (she has the brows of an actress) pucker into a bewildered frown and she says, *Nein* or *Je ne comprends pas,* for although German is her native tongue, she does speak French.

Trying as her arrival was (surrounded by dozens of strange faces, being rushed from ship to ferry to taxicab to hotel), she took it all with an amazing display of poise. I had brushed off my best shoulder expecting the child to weep, but Eva isn't the weeping sort. For all her youth, she has enough sophistication to carry her over the situation and she finally makes you understand that it is all like a dream, and that even if they send her back in six months it will have been worth while.

She has a beautiful face (they'll take off five pounds of her buxom Continental figure in Hollywood) and reminds you of Greta Garbo, who is, by the way, her favorite feminine star. John Gilbert is her choice among the men, and that keeps it all in the family.

The one question that was in the minds of everyone who met her was, "Will she be a bet on the screen?" Other questions followed, "Will she become temperamental?" "Can she act?" And they looked at her from every angle, scrutinizing her hair, her face, her figure and her clothes. She met the scrutiny calmly and seemed to have no fear of her future in Hollywood.

(*Continued on page* 89)

Barely Able To Sit Up

The wonder is that she is at all. For Alma Bennett has been playing vampish rôles in Harry Langdon productions—and it's a known fact that slapstick sirens aren't handled with the same care as are the dramatic Delilahs

They gave me the "ha-ha" when I offered to play

... *but I was the life of the party after that*

THE first day of Dorothy's house party at her cottage on the shore had been a huge success. With an afternoon of swimming, boating and golfing we were all set for the wonderful dinner that followed.

"Well, folks," said Bill enthusiastically, as we were leaving the table, "I don't know how you feel, but I'm all pepped up for a good dance."

"Fine!" cried Dorothy. "Dick Roberts has his banjo and can sure make it hum. Now who can play the piano?"

Instantly the laughter and merriment ceased. All looked at one another foolishly. But no one said a word.

"How about you Jim, you play, don't you?" asked Dot.

"Yes, I'll play 'Far, Far Away,'" laughed Jim.

"Well then, Mabel, will you help us out?"

"Honestly, Dot, I hate to admit it, but I can't play a note," she answered.

It certainly looked as if the party were going flat. Plenty of dancers but no one to play.

Then I Offered to Play

"If you folks can stand it," I offered shyly, "I'll play for you."

The crowd, silent until now, instantly burst out in laughter.

"You may be able to play football, Jack, but you can't tackle a piano."

"Quit your kidding," cut in another. "I've never heard you play a note and I've known you all your life."

"There isn't a bar of music in your whole make-up," laughed Mabel.

A feeling of embarrassment mingled with resentment came over me. But as I strode to the piano I couldn't help chuckling to myself when I thought of the surprise I had in store for them.

No one knew what to expect. They thought I was about to make a fool of myself. Some laughed. Others watched me wide-eyed.

Then—I struck the first snappy chords of that foot-loosing fox-trot "St. Louis Blues." Dick was so dumbfounded he almost dropped his banjo. But in a flash he had picked up the rhythm and was strumming away like mad.

Although they could hardly believe their ears, the crowd were all on their feet in a jiffy. And how they danced! Fox-trots, waltzes—with rests few and far between.

After a good round of dancing I decided to give them some real music and began a beautiful Indian love lyric.

The couples, who but a moment before had been dancing merrily, were now seated quietly about the room, entranced by that plaintive melody.

No sooner had the last soft notes died away than I was surrounded by my astonished friends. Questions were fired at me from all sides.

"How wonderful, Jack! Why haven't you played for us before?"

"How long have you been studying?"

"Why have you kept it a secret all these years when you might have been playing for us?"

"Who gave you lessons? He must be wonderful!"

I Reveal My Secret

Then I explained how some time before I made up my mind to go in for something besides sports. I wanted to be able to play—to entertain others—to be popular. But when I thought of the great expense and the years of study and practice required, I hesitated.

Then one day I ran across an announcement in a magazine telling of a new, quick and simple way to learn music at home, without a teacher.

I was a little skeptical at first, but it was just what I wanted so I sent for the free booklet and demonstration lesson. The moment I saw it I was convinced and sent for the complete course at once.

When the lessons arrived, I started right in, giving a few minutes of my spare time each day. And what fun it was—even from the very beginning. No monotonous scales—no tedious exercises—no tricky methods—just a simple, common-sense system that even a child could understand. And best of all I was playing my favorite numbers almost from the start.

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Bebe Daniels, piquant Paramount star and the bathroom designed for her loveliness. She says—"Lux Toilet Soap is a great help in keeping the skin smooth and lovely."

Corinne Griffith knows how much lovely skin adds to a girl's attractiveness. "Lux Toilet Soap's wonderful lather gives my skin the same velvety smoothness expensive French soaps do," says this First National star.

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screen stars
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Lois Moran takes the most exquisite care of her blonde loveliness —"Even the most expensive French soaps could not leave my skin more wonderfully smooth than Lux Toilet Soap does," declares this Fox star.

Joan Crawford, M. G. M. star, whose lovely smooth skin has won millions of hearts, says, "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin so smooth."

Vivacious Clara Bow and the lovely bathroom inspired by her beauty. "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin in perfect condition," says this delightful Paramount star.

Winsome Mary Brian is most fastidious about all her toilet accessories. "Lux Toilet Soap certainly keeps 'studio skin' in perfect condition," says this Paramount star.

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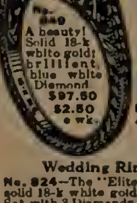

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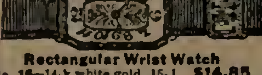

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The Great Talkie Panic

(*Continued from page* 17)

in Hollywood, promise that all their pictures for the coming year will be made with *Vitaphone* accompaniment. Fox, the second big company to release sound pictures (which they have been experimenting with for twelve years), is more conservative. "We are making only short subjects with the *Movietone* at present," a studio official announces. "It's too early to experiment with it in features."

First National has its *Firnatone*, Pathé its *Photophone*, United Artists its *Unatone*. Everyone talks learnedly of the difference in principle, the disk device, the film reproduction of sound. No one is quite certain what he is talking about.

The disagreement over the new medium begins with the producers.

"The talking motion pictures are the only possible future development of the films," says Jesse L. Lasky, "within a year most of our pictures will be synchronized with sound effects and dialogue."

"It is not our purpose to rush headlong into sound production," shrugs Irving Thalberg. "The importance of sound in pictures is too important to permit any use which will hamper its full expression," adds Nicholas Schenck, president of Metro-Goldwyn.

"We have no right to give the public experiments instead of finished products," says John McCormick. "What am I doing to prepare Colleen for this change? Nothing! For picture screen personalities are the important things, and, up to date, few of the stage stars with trained voices have proved to have film faces. Talking pictures may be coming, and if so, we shall have to fall into step. But in two years I'm willing to wager that the public will be tired of them and will flock to see a silent movie."

Among all the uncertainties, the fantastic theories and wild rumors now flying about Hollywood, one thing is sure. If the talkies have come to stay, the entire industry has to be changed. Studio equipment, buildings, methods must be revolutionized. Experts in new lines will be needed to take the place of the present workers. Title writers will be replaced by dramatists, screen directors by stage directors.

One De Mille Delighted

"I AM *afraid*," says Clarence Brown, "that this means the end of our motion pictures which we have been building up for so many years. If pictures have color, depth and sound added to them, what will they be but a hybrid stage?"

"I am delighted," says William De Mille, while Brother Cecil remains silent. "It means the beginning of a new art, which will have its own forms and features. It will be neither pictures which talk or the stage which can be carried in a can, but a great new medium of drama."

"Silent pictures will go one road, talking pictures another," says Murnau, "there will be two kinds of theater to suit two different tastes. But pictures as pantomine will always be the greater. And they will learn one good thing from the talkies: how to get along without subtitles."

"Not all pictures will use spoken dialogue, and the ones that do will only use it in places, not throughout," says Tay Garnett, the youngest director. He is now finishing his maiden picture for Pathé. "In the first movies the actors seemed to think that because the screen could show motion they had to move continually. The first talkies do too much talking. You ca judge anything by its beginning."

"It means—*ruin!*" cries another direc who requests to be unnamed. "We are pl ing into the hands of the theater. We a creating a taste for spoken plays. T stock companies and road shows will, their turn, drive the talkies from t screen. The industry has gone 'sta mad.'"

The hysteria of dissent is loudest amo the stars themselves.

"Eet is all foolishness," cries Pola Neg in the broken English that would bar h from spoken pictures. "Eet is a fad, curiosity. I do not think of it at a Bah!"

"It's nonsense to claim that talking pi tures will drive any star from the screen scoffs Conrad Nagel, first hero of a talk "the movie camera can make people wi casts in their eyes and crooked noses loc well. Why shouldn't the sound record be able to do as much for voices?"

"Talking pictures? Splendid!" boom John Gilbert. "Talking pictures—terrible, cries another star in a foreign accent.

Musicians May Protest

A HUNDRED difficulties confront the ne sound pictures at the very start. Wha about the contracts of the players whic contain no clause about using their voices Will the musicians' union permit the Phila delphia Symphony on a movietone devic to take the place of ten thousand theate orchestras? What about the foreign star with their broken English, and the man picture players whose voices are impossible How can talkies in which the player speak English be sold to France and Germany and Japan?

The enthusiasts have answers for everything. Foreign stars will be taught to speak their lines understandably, or they will have voice doubles. New contracts will be made for the new industry. As for the foreign releases—they grow almost incoherent with excitement. The talkies will make English the universal language! The stars will learn Esperanto! The whole world will speak the same tongue! The talkies will bring about the Brotherhood of Man.

Everyone argues at once. The talking movies will be too expensive to make. The cost of the projection-machines will prohibit them except in small theaters. The talking movies will cost only twelve thousand more than the silent pictures. The talking movies will be cheaper. They will slow the action down. They will save footage and speed the action up. Everyone is going to lose his job. Nobody is going to lose his job. They're the greatest thing that ever happened to the pictures. They're the worst. I hear, They say, Wait and see, They will, They won't, —are-aren't.

As I write, a wild-eyed scenario writer rushes into the office, clutches my arm and gasps that he has discovered the REAL TRUTH, the ABSOLUTE LOWDOWN about the talkies. They are to be just a step in the process of radioing the movies over the air into people's homes, where eventually they will be able to see and hear their favorites of the screen while darning the family socks and sitting in slippered case. It is, it seems, just a gigantic conspiracy to keep people home evenings.

Yes, Hollywood is having hysterics! I feel rather hysterical myself.

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- *it was your big chance and you never opened your mouth*"

'FOR weeks you've been talking about 'getting up your nerve' to go in and ell Mr. Hutchins about your plan for arketing the new floor polish. And then ast night between dances when he deiberately came over to you and said, 'Well, arnard, I think we've got a winner in his new floor polish,' you sort of wilted ip and gulped, 'Yes, I think it's all right.'

"I could have cried— was so mad. It would ave been so easy for you answer, 'Mr. Hutchins, 've got an idea I'd like o tell you about — I've een giving a lot of study o this proposition and I hink I've worked out a lan you'd be interested in.'

"That was your big hance—your opportunity o show him you had rains—and you hardly pened your mouth! Now understand why you ever get promoted—why e never have anything! You're actually afraid of our own voice—you are he smartest man in that organization—but o one would ever know it. You can't put our ideas across—can't stand up for your ights—you just let them use you for a door at. Here we are still living in a dingy little our-room flat while all our old crowd have ovely homes out in the country.

"And last night after you had gone to leep I laid awake for hours and figured it all ut. The only trouble with you is that you ave no ability to express yourself—to say e right thing at the right moment. Just e other day Alice Vaughn was telling me that Jack used to be troubled the same way—and then he began training with the North American Institute of Chicago —at home in his spare time. It took only about twenty minutes a day and in no time at all he was able to give little talks at club meetings. In the last year he's had three promotions—all due, he says, to his ability to talk with ease and vigor.

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How to strengthen your will-power and ambition
How to become a clear, accurate thinker
How to develop your power of concentration
How to be master of any situation

"Now, don't you think you ought to look into this new training—I bet that if you'd get started right away you could be the biggest man in the office in another year—the opportunity is there, and you have the stuff in you—all you need is to bring it out. Once you learn how to talk—once you can carry on a decent conversation without becoming scared to death — I'll wager you'll just about set the world on fire—you'll be made for life. I'm going to send for their free booklet, *How to Work Wonders With Words*—and we'll have lots of fun reading it together."

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No matter what work you are now doing or what may be your station in life, no matter how timid and self-conscious you now are when called upon to speak, you can bring out quickly your natural ability and become a wonderful speaker. Now, through an amazing home study training you can quickly shape yourself into an outstanding, influential talker able to dominate one man or five thousand.

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This new method is so delightfully simple and easy that you cannot fail to progress rapidly. Right from the start you will find that it is becoming easier and easier to express yourself. Thousands have proved that by spending only 20 minutes a day in the privacy of their own homes they can acquire the ability to speak so easily and effectively that they are actually surprised at the great improvement in themselves.

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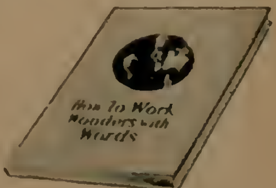
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A Polyannic Pola

(*Continued from page* 22)

was sleeping some maidenly sleeps in her own sequestered bedchamber. Nothing was farther from the truth, as the rising curtain amazingly disclosed. The baron nearly had apoplexy. It is to be hoped, in the interests of drama, that the baroness swooned. At any rate, there were goings on.

In an anteroom of the Paramount Studio the other day Lucy threw graphic hands in the air to describe to me her father's frenzies. She's a swell actress because she made me see him, perfectly. As she cannot speak more than three words of English and as I cannot speak the letter A of the Hungarian alphabet, we had to rely on the Doraine gestures—which are plenty—and upon an interpreter to mediate between us.

The Beaten Baron

WELL, the baron was beaten. Even a baron could see that and when, a bit later, the Bolsheviks uprose, the Perenyi family entrained for Vienna.

Lucy, who by this time had taken unto herself the name of Doraine, immediately called upon the Sasha Film Company and was as immediately placed under contract. She was never an extra. She seems never to have hesitated in marking out her course. There were no ifs, ands and buts about it. She canvassed the field, knew what she wanted to do and then went and did it. Few, if any, obstacles were placed in her way. She is remarkable in that. She never struggled for a place in the sun. The sun came right down and spotted her. She made her screen début under the Sasha banner in "The Lady with Black Gloves."

Two years and a half of the Sasha films and she made an agreement with the Emelka Corporation in Germany, she to finance her own pictures and the Emelka to release them under the percentage basis arrangement common in Europe.

A year later the Lucy Doraine Film Corporation Pictures were being released by UFA of Berlin. We've all seen some of them. "Good and Evil," "Sodom and Gomorrah," "The Queen of Sin." Conrad Veidt, now a Hollywoodian, was her leading man at the time. And she had more than a handshaking acquaintance with Jannings and with Camilla Horn.

Some three or four years ago Mr. Schulberg suggested to her that she come across and sign with Paramount. She still had some time to go on her contract and had to refuse. Recently the offer was repeated. The Negri's contract was up. There had to be someone to fill the vacant place. And, this time, Lucy accepted. Pola passes and Lucy steps in.

An Emotional Slugger

SHE is extravagantly brunette and looks healthy. Her eyes are glisteningly brown, her teeth flashing, her mouth red. Which is as it should be for a lady who excels in rôles of sophistication and jungle emotions. The rôles that Pola has played.

She looks Continental, too. One would never mistake her for an American-made product. She wore white georgette with a lot of black silk fringe and pink roses. She smokes cigarettes embellished with the old-world-famous name of Lucy Doraine.

She has been married, of course. To Michael Cortes, the director, now megaphoning on "Noah's Ark" for Warner Brothers. And she says that she will never marry again. Never. She rolled her eyes and threw up her hands at the mere thought. But she did protest too much. She'll marry again or something. She's just the type. All that brunette emotionalism and verve will never linger long in celibate solitude. She's the kind men marry.

I tried my darndest to get her to say that she was disappointed in this fair land of ours. All of the foreigners who have come over here have gooed and gaaed about everything and everyone. I hoped for better things from Miss Doraine. Merely a spray of acid would have helped. I even *insisted* that she had been disappointed if not disillusioned. No luck. She said *"Ooof! Ooof!"* and *"Nuuu! Nuuu!"* Vehemently. I couldn't pretend to misunderstand. Through gestures and interpretation I was informed, to my sorrow, that New York was of a marvellousness barring description. I was told that Lucy had stood in the very center of the pulsing arteries of Broadway, had stood there, quite still, mesmerized, looking—looking—at the lights, the people, the theaters—*Broadway!* I averted my eyes but there persisted an image of Lucy, resembling a little girl from the Hungarian provinces seeing New York for the first time. That was the image she wanted me to see and I saw it. More good acting, you perceive. Because Lucy doesn't resemble a little girl from the Hungarian provinces at all—or any other province, for the matter of that.

The shops, the theaters, Mister Roxy's theater in particular, were all super-super. Lucy inhaled and exhaled prodigiously as she told about them. And the American men—I'd hoped for a slam there—but no—all so kindly, so courteous, so gallant, so very good to look upon. It came to me that Miss Doraine trembled a bit on her anti-matrimonial platform when she talked of our 100 per cent. Americans.

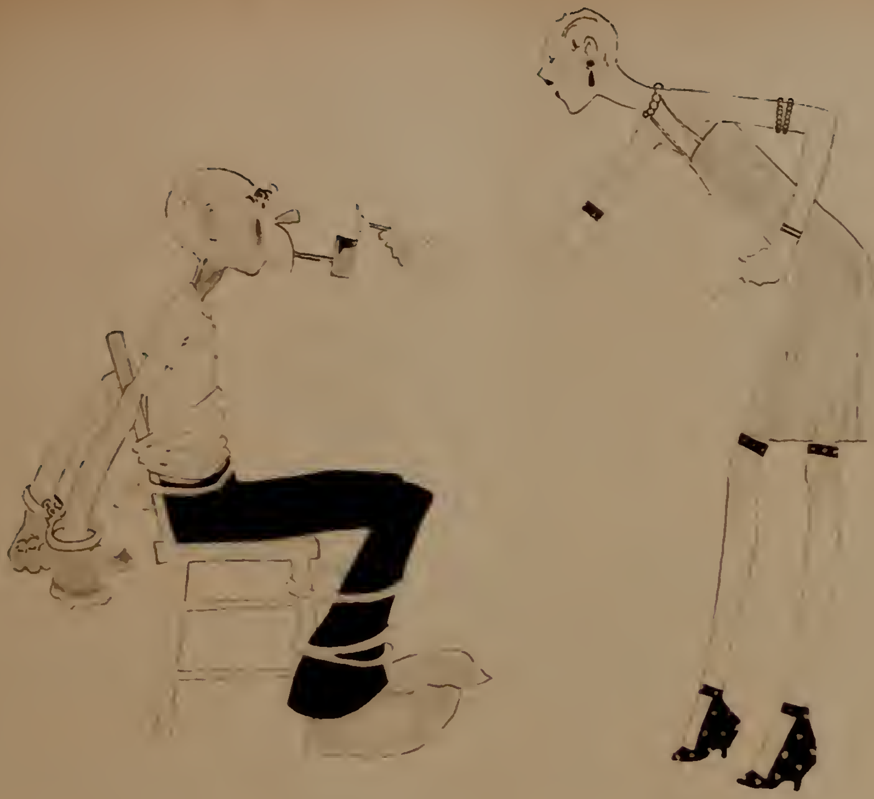
And the American girls—*ooo, la, la!* So beautiful, each and every one of them. So charmingly dressed, with such a taste to everything.

I was even assured that an extra girl in Hollywood, hanging on the fringes of a casting director's office would stand a chance of stardom in Europe. So superior is she in general get-up, *savoir faire,* etc., to the foreign girls of equal standing. Lucy Doraine may well be responsible for a general egress of extras.

I still insisted that there must have been some disappointment. Just a teeny, leetle one, in Heaven's name. Come, come, I thought—and said—no one is so completely *pollyannic*. Everyone has some speck of dirt to sling. Well, yes, one disappointment—*the garbage pails on the side-streets of New York!* The side-streets that branch off from the Hotel Astor to which Miss Doraine loaned her exotic presence. In Europe the garbage pails remain in public view no longer than nine o'clock. But on the side streets of New York—*ach, ach!* Still, as I was forced to agree, that is a comparatively small matter.

As for Hollywood—Heaven is the synonym. There are no words in Miss Doraine's Hungarian vocabulary to tell what she thinks of Hollywood. She will have to play it for me on the piano—she had imagined it but her imagination fell short. Such sunshine, such air, such mountains and sea, such beautiful mens and beautiful womens.

And the stars. Chaplin and Novarro. Laura La Plante and Norma Talmadge. Favorites over there. Incomparable over here.



Bound to Stay in Place

CLEMENTINE thought at one time that there could be no solution to her problem. She was troubled almost nightly with a rush of father to the drawing room.

Just when the Class A boy-friend began twisting things in his hands and choking over his words in the most encouraging manner.

Just as that would happen, father would come in. Brightly. In a chatty frame of mind. He liked the young man. So did she. But she could never bring him down as long as this kept up.

First she tried persuasion. But to no avail.

Then she tried force. She socked papa on the jaw, got out the clothes line and lashed him to the kitchen chair. She lit his pipe when he came to, and asked him to whistle when he needed another match. Then she went back to the parlor and got to work.

But this was only temporarily successful. Father took boxing lessons, and it became increasingly difficult to lay him out. Besides, it tired her.

Things looked desperate. Then chance showed her the way out. She caught him one day reading her copy of MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC. He was absorbed in a dissection of Greta Garbo's soul, entranced by the technicalities of Clara Bow's negligées.

How things have changed since then! Now, when father intrudes, she has only to say: "I tell you I mean it." He understands. He knows that if he sticks around she won't let him read her CLASSIC. He cringes—and leaves. Then quietly—for she always plays fair—she gives him the magazine and instructions not to stir from his room for two hours.

Clementine is engaged now, of course. All she needed was elbow room. And her advice to girls with conversational fathers is: Feed them CLASSIC regularly, and they're bound to stay still until they finish it.

The time to start the treatment, too, is now. Get your copy today—and reserve one of next month's at the same time. CLASSIC comes out the 12th of every month. If you want father to keep clear, keep the 12th in mind.

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The Answer Man

REID AND ROGERS FAN—Charles Rogers was born in Olathe, Kansas, August 13, 1904. That's his real name. He is playing in "The Sophomore." Write him at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal. Here are a few of Wallace Reid's last pictures: "Sick Abed," "Always Audacious," "The Charm School" and "Too Much Speed." Why not write the Wallace Reid Memorial Club, Ray E. Harris, 3625 R Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.? Wallace died January 18, 1923.

SANDY—I'll try and be the judge. Malcolm MacGregor was the chap in "Matinée Ladies," starring May McAvoy. May's latest picture is "Caught in the Fog." She can be reached at the Warner Brothers' Studios, 5842 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal. Billie Dove was born May 14, 1903. She's five feet three inches tall, weighs 120 pounds; brown hair and eyes. Real name Lillian Bohny.

FAY B.—Lloyd Hughes has been married to Gloria Hope since June 30, 1921. His latest picture is "Heart to Heart," First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Larry Kent is not married. He is twenty-eight years old, has hazel eyes and brown hair; also at the First National Studios. Gilbert Roland is twenty-four. John Gilbert is not married. Playing in "Four Walls," Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

RICHARD ARLEN FAN—Richard was born in Virginia twenty-nine years ago. He is five feet ten and a half, weighs 156 pounds; dark brown hair, blue eyes. Nils Asther born in Sweden twenty-seven years ago. You bet he's great. Have you seen him in "The Cossacks"? Send that note to the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. He'll be glad to hear from you.

THE HENRYS—How's Oklahoma? Johnny Mack Brown was born in Dothan, Ala., twenty-four years ago. His first picture was "The Bugle Call," starring Jackie Coogan. He is married; too bad, but you may write him at the De Mille Studios, Culver, City, Cal., where he is playing in "Annapolis." Send me a self-addressed envelope for a list of the photos I can supply.

YOURS—Ronald Colman can be reached at the Samuel Goldwyn Productions, De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal. He is playing in "The Rescue." Lili Damita is his new leading lady. Sue Carol is married to Alan Keefer, playing in "Captain Swagger." Eleanor Boardman to King Vidor, the director. William and Bill Boyd are the one and same person.

FLORA OF FLORIDA—Barry Norton was the chap in "The Legion of the Condemned." Twenty-three years old and is not married. Write him at Fox Studios 1401 No. Western Avenue, Los Angeles Cal. Gilbert Roland, twenty-four, no married; latest picture is "A Woman Disputed," starring Norma Talmadge. Norm was born May 2, 1895; married to Jo Schenck.

MERELY MARY—What again? Well I'm always glad to hear from you. Betty Bronson was born November 17, 1906 not married. Write her at the Warner Brothers' Studios, 5842 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal. Lon Chaney, April 1, 1883. He was in to see us not long ago. No, he does not answer his fan mail. Send me twenty-five cents for his photo. Madge Bellamy, June 30, 1903; not married. Her latest picture is "Mother Knows Best." At Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. Edna Murphy married Mervyn Le Roy.

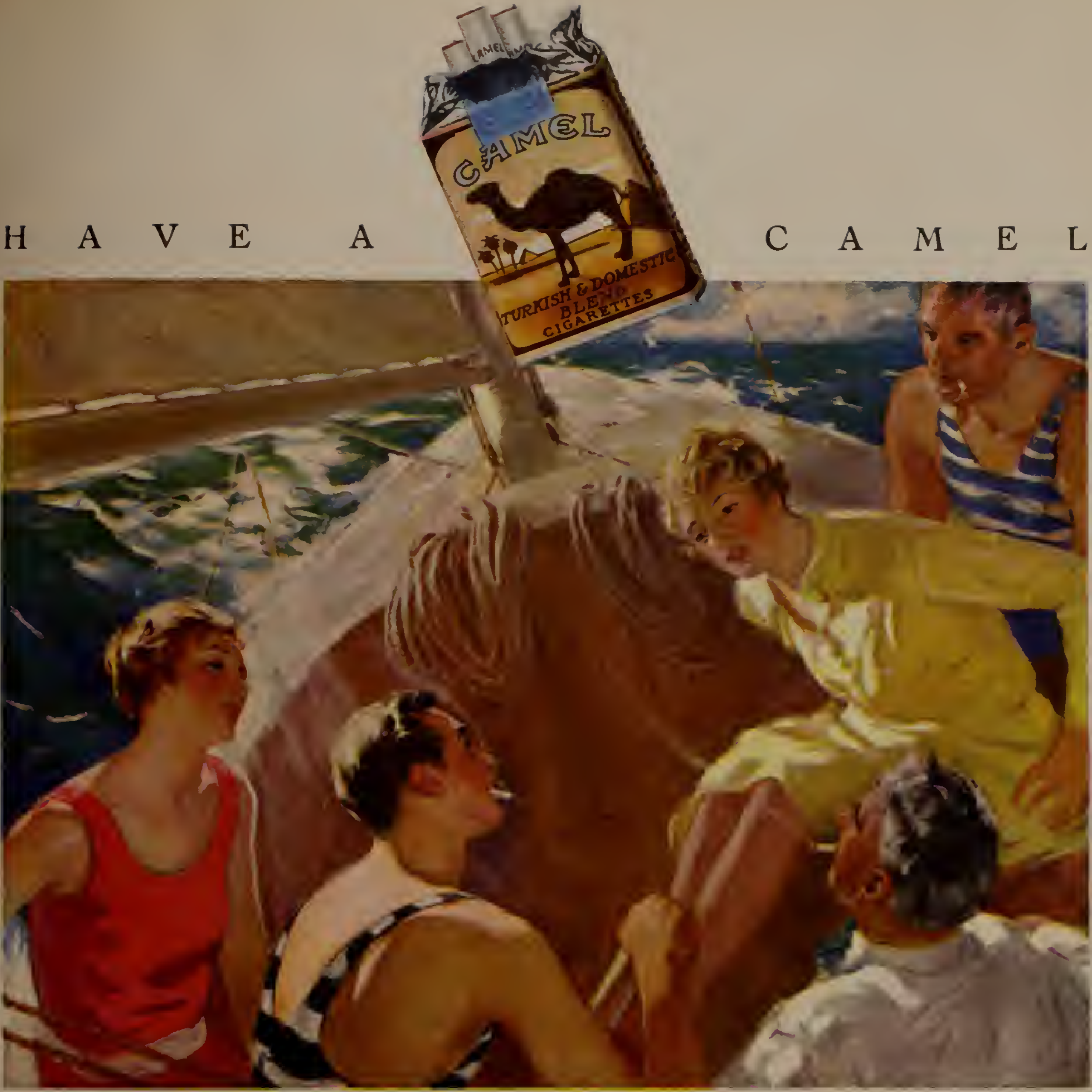
ANXIOUS ARLETTE—John Gilbert and Ruth Clifford had the leads in "Truxton King." Irene Hunt, Charles French, Ruth Clifford and George Billings, "Abraham Lincoln." You may write Dorothy Dwan at Educational Film Co., 7250 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal. Eve Southern, Tiffany-Stahl Productions, 4516 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal. Georgia Hale and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., at the same studio. Ramon Novarro, Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Alice Terry is in Europe at this writing.

UNEEDA REST—I'll say I do, and how. Thelma Todd did not play in "The Private Life of Helen of Troy." Tom Owen and Matt Moore are brothers. Colleen is not related; her real name is Kathleen Morrison. Her latest picture is "Oh, Kay." First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Sue Carol was a Wampas star of 1928. Wampas is short for Western Association of Motion Picture Advertisers.

DIANE—How's *Chico?* Is that a steal? Rod La Rocque is six feet three inches tall; married to Vilma Banky. Rod's latest picture is "Captain Swagger," De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal. You may write "The Hollywood Movie Fans' Club," Richard Keefe, 6723 Santa Monica Boulevard. Hollywood, Cal. Janet Gaynor, Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.

ROSE BUDD—That let's you out, June is over. Walter Miller was born in 1892; real name. Married to Lillian Coffin. Playing in "Terrible People," starring Allene Ray. Pathé Studios, 4500 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal. Marion Davies is not married. Victor McLaglen, Lois Moran, Nick Stuart have the leads in "The River Pirate." Mary Astor, Albert Gran and Matt Moore in "Dry Martini," Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.

HAVE A CAMEL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Knight Life in Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 40)

about how much it costs to be a star. How much more, on every hand, a motion picture actor has to spend to maintain appearances than the average man. On every hand he is gyped, nicked and just plain over-charged.

They say the woman pays. But the man pays more if he is a motion picture actor. It's tough to be a knight in errant Hollywood.

"I spent eighteen thousand dollars the first year I was out here, trying to be a good sport, and nearly went bankrupt. That was two years ago. Last year I said to myself, 'Jimmy, this won't do. Where is it leading?' I hired myself a manager, put myself entirely in his hands and now I'm saving money.

"Ninety dollars a month goes to my valet-chauffeur who can also cook a good meal. Seventeen a week is for my maid who cleans. One hundred and fifty goes for my apartment. I allow myself an allowance of a hundred and fifty to two hundred for pleasure, which includes meals and entertaining. My household expenses are separate. Sometimes my allowance lasts for two weeks, depending entirely upon the entertaining I do. Occasionally it lasts but a night."

"It is a lot less expensive to be on the stage. For instance, in the matter of clothes. You play a part for two or three months, maybe longer. You have, say, from one to four changes, unless it is a particularly dressy rôle. In pictures you are forever skipping from locale to locale, from morning coats to golf knickers and into full dress. You must have assorted dressing-gowns in stripes and patterns and figures with wide satin lapels and no lapels at all. If a garment is unique in design, it cannot be worn again.

"You must be well stocked with sports costumes for St. Moritz or Deauville, Miami or Hong-Kong. Tomorrow's sun may bring a change in script and make you a top-hatter duke with a penchant for monocles. Or perhaps collegiate."

Shoes, twelve or fourteen pairs, from glossy blacks to glistening whites, wait patiently in the closet of Jimmy's slightly rococo apartment. Six overcoats, one with a fur collar, all in smartest hues, idle expectantly on as many hangers. Walking sticks; spats; two top hats—one collapsible; seven lowly hats; dozens of handkerchiefs; shirts of blue and white and green; collars, soft and yielding, hard and remorseless; socks; cuff links, platinum and gold and silver; five sets of studs, black pearl, diamond, costly metals.

"Another thing that makes the stage less expensive is that you don't have the time for amusements that you do in Hollywood. After the show there is only time for supper and the next morning there is sleep until noon. That leaves the afternoon free, unless there is a matinee, and there's really not much doing then. Out here, with regular working hours, mostly, there are a hundred and one pastimes."

And that isn't the half of it, dearie. The steep cover charge at our leading night clubs. After all, you can't take your lady to a hot-dog stand.

Gardenias selling for a dollar apiece. Mr. Average Man can send roses from two-fifty to five dollars or higher a dozen and his lady thinks he's grand.

Jimmy sends gardenias. Merna Kennedy adores them.

Motors. There, too, is an item. Jimmy has two.

Photographers who charge two hundred dollars a sitting and friends who have hard-luck tales. The butcher, the baker, the candle-stick maker. And still they say the woman pays.

A Ham Among the Yeggs

(*Continued from page* 55)

All during the war he was an enemy alien in Germany. Each day it was necessary for him to report to the police. To have the red card punched, or the green card stamped. There was trouble about his passport. He couldn't leave the city. There were bootleg passports, too. He arranged to purchase one, so that he might return here, and, if you please, enlist under the grand old flag made famous by the Marines and George M. Cohan.

Lucien has a brother, Benno. Benno is an artist. Notice the illustration, it is his. While Lucien struggled as an actor, the kid brother had gained quite a degree of repute through his delineations.

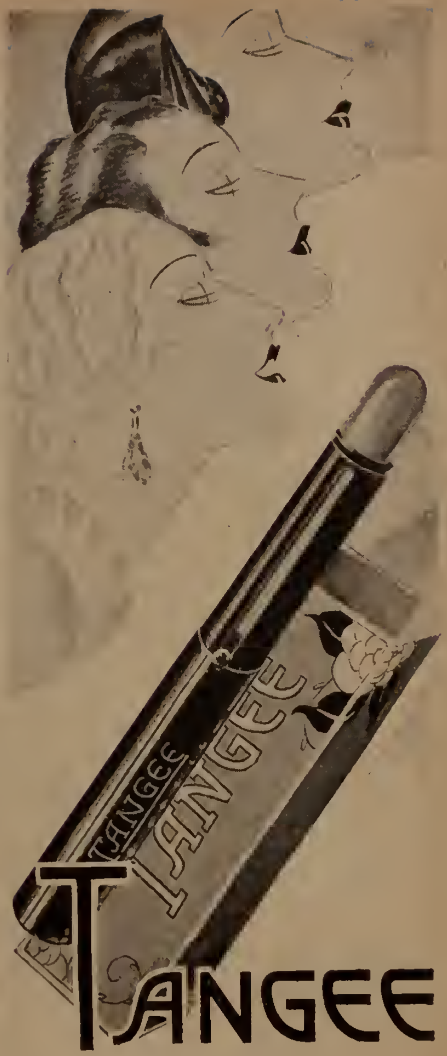
But neither brother felt thoroughly equipped to portray on screen or canvas the types they wished to create. They determined to steep themselves in the atmosphere they desired. In New York it wasn't difficult. Just close your eyes and leap. You'll find yourself caught in the vortex of as strange a maelstrom as ever Poe envisioned. And this is what the brothers did.

And when their eyes reopened, they found themselves members of as desperate and God-forsaken a band of ruffians as ever terrorized a taxpayer. And their candle-lit garret was the gang's rendezvous. It was bare and dirty. The roof leaked, and the rain beat its melancholy tattoo against the rotting wood. There were rats, too. Other than the two-legged ones who congregated there. Molls from the waterfront, sailors' sweethearts (many sailors'), drabs from the docks. Men from many ports—the scum of the seven seas. Dips and cannons and peter men. Yeggs, hopheads, snowbirds.

Benno and Lucien lived among them. Knew them, studied them. With them, yet not of them. For the boys had but one idea. Each creeping human thing was placed under the microscope of their art.

Then one day they had enough material. Benno went back to his atelier to set on canvas all that he had seen. And Lucien, well, as it happened, Lucien got the rôle of *The Portuguee* in that awful picture of which I have told you.

First National saw the thing and were smart enough to sign him up. But they weren't smart enough to keep him. Or perhaps they believe in taking a profit where there is one. In any event, after a few First National films, young Howard Hughes, the millionaire backer of Caddo Productions, bought the contract. Hughes has spent a year and two million dollars producing "Hell's Angels," an epic of war in the air. Prival plays an enemy officer. Then there is "The Racket." Hughes made that, too. And Lucien plays a gangman killer in that one. He has made his experiences count.



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Notable among the list of first-class passengers in "Noah's Ark" is Louise Fazenda, whose performance, it goes without saying, has no regard for the twelve-smile limit

Photo by Sarony

(Continued from page 25)

Hart's new home. He showed us around the place, proud as a boy, and kept saying, 'Bee, look at this view,' and 'Bee, how do you like this room?' and suddenly it came over me that that had been Bill's pet name for me more than twenty-five years ago, when we thought we were engaged."

Louise Dresser lives in a house, not a Mediterranean villa, or a Spanish hacienda, or an English manor or a Moorish castle, like most of the picture stars; but a *house*, a substantial, unimposing, homey place without any particular architecture, but with—she laughs—the only front porch left in the world, and the only backyard. Not a patio, but a plain American backyard with fruit trees and a garden and chickens and grass that isn't trimmed with a razor. And the house is not in Beverly Hills, not in Hollywood, but in a little country town in the foothills where people talk, not of the movies but of putting up fruit and making over dresses.

And Louise Dresser's neighbors do not think of her, I am sure, as a Broadway actress or a famous movie celebrity but as "a real nice woman." They see her weeding her beet-rows on her knees and training her rose vines, and sometimes they lean on the fence and pass the time of day. Whenever the struggling country church down the road has a sum to raise for a new organ, "Mrs. Gardner" helps raise it by speaking a piece or telling funny children's stories at the benefit.

In private life (and she is one actress who *has* a private life), Louise Dresser has been Mrs. Jack Gardner for twenty years. She calls him Daddy, though there are no children; but she is one of those women born to mother everyone, her husband, her own mother, her friends, extra girls at the studio and the neighbors.

Younger and Wiser

"THE only way I'd ever know I was any older than I used to be," Louise Dresser says, "is that all these new movie boys and girls seem so pathetically *youn* lovely children who talk another languag A little friend of mine has just gone the stage in New York. She was out he visiting not long ago and came to see n to ask my advice about her career. Natu ally, having grown up on Broadway m self, I pictured myself settling all h difficulties with a few wise, kindly word But when she began to talk, I was appalle She wasn't talking about the Broadway knew at all (I can't believe it's changed much in the six years I've been away She wasn't even talking about the san *world* I've known for forty-six year I've lived a theatrical life ever since I w sixteen and I've never seen, heard imagined the things that child told me."

Looking at the Sarony picture, I ca imagine how that golden-haired you choir singer from a small Indiana tow could leave her mother and her flowers a her kittens and walk unafraid and u harmed through all the disillusionmen and dangers of road shows, burlesq companies, theatrical agencies. It is n that New York was any holier or t Great White Way any safer place f girls in the late nineties than now. B there is an invincible innocence abo Louise Dresser. Even now the eyes this middle-aged woman look out on t world with the candor and trust of girl, eager, confident. Even now, at fort six, those eyes widen incredulously at tale of Hollywood scandal.

"People have always been good to me she says simply, "I think perhaps they' kept some things from me. Not that haven't been through a good deal."

When Billy Kerlin, father of the famil was killed on the railroad, his daught Louise fell heir to the task of brea winning. She heard of a position Boston with a musical show, and arriv with eight dollars in her pocket to find th the musical show was a cheap burlesq

(Continued on page 90)

Meteors of the Movies

(*Continued from page 73*)

Betty, like Belle, has done admirably. She's played leads. But always the world shakes its head and remembers Betty Bronson as *Peter Pan.* Not long ago she had a secondary part in a murder mystery picture. And even the corpse had more to do.

Betty hasn't changed. Still elfin, whimsical, sweet. It would seem the imp of the perverse is always loitering about to hang one pearl about the neck upon which ropes of them should coil—and that a single gem blackens and dies and takes its wearer with it.

Why is it? How come that some must know the never-ending bitterness of having for a day worn the robes of royalty but to be plunged with that day's death into the unending twilight of mediocrity or the ghastly night of nothingness?

Happily, it isn't always so. Meteors have checked their flights when highest in the heavens. And have become fixed stars, reliable as the moon itself.

Of course, there was "The Miracle Man." It made Thomas Meighan, Betty Compson and Lon Chaney. But now this is scarce remembered, for the three have passed on to even greater triumphs, and today, almost a decade later, they remain high in public favor—high in box-office value.

Another classic example is Valentino, himself. An unknown, he was chosen by or through June Mathis for his part in "The Four Horsemen." The rest is history. Phyllis Haver, more recently, was "discovered" in "The Way of All Flesh"—after years on the screen. "Chicago" followed, and there are more to come. Phyllis seems set. But for "Tol'able David," there may have been no Richard Barthelmess. Yet Alla Nazimova, with whom Dick played a minor rôle in "War Brides," was never able again to equal her success in that drama.

Again the suspicion that the director is the god in the machine comes to mind in the consideration of the Chaplin picture, "A Woman of Paris," which made Menjou what he is today. We hope he's satisfied—he should be. Edna Purviance, however, failed to follow up this brilliant success. "The White Sister" gave us Ronald Colman. He is here to stay.

One of the oddest examples is that of Alice White. She played a second lead in a very poor picture, "The Sea Tiger," which starred Milton Sills. But she was so palpably box-office material that she stood out like a purple poppy in a field of flax. Even when they tried to shelve her, the nation's showmen howled them down, and Alice was brought back to screen life.

A lowly independent produced "The Plastic Age"; and with it, like a magician taking white rabbits from a black hat, produced Clara Bow and Gilbert Roland, too. Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor rose to the "Seventh Heaven" of fame overnight, and they say that when "The Godless Girl" is shown, George Duryea and Lina Basquette will join the immortals.

So it goes, here a winner—there a loser. Here a meteor—there a star. If you can fathom the reasons, then you know what makes success and what makes failure. And with this knowledge, men will come from great distances to put diamonds in your hair and call you the "Light of Asia." Many maids from many lands will offer you their smiles, and it wouldn't be at all surprising if you received an offer to be a production supervisor in Hollywood.

FREE — this remarkable new rouge. See offer below.

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DO THIS

Give yourself the Ingram treatment best suited to your skin. If your skin is dry, do this: Before retiring wash your face in warm water—just a little warmer than body temperature. Use a soft cloth and a small amount of good soap. Dry your face thoroughly with a soft towel. Then spread a thin coating of Ingram's Milkweed Cream evenly over the entire face.

Leave this cream on all night. In the morning the dryness should be noticeably less. Before going out apply a little Ingram's Milkweed Cream. Wipe it off with a soft cloth before powdering. Just enough Ingram's will remain in your skin to protect it from the sun, wind and dust.

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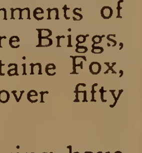
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Lift and Let Lift

(*Continued from page 26*)

chance of great fortune. George M. Cohan read it and thought it promising enough to recommend. William Brady gave Mr. Dunning the usual five hundred dollars retaining fee and kept it for over a year—finally returning it to the author with the notation that he felt it wouldn't get over.

One of the biggest producers in the dramatic field approached Dunning after the play opened with the reproach that he should have had a chance to read it.

"Why you had it in your office for over three months," Dunning replied, "and then you sent it back to me saying you didn't like it."

"My God," exclaimed the producer. "I never saw it! Wait till I get at that reader in my office. He sent it back without even showing it to me," and at the thought of all the fortune he had missed through his play-reader's fault, his face turned pale.

No Four-Flushing Here

THE idea was finally sold over a stud poker game in Chicago. Jed Harris, Dunning, and several others were having a game while a play they were directing was going on. Dunning, in between hands, told the plot to Harris. Finally, the latter said: "All right! I'll put it on if you will let George Abbott in as co-author, and let him go over it with you."

Dunning, of course, agreed. He was assistant stage director at the time for Dillingham, and earning about a hundred dollars a week. However, he stipulated that he had the cast already. Nobody had ever heard of a single member in it. When the play opened, most of the actors and actresses became targets for contracts immediately.

Six months afterwards, when the horn of fortune was pouring golden shekels into Dunning's lap, he still kept his job as stage director with Dillingham. I have known many habitues of the street of white lights, but outside of Gene Buck, I never met a man more untheatrical and un-actory than Philip Dunning.

His whole life has been spent behind the footlights. He traveled at twelve with a small-time vaudeville magician. He was tied hand and foot and locked up in a big trunk, and then under the Houdini law, escaped free four times a day for about eight dollars per week.

He knows Broadway and everything connected with it as well as, if not better than, the oldest mummer. He doesn't even know how much money he has made out of the play, although it has already netted the producer alone something over a million dollars, and he (Dunning) still lives in Brooklyn. "God's Country," he calls it, and his family life with his young wife and children, is that of a fairly comfortable young business man. Nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand of his colleagues, under the same circumstances, would have bought a yacht, a home on Park Avenue, and spats.

And listen to the latest dramatic prodigy on the subject of the movies:

"How do you feel about selling your darling brain-child to the cinema dragon," I queried.

A Pessimist's Optimism

"OH, I don't know," he replied. "I suppose it will be all right. I expect almost anything will happen to it. There isn't any way to tell. I've only seen couple of good pictures. 'Chang' and 'Th Underworld,' and, of course, 'The Br Parade.' The rest are terrible. Personally I don't think they've even begun to mak pictures yet. They don't know how. It' in the wrong hands. Too much of this bi director and star and super-productio business.

"Some day, maybe, somebody who isn't anxious about having his name in eight foot type on the title screen will take hol of a story and turn out a picture that wil start the ball rolling. Most of the directors haven't sense enough to appreciate thei opportunities. Look at 'Broadway'! The reason it was a success was that I mad characterizations that nine out of te people would recognize. How often d you see a real characterization on the screen? Never! It's like the bootlegging game. Too many gang leaders watching the pot for the money and handing out cut stuff. They're all too interested in the box-office end to know what they've really got. You ought to see some of the films I've made."

"What!"

"Sure! I've got about two thousand feet of film that I took myself. Just for fun, you know. I got up a little scenario and took some of the cast from 'Broadway' and made a movie. Great fun," he added. "I bought a little Bell camera, and every time we have a party, I show my stuff. Of course, I make lots of movies of the kids, too. Finest family album on the market now. They eat it up."

Back-Stage Fascinates Him

HE went on to tell of how he had written another scenario on circus life, and had gone down to the Barnum and Bailey show in Brooklyn and cranked the camera. The story was fascinating. "The back-stage angle on life from every point interests me more than anything else," he concluded. "So I made a movie of the things that go on behind the scenes when a big circus is being put on. You know, the clowns shooting crap, the little boy who hasn't the money to see the show, peeking through a hole in the canvas and seeing the bare-back riders before they go on, and the acrobats, the horses, and so on. It turned out pretty well, too," he added.

I wondered where he found the time to do all this. Besides writing plays, directing and staging them, he informed me most casually, that he wrote scenarios, while going to and from Brooklyn in the subway!

He has just sold one for a pretty stiff price to De Mille. Another is being negotiated for by a famous film organization. He admitted it was a cinch to write a movie scenario. In fact, he had been surprised how easily and quickly he could write them. And the prices he gets for an original scenario would make most professional story-writers pale with envy.

As unique a young playwright as I have ever seen, for, besides being modest as to his talent, he is the possessor of enough good looks to make him a film hero any day. To me, the most unusual thing about him is the fact that he has written and sold to Cecil B. De Mille a story without a single golden bathtub scene in it!

Play on, MacDuff! Directors have no hesitancy in urging *Sandy*, as portrayed by Jack Duffy, to do so, inasmuch as his pictures aren't talkies

Are the Children of the Screen Stars Normal?

(*Continued from page 31*)

disease is all nonsense *because*—and so on.

What the Doctor Orders

"FORTUNATELY for us doctors," Dr. Earl Tarr says, "picture people have fewer traditions and prefixed ideas. They haven't acquired a store of old wives' gossip ideas. They are frankly ignorant about their children's needs, terrified at the merest hint of anything wrong. They send for the doctor and make him responsible. They listen intelligently to his directions and obey them to the letter. I only wish all parents understood the modern creed of a thorough physical examination for their children once a month, regular hours for rest and play, and sensible food, as well as most movie parents I know."

Yet, these same parents probably stay out at parties all night, eat irregularly and wear out their own nervous systems with all forms of excitement!

A baby born in the household of a film celebrity may be a serious interruption in his famous mother's career, or threaten his idolized father with a loss in romantic appeal, among his lady fans, but his chief danger is not that he is unwanted. It is that he will be babied and pampered and spoiled by these people who delight in expressing their own emotions in action

Movie fathers and mothers, Dr. Tarr admits, are prone to sacrifice everything to beauty. This explains why a large number of movie children seem a trifle delicate and doll like

Sand-Pile Snapshots

"THEY keep them out of the sun, and always on dress parade," he shrugs, "but when we show them how much better

(*Continued on page 91*)

"A delicate subject
—but these girls must be told"
—a dean of women says

Unfortunately, this delicate subject is seldom discussed. If it were, many women could avoid a social stigma that comes with woman's oldest hygienic problem

EVEN among girls who are very frank with each other, there is a question of daintiness, of fastidious personal care that is unfortunately seldom mentioned. Yet many women are unconsciously guilty. At certain times they are seriously offensive to others. With realization comes constant worry. Today these fears are ended. Science has discovered a way to counteract this offense.

*Kotex now completely deodorizes**

In the past ten years women have learned new comfort, new ease of mind through Kotex. Now, after years of work, a process has been perfected that completely, amazingly ends all odors. The one remaining problem in connection with sanitary pads is solved!

Shaped to fit, too

Because corners of the pad are rounded and tapered, it may be worn without evidence under the most clinging gown. There is none of that conspicuous bulkiness so often associated with old-fashioned methods. And you can adjust the filler, make it thinner, thicker, narrower—to suit your own special needs. It is easily disposed of, no laundering is necessary. A new process makes it softer than ever before.

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*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587, granted May 22, 1928.)

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and
5—*It is easily disposed of;* no unpleasant laundry.

KOTEX
The New Sanitary Pad Which Deodorizes

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MORE than a million men and women, formerly victims of excessive underarm perspiration—its odor and destructive stains—now keep their armpits dry and odorless by using NONSPI (*an antiseptic liquid*) used and endorsed by physicians and nurses.

You can keep your armpits dry and odorless—you can save your clothing—you can free yourself from the embarrassment caused by underarm perspiration and its odor. A few drops of NONSPI used on an average of twice a week will keep your armpits dry and odorless.

NONSPI, used and endorsed by physicians and nurses, does not actually stop perspiration — it destroys the odor and diverts the underarm perspiration to other parts of the body where there is better evaporation.

NONSPI will preserve that sense of cleanliness so essential to all well groomed men and women. NONSPI will keep your armpits dry, odorless and sweet. Use it the year around—spring, summer, fall and winter.

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CONN BAND INSTRUMENTS

"The Big Parade" marches toward posterity: John Nichols inspects the seals on the containers of Laurence Stallings's war picture before placing them in the Smithsonian fireproof vaults

Is Time Rotting Our Film Records?

(*Continued from page 58*)

Will our great-grandchildren be able to look at the faces which make our hearts beat faster? In 2028 will John Gilbert still swashbuckle across the screen and Clara Bow show the flappers of the future that quaint historical phenomenon known as "It"? Will the school children who study about the Great War and Lindbergh's flight across the Atlantic be able to watch the actual scenes enacted before their very eyes?

For twenty or more years the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, D. C., has been systematically collecting and preserving the news films which seemed worthy of being kept as historical data. When Famous Players made "The Rough Riders" recently, the studio was able to incorporate in the picture an actual scene of Roosevelt giving his inaugural address, reprinted from the negative in the vaults of the Smithsonian. There are miles of war scenes shot at the front during the World War, glimpses of the famous men and women of our times, news-reel pictures of naval engagements, disasters, national celebrations, all of them sealed in air-tight containers and hidden away in underground storehouses where the temperature never varies.

Dry Quickly, Die Quickly

EXACTLY how well these films are lasting, it is difficult to say, because these sealed containers are seldom opened. But Mr. Nickolas, head technician at Metro-Goldwyn Studio, is not sanguine. "The most important thing in preserving a film is that the hypo shall be thoroughly washed out of it, and that it shall be dried slowly," he says, "but most news-reel pictures are hurried through the developing bath in order to get them on the screens as soon as possible. People are impatient. They want to read about their floods and their horse races and their aeroplane flights in their morning papers and see them at their neighborhood theaters that same evening. When you treat film in this way, it can't last very long. The chemicals left on the film after its hasty bath will eat into it in time. You can make perfect prints from news-reel film, but most prints are made as hurriedly as the rest of the process. We're not concerned with the future in this business—yet."

When the American Museum of Natural History recently sealed two hundred thousand feet of film showing wild animal life in African jungles away in vacuum containers and stored it in its archives, not to be opened for half a century, it was done in the belief that by that time wild animal life would have disappeared from the globe with the rush of swarming populations to conquer the remaining vacant lands. In this way they hope to keep the elephant, the tiger, the giraffe from the fate of the mastodon and the dinosaur and show the children of a generation without zoos or circuses the strange lost citizens of the jungle world.

Mary and Doug Posterity

EVERYTHING possible has been done to preserve this film for the future. But the news-reel shots of Lindbergh, the hero of the hour, will last an even shorter time than the memory of his flight.

In the feature pictures almost no attempt has been made to keep a print for tomorrow's fans. Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks have several of their films sealed in lead containers, with printed directions for opening at a date several hundred years hence. Metro-Goldwyn and other big companies have begun to "can" their biggest features—there is a possibility that "The Big Parade" and "The Trail of '98" may be shown in a world unlike the one we live in now, a world where war is as archaic as the Black Death and air travel has brought Alaska into the position of a suburb of San Francisco.

If studio technicians should experiment in methods of preserving film indefinitely, or devise a more permanent kind of film, the stars of the present might hope for lasting fame. Or it would be possible to keep a negative for fifty years, then make a duplicate on a fresh film and repeat the process endlessly, so that posterity will have a moving record of life today.

Going Hollywood

(Continued from page 49)

didoes are cut at these affairs and related with much raucous mirth afterward to friends who did not attend. Incidentally, they are likely to be hard on the furniture, the guests having a tendency to break out in games of leap-frog.

Big Boy Williams, who weighs at least two hundred and thirty pounds, hung by his toes from the rafters of his hosts' living-room at such an affair recently.

When a young player gets his break and comes into sudden prominence, his friends watch anxiously for signs that "Hollywood is getting him." This is another term for the same phenomenon. And one of the first symptoms of this deplorable condition is his frequent appearance at parties.

Friends of Buddy Rogers are watching him with great concern. They needn't worry, however, for a slight tendency to sartorial dash is the only symptom he has exhibited.

Lawrence Gray, who makes a sort of fetish of avoiding the manifestations of the disease, says that a tremendously enthusiastic hail-fellow-well-met attitude is typical.

"People meet you on the lot and cry, 'Hi, there, old kid! Glad to see you!' But most of them aren't at all. The thing is infectious. You find yourself doing it, too, automatically, when inside you know that you aren't so glad to see that particular person at all and don't give a darn if you never see him again!"

Putting On the Act

SEEKING always for some solidity of value in the froth of the picture world, people talk a great deal about Sincerity and Reality.

Clara Bow murmured to me not long ago (Clara goes in rather strongly for murmuring just now), "Picture people think in terms of money and box-office values. Never in terms of friendship. My best friends are people who have no connection with the industry!"

Clara, being a young woman who has made her way by being superlatively herself, probably knows whereof she speaks. Her plaint is an oft-repeated one.

John Colton, author of "Rain," who transferred his talents to the screen some two years ago, told me upon one occasion, "Everyone who does—or tries to do—creative work is a little bit 'touched' in the head. But the people in Hollywood carry the thing to extremes! They seem to be unanimously mad!"

Extremes of all sorts seem to be a part of it. Exaggeration of emotions, of ambition, of fashions, and of fads. Mild flirtations are exalted to the status of grand passions. People marry on impulse and repent in print. They adopt poses and carry them to the limit of public credulity.

The malady takes many forms and the symptoms vary with individuals. Almost any form of pose, bluff, inconsistency or idiosyncrasy earns the indictment. But it is certainly significant of something or other—either provincialism, a lack of local pride, or loyalty to the profession. For convenience, thus, we group the unpleasant traits of our members under one head and call it Hollywood!

That, I should say, was also typical!

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Be sure to ask for double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

OTHINE
DOUBLE STRENGTH

From Embalmy Days to Balmy

(*Continued from page 33*)

with Mack Sennett. Although not as a bathing beauty. His career to the present writing includes work well done for Fox, for Universal, for Hal Roach, Warner Brothers and First National. And, despite his length of service, his greatest triumphs are yet to come.

Let's pick him up, as the scenarists say, in his home perched high in the hills of Hollywood. He stands before an immense window which reaches from floor to ceiling and gazes down on distant lights which twinkle like a lake of stars. An inspirational moment, one gathers. Then, turning toward us and regarding the wide, blazing hearth—the rare rugs inches deep—the man-sized luxury of the chairs—the elegant comfort of all the room, Richard Wallace grins from ear to ear and breathes a prayer he means: "Thank God for the movies!" He's positively fervent. And why not? The cinema deity has repaid him well for the sacrifices offered at her shrine!

He's very tall. And pretty skinny. An unusually large head appears yet more impressive because of a mop of tawny-tinted hair, wild as a woodland, and running off to side-burns, untrimmed as the lawn of a deserted house. There is both depth and width of brow above oddly disconcerting eyes which flash from abstraction to keen intensity. He is possessed of much unrestful nervous energy. His hands wander and usually find their way to the peace of his pockets. His speech is nervous, too. And very sudden. Words tumble over one another. His tongue isn't so quick as his brain. Sometimes he expresses himself in pantomime.

The more he talks, the more one not knowing his vocation would write him down a scribbler. Either a newspaper man or an author. And in the conversation it develops that after some directorial experience he preferred to write for the screen. But it seems that upon each occasion an emergency of some sort would arise where he would be coaxed into taking up the megaphone "just this once." And Wallace, an obliging cuss, couldn't refuse.

Tough Assignments

To Wallace was assigned the difficult task of translating the personality of Will Rogers into celluloid. How well he made out may be judged by "The Texas Steer." And when it is remembered that Rogers' charm lies principally in his spoken witticisms, the picture must be chalked up on the credit side of the Wallace ledger.

The director tells interesting tales of this cowboy who quit the range—and the "Follies"—to make himself a national figure. Stories of the inevitable gum-chewing (and isn't it remarkable that in these days of advertising stunts no chewing-gum manufacturer has made capital of Will's habit), stories of Rogers typewriting his daily newspaper column, no matter where the troupe might be on location; stories of his modesty—regarding which there seems to be some doubt; and a little human tale of how he one day was seated on the curb in Washington surrounded by a thousand kids, and suddenly doffed his "ten-gallon" hat and handed it to the nearest one, saying, "Tom Mix gave me this"— and how the chapeau was passed from hand to hand, up and down the block, before it finally rested again on its owner's head.

Wallace has other yarns to spin—of "Raggedy Rose" and Mabel Normand; of Corinne Griffith and her biggest box-office success, "Syncopating Sue," of that monstrous money-maker, "McFadden's Flats," and his still more recent successes. Right now in your neighborhood theater "The Butter-and-Egg Man" is playing. When they bought the story, no one stopped to think for an instant that it wasn't the best possible movie material. But when there was time to consider, it came to light that in the play many a complicated situation was cleaned up with a single spoken sentence. More and more, it looked like a tough assignment. So they gave it to Richard Wallace. And he made it into a picture.

Wants Whimsical Story

I saw him directing this one. At work he's rather a revelation. I don't believe he ever uses his megaphone or one of those cute little directorial camp chairs with his name neatly painted all over it. No, Wallace must literally have his nose in the scene, hopping here and there, all over the set, showing the players what to do and how to do it. He has the thrice-blessed power of concentration. When he's intent on a piece of business, the moon may fall or the sun stand still, but not for an instant will he be distracted from his job.

Like all great comedians or directors of comedies, he is always aware that an admixture of pathos in the proper spots makes the next laugh louder. In analyzing the broad humor of "McFadden's Flats," he can prove conclusively that the biggest roars of merriment are not a little dependent upon touches which approach tearfulness.

Wallace dislikes slap-stick and longs for a picture story which mingles whimsy with its wit. It is his ambition to get away from the obvious and inject the subtle character apparent in every great photoplay. With the type of material with which he has recently worked, this has been impossible. But one day he will get his opportunity and then he will demonstrate a depth of knowledge and of feeling and of understanding with which few credit him at present.

Yes, he is married. And he is very much in love with his wife. I think she's something of a mother to him as well as a sweetheart. He has a habit of turning to her for information when his memory fails—of consulting her on many questions of varying importance. He's rather miserable when she's away. Lost, sort of. In fact, when they recently visited New York, she left him for an instant in the Grand Central Station and he got lost, sure enough. She went calmly to the hotel and he showed up, safe and sound.

Wallace is in his middle thirties. His wife is younger. If you ask him whether they have children, his answer is that they haven't had time. It's been a busy and a changeful life thus far. Perhaps next year—or the one after. . . . And then maybe a homey little undertaking parlor down in Pasadena where so many people go to die. Don't mistake me. They pick Pasadena because it's so beautiful that residence there makes the change to Heaven seem less sudden.

I'm Going to Be Diff'runt

(*Continued from page* 29)

Then, one day, he was standing with a pal in front of Henry's café, the famous Henry's patronized by Chaplin and lesser sycophants. They tossed a coin to decide whether they should fare beyond their means at Henry's or move on to lesser food and lesser checks. The coin spun—and it was Henry's. Thus does the flip of a coin decide a man's whole fate.

They went in and presently a waiter came up to LeRoy. He asked him to step to another table and speak to Mr. Edwin Carewe. LeRoy took his chance by the throat. He was horribly nervous. He still is. Mr. Carewe wanted him to play opposite to Dolores del Rio in "The Bear Tamer's Daughter." LeRoy thought his empty stomach was reacting on his brain. He pinched himself. He still felt. He made the tests. The results were—well, the results were a five-year contract with Edwin Carewe, and the wolf wailed a swan song from the Mason door.

"I'm going to be diff'runt," said big, timid LeRoy Mason.

"How?" I inquired—and sighed because he was so *very* brand new, so raw and so sensitive to the first bloom of success.

"I'm preparing for the future. The past has taught me to. I've taken out life insurance. All that I can safely carry. My mother is building us a home out here. A home we can *afford*.

"I used to drink—well, quite a bit. I've cut it out. Entirely. And when I make up my mind to do a thing or not to do it, I *do* stick.

"I'm going to get married some day. Not right now. Not for some time. I've never cared a great deal for girls. I won't have my head turned like some fellows I know. That sort of thing has never bothered me very much, and I'm not going to let it begin now. I'll be diff'runt enough to know that most girls won't care a rap about me for myself. They will have—very often—quite other motives. I'll know that. I won't be fooled.

"I won't go to parties. I don't like them anyhow. I love to be alone—in order to ponder over my past sins. I've always had that craving to be by myself, even when I was a kid at home.

"I want to play the kind of parts I'm playing now, in this picture. Parts where I am not dressed up. Where I am wild and vagabondish and free.

"I always learn from the mistakes of others. And when I think of poor Wallace Reid and Valentino, I feel that I'll know what to do and what not to do.

"I'll never have a lot of followers or parasites or whatever you call 'em around me. Bad advisers with worse intentions. I'll know what that's about, too.

"And I know I'll never get what is commonly known as Ritzy or high-hat. For a very good reason. I like my fellow men too much. I love *people*. They've been good to me out here. They've given me the glad hand and good wishes all along the line, and they would have given me more substantial things if I had let 'em. Charlie Farrell and I extra'd around together quite a bit, and we often used each other's name and went to two studios where one of us had been called. You can't up-stage people when you love them.

"I believe that a person gets out of life and out of things just about what he gives. I suppose there's nothing very new in that except that I believe it so firmly."

And so they continue to go on—and on—one generation never learns from another.

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THE modern American woman is envied by the women of all other countries in the world today because of her independence. She knows how to take care of herself. And she has learned that the secret of a woman's charm depends upon personal hygiene.

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If you prefer not to ask your druggist for Pariogen, just send us a dollar bill with the attached coupon. A tube of Pariogen tablets with full instructions will be sent you under plain wrapper.

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180 North Wacker Drive Chicago, Illinois

Accept This Elegant Key

(*Continued from page 37*)

Angeles that he carries one in his grip every time he returns from the East. When stars go on personal-appearance tours over the country, the usual thing is to carry a framework representing a key on which flowers can be arranged at each new city. The same key (with different flowers) is presented by a score or so of Mayors and belongs to some mythical lock in each city passed through.

The Mayor's Lair

Fired with a daredevil spirit of adventure that led me, erstwhile, into the lairs of such men as Harry K. Thaw and Cecil De Mille, I spent the better part of a morning tracking the Mayor of Los Angeles to his desk.

Wearing a cheerful front which I had kept in a clean paper bag in my pocket, I proceeded to quiz His Honor about the key-distributing business.

"We don't give out a key every time one of the film magnates returns here," he continued. "If we did, we should meet every train. This office has other duties, you know," he reminded me, "besides distributing keys. Some of the Hollywood press-agents seem to forget the fact.

"It is not easy for us to determine who is of sufficient standing in the motion picture business to rate a key," the Mayor pursued, furrowing his civic brow. "We are apt to be the victims of unscrupulous publicity men, of whom there are plenty in this city. I rarely go to the movies and haven't the least idea who is who in the business. Celebrities come and go so rapidly that one can't keep pace with them. I have several times been badly abused by people who take advantage of my ignorance and pretend someone of no importance is really a figure on the screen. Presenting keys to the city is a highly delicate matter. I was roundly censured on one occasion by many factions in the city for presenting a key to Aimee MacPherson. That was before her little trouble, of course, but she had many enemies.

Compromising Composites

"To save myself from misrepresentation by press agents I often merely present the key to the city in a figurative way, without actually handing anything over. This also prevents publicity hounds from publishing trick photographs, which is a thing they often do. I don't mean that they show me presenting a key when I didn't, but they show me in positions I really didn't occupy. In connection with some female screen celebrities this is apt to be distressing.

"The key is merely a concrete expression of welcome. It doesn't unlock anything, either doors or laws. As I present it, I ask the arriving personage to accept it as a key to the hearts and homes of Los Angeles. It has no other significance.

"Whom have I given keys to among the film people? Well, practically all of them, I imagine. I don't know their names most of the time. We don't discriminate in the matter of nationality. No deserving case is refused."

"Why not present a real key to this noble edifice, the City Hall?" I suggested brightly. "It would be so practical."

His Honor coughed. "We have such a key," he said, a trifle confused, "but the only person we present it to is myself. One has to be careful."

Isn't Love Wonderful?

(*Continued from page 42*)

"Oh, it isn't that I lost interest in my own work," Joby replied, "I just became more interested in Dick's. I don't know of any one who has ever come up any faster than Dick. You know, when we first met, he was just doing little bits over at Lasky's. But I knew from the first that he was going to be big. I knew that any one with as much personality as Dick had was bound to get ahead.

Coming Home on Wings

"I'll never forget the day he came and told me he was to have the lead in 'Wings.' I think that was the red-letter day of our lives. It meant everything to us. It meant we could get married, because Dick is prouder than a couple of Lucifers, and he wouldn't have wanted to marry if he hadn't been in a position to earn as much as I did. Of course, even now, Dick doesn't make as much money as I do, but this work he is doing at a smaller salary is just like an investment that will pay dividends in a couple of years."

"Is it true you nearly sacrificed a big job at a salary of $1500 a week to run down and see Dick when he was making 'Wings' in Texas?" I pried on relentlessly.

"Sure," laughed Joby. "Why not? I hadn't seen him in a couple of months. As it was, after taking that long trip down there, I only got to spend a half day with him. The darn old studio wired for me to be back and ready to start work in a couple of days."

You got the idea that for a nickel she would have thrown over the dirty old job and stayed down in Texas. But she didn't. With much reluctance she came home—to her own work.

Dick of All Trades

"The wonderful thing about Dick's future," went on Joby before I could get my breath, "is that he isn't limited to one particular kind of rôle. He is as good in a couple of comedies he has made with Esther Ralston and Clara Bow as he was in the dramatic scenes of 'Wings.' I've cut out all of Dick's clippings from the New York papers."

"Hey!" I cut in, "I know all about how well Dick is getting along. What about yourself? What have you been doing?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Jobyna carelessly. "I work most of the time in 'quickies' and I've done a couple of pictures for De Mille's studio and a few things like that," registering about as much interest in her own affairs as most people do about someone else's. "Dick is going to be co-starred in a picture with Nancy Carroll. There is going to be a pre-view of his picture. Want to go with us?"

I said, "Sure. But when is something of yours going to be pre-viewed?"

"I don't know" she answered, "I've been so busy getting the house finished and entertaining Dick's family I haven't had an awful lot of time to look them up."

I made one final, weak effort to learn something about her.

"I haven't any particular plans for right away" she admitted. "You see, Dick is going to be on location in Mexico and I'm going down there with him."

Mister and Missus

(Continued from page 51)

more than a million—but she still calls him "Mr. Ginsberg" in fun and he still calls her "Honey" in public and "Baby" in private.

Jack Dempsey is ex-heavyweight champion of the world—over six feet tall. He has the world's broadest shoulders and hardiest handclasp. His hobby is horses and horse-racing. Yet he's often as bashful as a boy and always as moral as a Puritan. Mrs. Jack Dempsey is a famous screen siren with an exotic beauty that makes her look as dangerous as dynamite. In reality, she's as modest as Lillian Gish, and she'd rather play in comedy than seduction drama, any day. The Dempseys believe in companionship rather than companionate marriage and have never been separated for more than a week in the three years since they were married. The only thing she doesn't like about being Mrs. Jack Dempsey is the fact that movie directors are always too polite to her. They can't seem to forget that she's the cherished wife of Jack Dempsey and that Jack Dempsey, though retired, is still a good fighter.

Jack is old-fashioned. Theoretically he firmly believes a wife's place is in the home. But he married a modern girl who just as firmly believes that a woman is entitled to a career. After they were married, he asked her to give up the screen. She said she'd try. They went to Europe, where they were fêted like visiting royalty. Most girls would have been ecstatic—glamour, money, admiration. Estelle Taylor was miserable. She loved her husband, but she missed her work. When they came back, she announced she would go back to the studios. She could no more retire than she could take up tatting. She's much too vital to spend her life staying at home.

Prouder of Her Than of Himself

HE'S proud of her success and says: "Estelle is the star of this family." He thinks he's a terrible actor and still insists so even after an offer from a producer to do a little acting on Broadway for four thousand dollars a week. He has acquired poise and polish; his sartorial ensemble is perfect! He's at ease in drawing-rooms and on a dance-floor. He is generous to a fault, a keen judge of character and a bit of a wit. But he has not yet lost that ingratiating small-boy look. Restless, graceful as a panther, he is seldom still. He swims, he plays golf, he exercises. Estelle, on the other hand, admits she is lazy. She prefers browsing with a book to swimming. She'd rather ride than walk. But she has an extraordinary capacity for hard work. When she is interested in a rôle, as she was in the *Lucrezia Borgia* of "Don Juan," with Barrymore, as she will be in the forthcoming natural-color filming of "Cleopatra," she is indefatigable. She is temperamental in the best sense of the word, though she never loses her temper. She's intensely feminine; she likes to do her own shopping and is one of the few rich and famous ladies who dares to say, "That's much too expensive," instead of the old alibi about not liking the color. She owns a small fortune in what she calls "dainty diamonds," but her favorite necklace is a two-dollar string of red beads. She wears 'em because she likes 'em. She has a ruthless sense of humor. She is a Madame Recamier to look at, but a Madame de Staël to listen to, and her humor spares no one, including herself.

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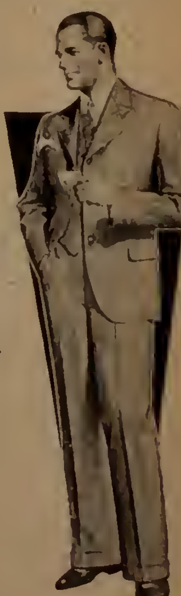

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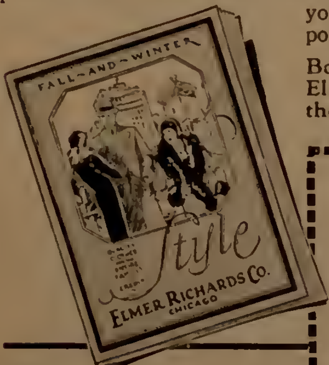

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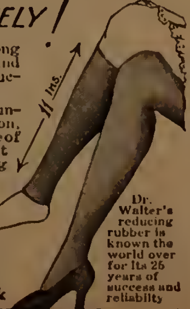

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Looking Them Over Out Hollywood Way

(*Continued from page* 61)

someone had presented them. "So luv-lee! Never have Loopy seen such luv-lee lady," then "Take off your hat, pleez!" she begged.

Mary protested that her hair wasn't arranged. She was both flattered and embarrassed.

With one swoop of her own graceful hands, Lupe reached over and jerked off Mary's hat. "Ahhhh," she breathed, "when a gurl is so bee-u-ti-fol as you, the hair-feex is nawthing."

Now, who could get mad at that? Surely not Mary.

Never Kiss Strangers

It was the first day of shooting on Rod La Rocque's new picture:

Sue Carol, the leading lady, wandered onto the set. She felt rather out of things. She had never met Rod and she knew the director only slightly. Pretty soon they called on her. "Now in this first scene," explained the director, "you are to kiss Mr. La Rocque passionately." Sue looked embarrassed. Then she got her wits together.

She turned to Rod. "My name is Sue Carol, Mr. La Rocque," she said, putting out her hand. "I thought maybe you wouldn't mind meeting me before we kissed."

Living on Lita or Nothing

LITA GRAY CHAPLIN'S elaborate new home in Beverly Hills was completed on the day that Roy d'Arcy declared bankruptcy. And they say Lita and Roy are engaged to be married. Just how Roy is going to run Lita's home on $300 (which he claims is all he has in the world) is a little problem that will probably keep him occupied in his spare moments between pictures.

His Lowell Reputation

THE day Corinne Griffith's picture, "The Garden of Eden," opened at the Egyptian Theater the billing read:

Corinne Griffith in "The Garden of Eden" *with Lowell Sherman.*

The next night it was changed to:

Corinne Griffith in "The Garden of Eden" *with Charlie Ray.*

Maybe they thought Charlie sounded safer.

Begging His Leave

AL ROGELL was cornered one day by another director who was bragging about the many offers he was receiving from other studios. It seemed that every producer in Hollywood was clamoring for his services—to hear him tell it.

"So I hear," drawled Al.

The other fairly beamed with pleasure.

"I hear Paramount has been trying for years to get you to go with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer."

Ruthless John

FAY WRAY and John Monk Saunders are married and no one is very much surprised except a few people who had thought Patsy Ruth Miller and Mr. Saunders would be married. But that was last year—and you know about Pat and last year's engagements.

Fay and her new groom were married in a romantic little town in Maryland while they were both on location with "The First Kiss" company.

A Serbian Cinderella

(Continued from page 63)

Like Greta and Lya

The cast of her features is like Garbo's. She has, too, an expression about the eyes like Lya de Putti. She looks like no one else on the screen. She is a distinct type, full-lipped and full-figured, yet with patrician qualities. She really looks patrician (the coronet on the luggage did not influence me).

She has an intense curiosity about America and Americans. She wants to dine on the foods we eat, she wants to buy American clothes, she wants to learn American slang. So far she has done well.

The most useful word she has been taught is "O.K." When she learns "N.G.," she will find herself a social success in Hollywood. That's a town where she doesn't need to speak English, anyhow. She has also been initiated into the mysteries of the word "whoopee."

She has the Continental languor that belies her auburn hair and hazel eyes. Her French vocabulary does not include *vitement*, and I have visions of directors jumping up and down on their hats when she keeps them waiting on the set. Languor, however, has helped some of our leading foreign actresses into their niches in the cinematic hall of fame.

Her complexion is like a child's. She arrived in New York *sans* powder, rouge, lipstick or mascaro. She did not even own a powder puff. This again is the influence of her mother. "She wants to keep me like a baby," she explained in French, "but I am not a baby. I would put rouge on my cheeks, but I cannot find a place to put it, the cheeks are so red now."

Eva has a mind quite her own. Nothing could induce her to say that she liked New York, not even the indignant frowns of the newspaper reporters. She did not like New York. It was too big, too dirty.

She issues other ultimatums in her low, foreign voice. "We speak English now," she says. And it is surprising to hear the various assortments of words that she picked up on the boat.

She was frightfully put out that she was not to see Calvin Coolidge. She had heard he "liked de movie stars." This shows you the sort of talk that is bandied about abroad.

Yes, she had heard of many great people in America. The burgomeister, Jimmy Walker. He likes the movie stars, yes? But there was no burgomeister in Hollywood? No, she had not heard of Will Hays.

She would like to see American theaters. Dancing she would like, because she had studied dancing in Vienna for six years, but had never done it professionally. Singing she would not like. The opera was so—she did not know. The opera, it appears, bores her. The dance classique, that she likes. Jazz? No, it makes too much noise.

All of which is an attempt to give you a picture of the newest contender for a Hollywood crown and all of which gives you no picture at all, for Eva is a mass of contradictions, and after six months in Hollywood she won't be the same girl anyhow.

At present she is well equipped, for she has youth, sophistication, languor, poise, an accent and a coronet on her luggage.

Added to this, she knows how to say "O.K."

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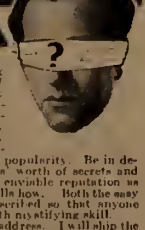

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Photo by Sarony

(*Continued from page 78*)

and that she was supposed to wear tights and pose as Cupid.

What a Career Means

"I SOMETIMES wonder," says Louise Dresser, "whether girls nowadays would be willing to go through what I did—go without enough food, live in an attic, wash out their own clothes. I sometimes wonder whether there are girls in Hollywood now who want to succeed in the movies enough for that. The other day I read in the paper about one of the new young stars who is divorcing her husband, not because he hadn't been good to her but because 'her career meant more to her than love.' I felt like going to that poor silly little girl and telling her that she *hadn't* any career—that she hadn't the remotest idea of what a career meant. These pretty youngsters who break into the movies for a few months or a few years to talk about their *careers*. Norah Bayes could have told them what a career was! So could any of us old-timers."

It is, for instance, the thing that kept Louise Dresser standing, quivering and shrinking in the agonizing ordeal of tights before the leering audience in the cheap Boston burlesque house that night thirty years ago. It is the thing that Paul Dresser, a great mountain of a man, saw in a pair of wide blue eyes when he heaved his three hundred pounds of bulk around at his desk to stare at the girl who had just told him her name.

"Louise Kerlin?" said the greatest song writer of his day, "not related to Billy Kerlin who used to be conductor on an Indiana railroad?" And when she answered falteringly that he had been her father, he turned to the telephone and called up Chicago's biggest newspaper.

"I just wanted to notify you," said he deliberately, "that my kid sister, Louise Dresser, is making her stage début Monday next, singing my songs!"

With these words Paul Dresser bequeathed his name and influence to the daughter of the man who had befriended a fat candy boy on a train from bullying brakemen years before. Singing his latest ballad, "My Gal Sal," Louise Dresser became a sensation overnight and for a dozen years was the darling of Broadway.

"What I never have been able to understand," says Louise, "is why every one looks on theatrical people as *different*. There's a sort of lurid glamor about stage life to outsiders. I—*resent* it for the splendid people I've known in the theater! I believe honestly I have lived about as I would have lived if I had been a teacher or a writer or any other kind of a woman. I've always had a home for one thing—and they say actresses haven't homes. When I was making my biggest success on Broadway, I sent for my mother and we lived in an uptown flat. When I was on the road, I carried things in my trunk to make the hotel rooms look homey, and that's why I have stayed so long in the movies, because I can have a home here."

Louise Dresser, the actress, has never submerged Louise Dresser, the woman. Those strong capable hands of hers know how to scrub floors and cook and dig a garden and arrange her big comfortable rooms, which owe nothing to decorators.

"Sometimes I tell Daddy we ought to sell and move into a modern bungalow," smiles Louise, "but I don't know as I'd fit into a Spanish hacienda. And my old stage photographs wouldn't look at home in one. I told you I was old-fashioned."

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Now colloidal chemists, working with doctors, have found a way to bring double oxygen in contact with fat at any part of the body where you wish to reduce. Colloidal chemistry is one of the latest developments of modern science. They have done away with the old, dangerous methods of starvation diets, boiling baths and strenuous exercises and made it possible to localize fat reduction. That is, you can reduce a double chin without affecting any other part of the body, or slenderize fat legs, fat arms or large hips without getting that drawn, wrinkled, haggard look that so often resulted from the old methods.

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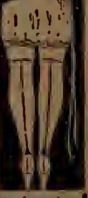

Are the Children of the Screen Stars Normal?

(*Continued from page* 81)

it is for youngsters to run and play without worrying about their appearance, I've noticed that it's the play snapshots of them, digging in sand piles, dirty and tousled, freckled and burned, which are enlarged for framing on the living-room mantel. It is not the photograph of them in their best clothes and elaborately curled. Movie parents have beautiful children because they *insist on beauty*. It is a primary object in their profession."

Children of happy marriages—love children, as the saying goes—are traditionally more favored than other children. And the cynical might say that movie children are all fortunate in that way, because, when love flies out of the window in a movie household, husband and wife walk out of the front door to the nearest divorce court!

Therefore, when the stars refuse to publicize their children, it does not mean that they are cross-eyed or bow-legged or stutter! The probabilities—take it from Dr. Earl Tarr—are that these are as sturdy, good tempered, good looking boys and girls shut away behind the high garden walls of movie stars' palatial homes as there are outside these walls.

The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page* 53)

man's box office than a flock of films which have masqueraded as top-notchers.

It contains a first-rate idea, though the Tolstoi mental processes are missing, naturally. I find it woven around the theme of a youth who overcomes his inferiority complex. He is goaded into action by the Cossacks. To establish his birthright he slays several Turks and wins the girl. The scenes are punctuated with an assortment of thrills, one in particular showing a mountain slide which carries a *kick*.

There are plenty of fights, which together with the horsemanship of the Cossacks and the vehement love-making of the Gilbert will keep one from looking around for that nearest exit.

The star is wide awake again after his innings of passion in "Love." And Renée Adoree, Ernest Torrence and Nils Asther fit right into the scheme of things. This swashbuckling yarn looks like a tip off of a flock of imitations in the offing.

Take *That*, and *That* and *That*.

AN old-timer in theme and characterization bobs up in "The Michigan Kid." With every element running true to form—with the figures neatly pigeonholed in the plot of the picture, I can only give it a fair mark. It's a story that has been taken to the movie well too often and exploits an open-hearted gambler, another who's not built that way—and the girl. The men are in the Klondike, and both are ignorant of each other's identity though they spent their boyhood together.

It all climaxes toward the moment when the square-shooting gambler wins over his rival. To accomplish the romantic ending the lovers escape from Mother Nature's villainy when they ride to safety over a waterfall and emerge from a forest fire. The yarn is one of those heroic things which makes the honest youth perform miracles in rescuing the girl from his hated rival. Conrad Nagel, Renee Adorée and Lloyd Whitlock have the assignments.

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Excess fat means a serious blight to beauty, to health and vitality. Many a husband, if wives only knew, would give much to see it ended. Why not make a bargain?

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Leo, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Lion, is staging a question contest of his own. He offers two $50 prizes—one to the cleverest man, one to the cleverest woman, for the best answers to his questions. And furthermore Leo will present autographed photographs of himself for the fifty next best sets of answers.

Leo, his mark

LEO'S QUESTIONS

1 Name three famous animals in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures and Hal Roach comedies.

2 What popular song bears the same name as a current M-G-M picture?

3 Which M-G-M featured player, not yet starred, do you consider most worthy of stardom? Tell why in not more than 75 words.

4 Name three famous M-G-M "teams" of actors.

5 What are five of Bill Haines' picture successes?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to M-G-M, 1542 Broadway, New York. All answers must be received by September 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

Note: If you do not attend the pictures yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

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OCTOBER

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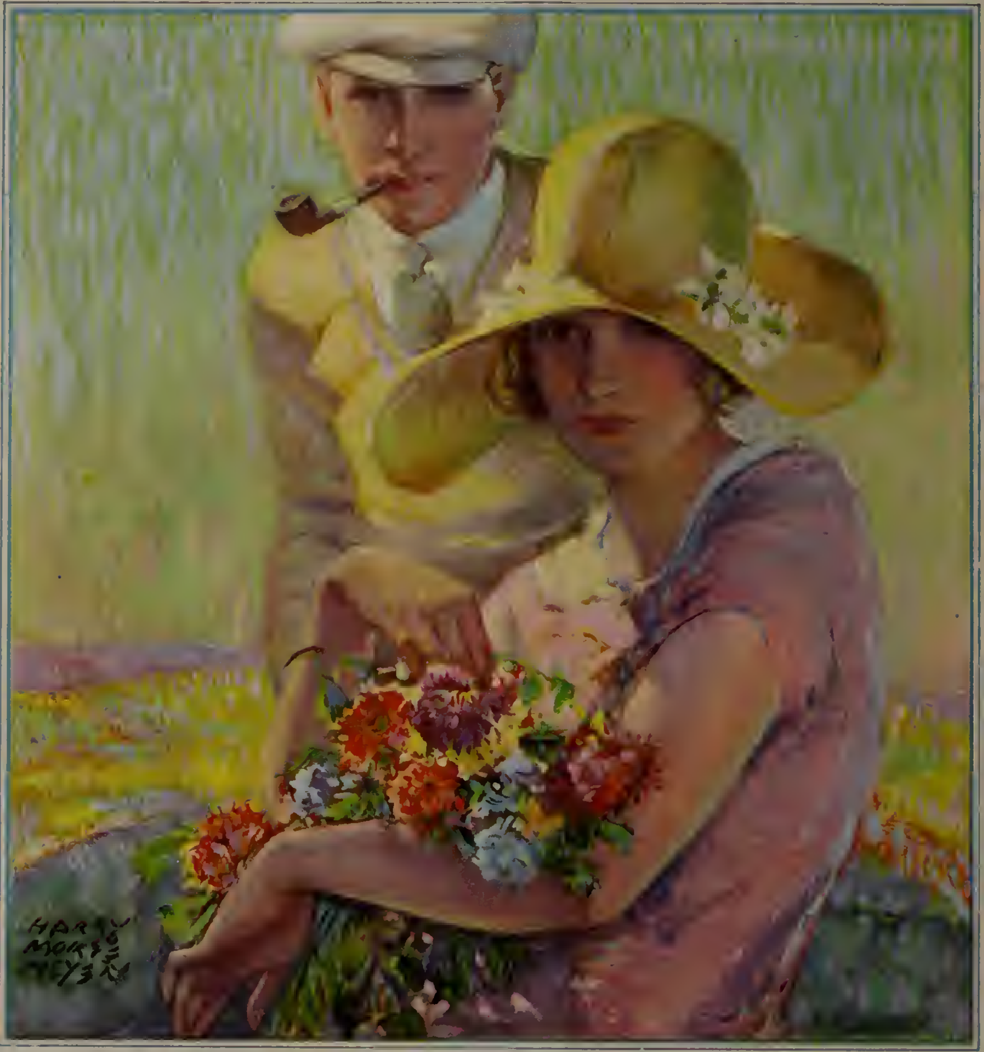

A gesture may live longer in the memory than words . . .

Few hands these days can be kept in idle luxury for their beauty's sake. For all day home-keeping hands are *doing* things! How is one to protect them, then, to *keep* them charming—and young?

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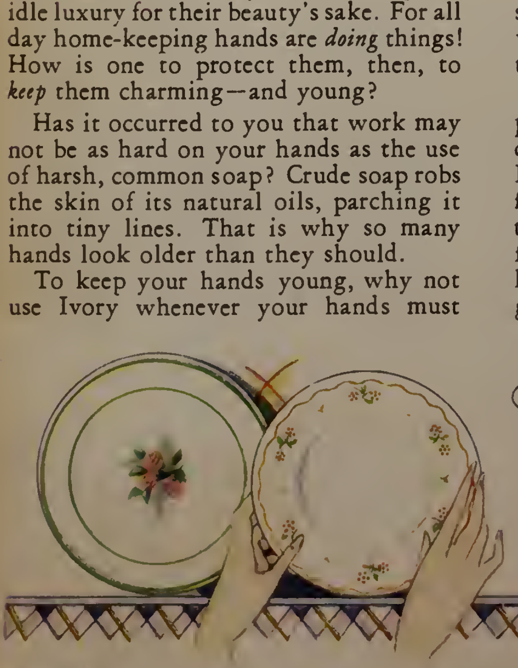

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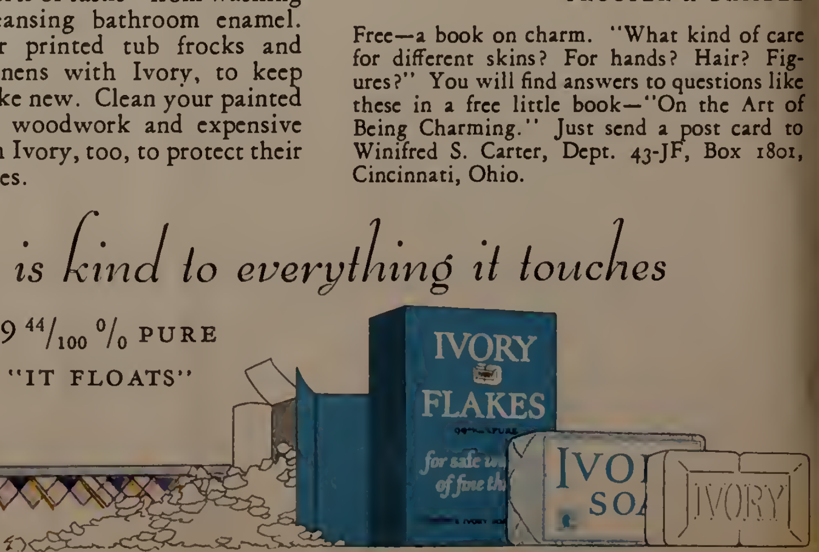

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MOTION PICTURE
CLASSIC

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Cover portrait of Greta Nissen by Don Reed from a photograph by Russell Ball

LAURENCE REID, Editor
Colin J. Cruickshank, Art Director
Classic comes out on the 12th of every month, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE the 28th

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC is published monthly at 731 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Ill. by MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, Inc. Entry for transfer as second class matter from the Post Office at Jamaica, N. Y. to Chicago, Ill. under the Act of March 3rd, 1879, is pending. Printed in U. S. A. Copyright 1928 by MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, Inc. Single copy 25c. Subscriptions for U. S., its possessions, and Mexico $2.50 a year. Canada $3.00, Foreign Countries $3.50. European Agents, Atlas Publishing Company, 18 Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4. George Kent Shuler, Pres. & Treas.; Duncan A. Dobie Jr., Vice Pres., Murray C. Bernays, Secy.

Last Minute News

John Barrymore, a former stage player, has been engaged by Warner Brothers to appear in their talking pictures.

Roy D'Arcy will again bring his teeth, monocle and art into action in a Tiffany-Stahl photoplay, "The Family Row." The star is Claire Windsor; the director is James Flood.

Douglas Fairbanks, the elder, has begun work on his new production, "The Man With the Iron Mask."

The movies take on an educational aspect with the appearance of Sally O'Neill and William Collier, Jr. in "The Floating College." Matriculated also in the cast are Georgia Hale, Harvey Clark and Georgie Harris. All presumably are candidates for A.B. degrees.

H. B. Warner, noted in Hollywood as the only living man of that name who is not a brother, has been cast in a picture sponsored by those who are, entitled "Conquest." Monte Blue and Lois Wilson are others prominent in the group of players.

Lilyan Tashman, otherwise Mrs. Edmund Lowe, has been chosen by Paramount to personify a female menace in a sound picture co-featuring Nancy Carroll and Richard Arlen. The director is a woman, Dorothy Arzner.

Lya De Putti has just sacrificed twenty-four pounds in weight for her profession. Before making "The Scarlet Lady" for Columbia she bounced the pointer of the drug store scales up to 132. Now the best she can do is 108.

Douglas MacLean, after a period of managing stars, blooms again as an actor in a Paramount sound picture named "The Carnation Kid." His leading woman is Frances Lee; and important in the cast is Francis McDonald. E. Mason Hopper will direct.

Ruth Chatterton, famous as a Broadway actress for her part in "Daddy Long-Legs," makes her first screen bow as leading woman to Emil Jannings in his forthcoming production. "Sins of the Fathers." Ludwig Berger will direct them. The author is a young graduate of Columbia University with a penchant for phonetic spelling: Norman Burnstine.

Hearse and rehearse seems to be the slogan upon which Richard Wallace has patterned his career. Formerly an undertaker, he is now director of a new Gary Cooper-Nancy Carroll film to be known as "Shop Worn Angel."

Engagements of all sorts fall thick and fast to the lot of Paul Kohner. No sooner did Mary Philbin contract to be married to him than Carl Laemmle, father of Carl Laemmle, Jr. and president of Universal Pictures, signed him as special representative. Paul will set forth soon for a business tour of Europe that will last a year.

Dorothy Revier's ride to prominence bids fair to rival Paul's. Here she is all at once co-starring with Jack Holt in "Submarine," and signed, too, for the second lead in Douglas Fairbanks' new picture, "The Man With the Iron Mask."

Another of those aviation uniform photoplays, "Hell's Angels," takes the air soon, equipped with both sound and color. The usual cast—Ben Lyon, Greta Nissen, James Hall and Thelma Todd—will enact the story. This concerns, we believe, some part of the world war.

The biggest quack in Hollywood: Lon Chaney as a side-show freak, half-man, half-duck, in a forthcoming picture entitled "West of Zanzibar."

Every time Walter Byron, recently imported from London by Samuel Goldwyn, looks at a picture of Gloria Swanson, he starts singing "I gotta go where you are." This melodious exuberance is inspired by the fact that he has been engaged as leading man to her in "The Swamp." The picture will be directed by its author, Eric von Stroheim.

Mary Brian has entered and Louise Brooks departed the cast of the forthcoming Paramount production of the S. S. Van Dine detective story, "The Canary Murder Case." And in this, too, William Powell has for the first time in many moons a favorable character to show the world. He will enact the part of *Philo Vance*, the suave sleuth.

Jim Tully, author, playwright and press agent ex-officio to John Gilbert, will, now that he has completed titling his own story, "Beggars of Life," go to England and points east. In the course of his journeys he intends to interview George Bernard Shaw, Freud, Maxim Gorky, the former Kaiser, and, if he can find time for it, Mussolini.

Any story having to do with the *Lone Wolf* requires Bert Lytell, who has already scored in nearly a score of them. He will have the principal but not the title rôle in "The Lone Wolf's Daughter," being made by Columbia, with Frank Capra directing.

Clyde Cook and Clive Brook are two somewhat similar and well-known names of players chosen for parts in Paramount's film version of "Interference," the novel by Roland Pertwee. Other players in this will be Evelyn Brent, Doris Kenyon, and William Powell. The director is Lothar Mendes.

The respect with which the Paramount officials must regard the personality of Adolphe Menjou is expressed in the fact that he will appear next in a picture written by Ernest Vajda and directed by Frank Tuttle.

In support of Ramon Novarro in "Gold Braid," M. G. M. has selected Gardener James, Eddie Nugent, Ralph Graves and Carroll Nye. George Hill will direct.

After a separation of ten years, since the making of "Passion," Emil Jannings and Ernst Lubitsch have again worked together as star and director in the production of "The Patriot."

Marian Nixon is leading woman to Richard Barthelmess in his newest photoplay, "Out of the Ruins." The supporting cast comprises Robert Frazer, Bodil Rosing, Emile Chautard, Eugene Pallette and Rose Dione.

"The Butterfly Chaser" is the name of Harold Lloyd's next picture, a speakie.

Among the stage players that Fox has engaged for participation in Movietone subjects are Gilbert Emery, Lumsden Hare, Clifford Dempsey, Clark and McCullough, Sylvia Field, Paul Fung, Ben Holmes, Arbold Lucy and Helen Twelvetrees.

Ben Lyon, Antonio Moreno and Martha Sleeper are three of the principals in FBO's "Air Legion." The director is Bert Glennon.

George K. Arthur returns from Scotland to co-star with Karl Dane in "All at Sea," a story written for the screen by Byron Morgan.

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Fly with

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Produced by CHARLES R. ROGERS
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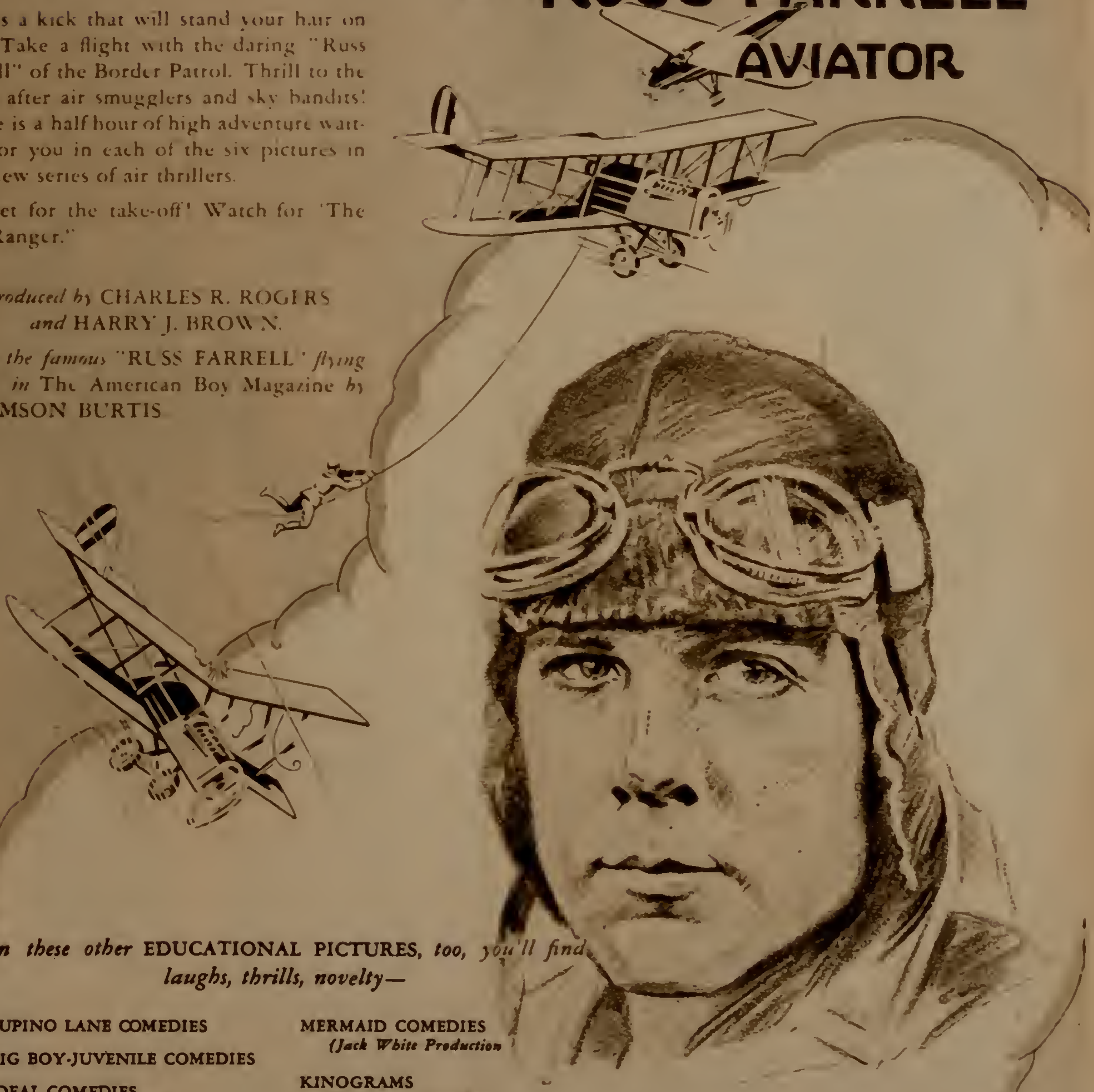
From the famous "RUSS FARRELL" *flying stories in* The American Boy Magazine *by* THOMSON BURTIS



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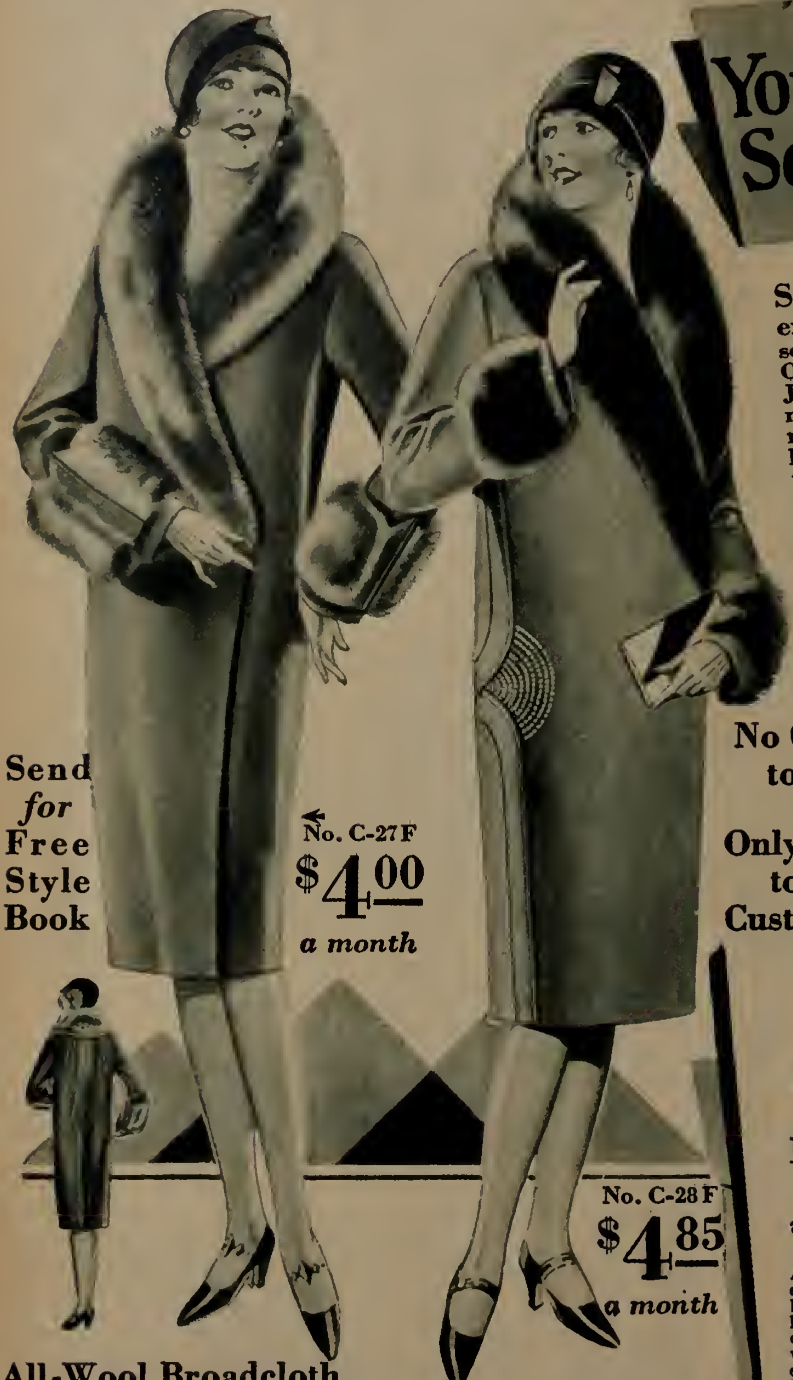

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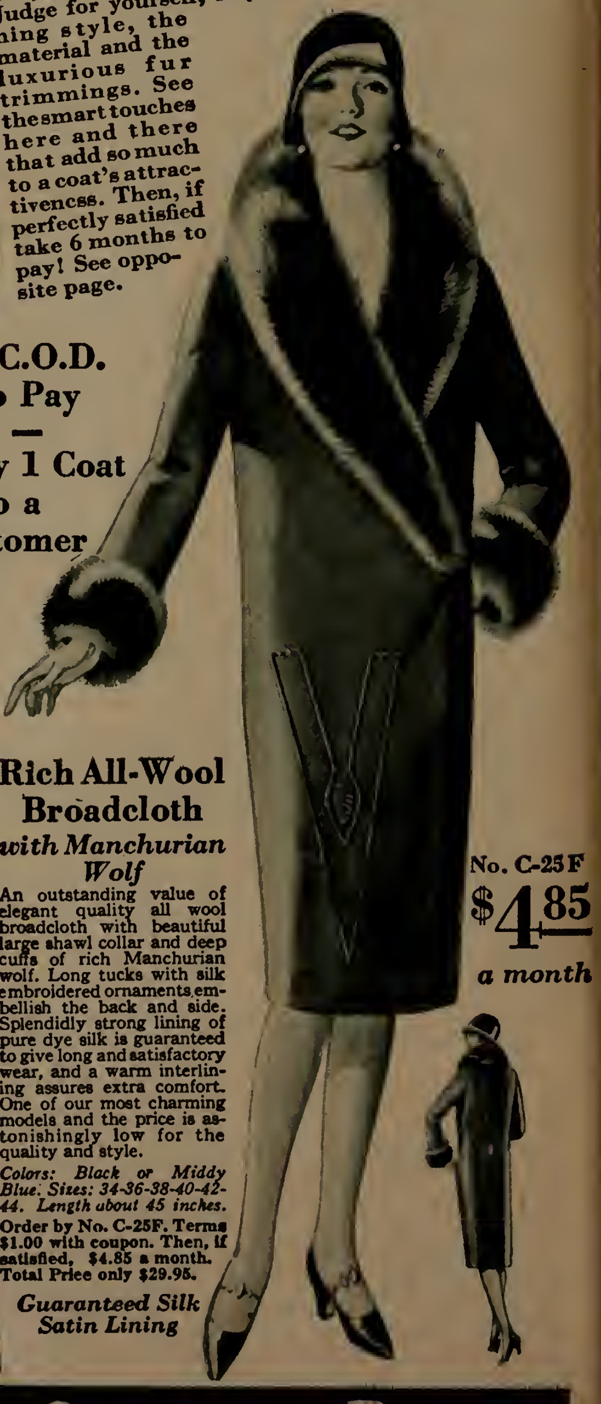

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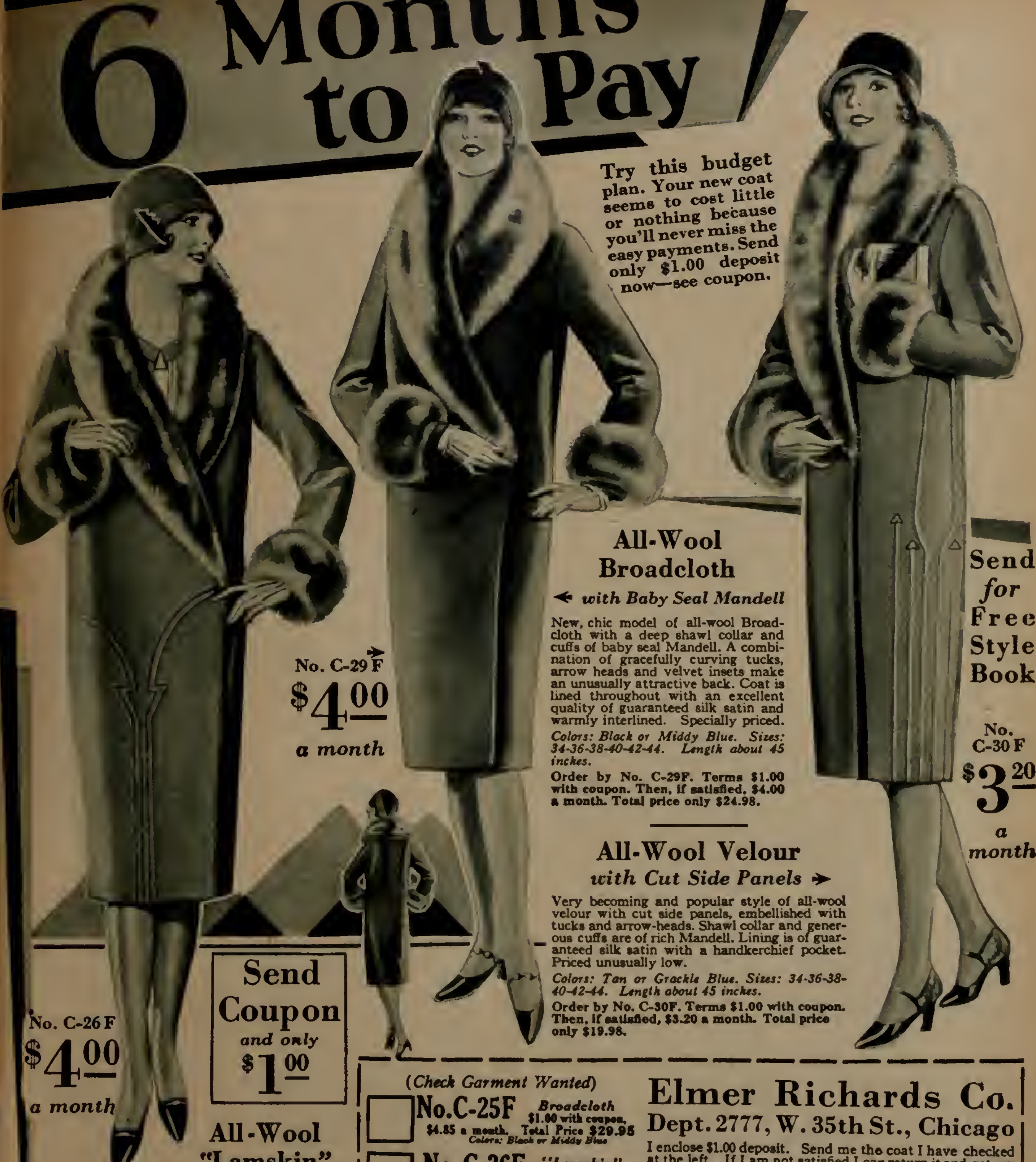

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MOTION PICTURE
CLASSIC
October, 1928

Russell Ball

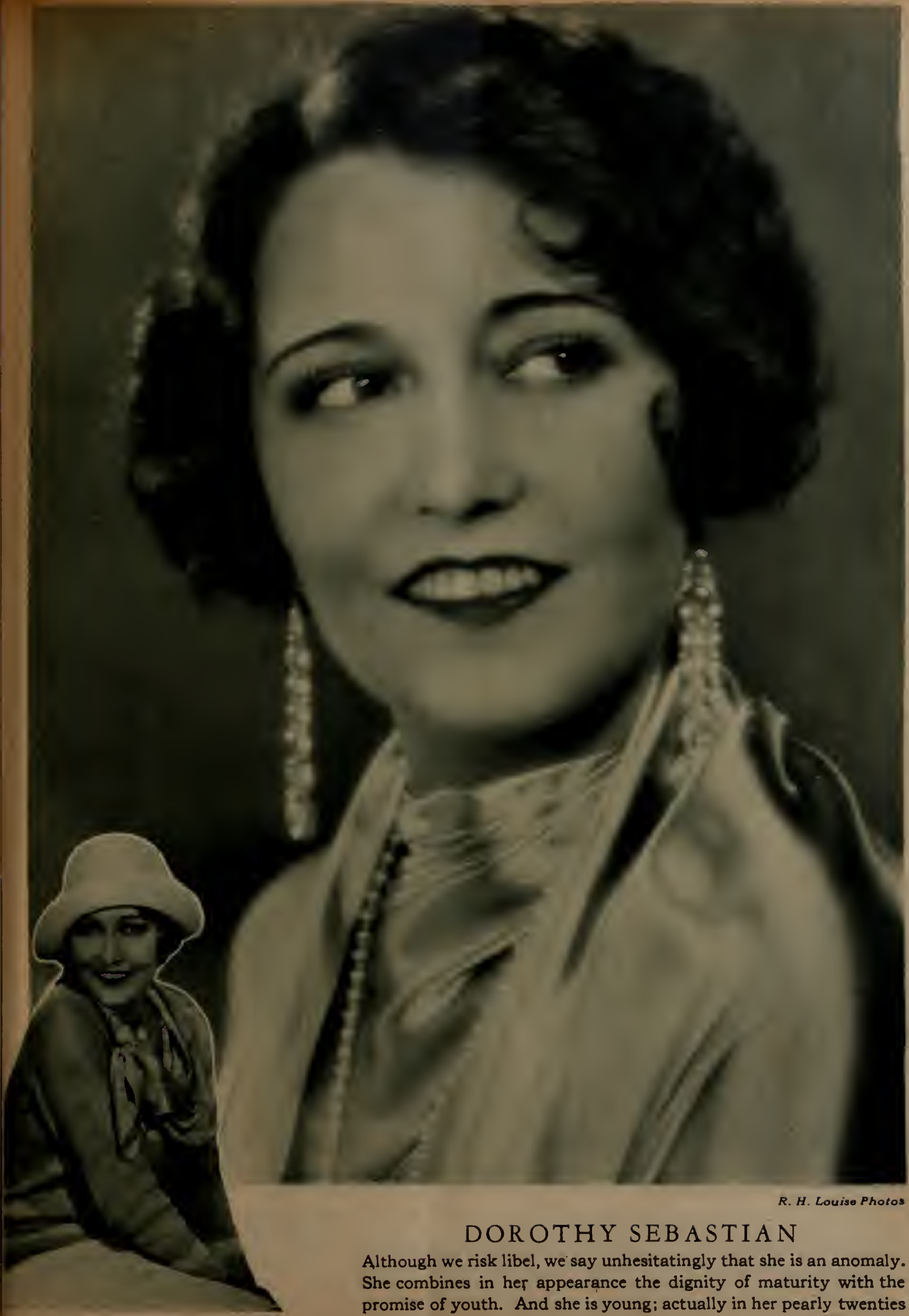
LINA BASQUETTE

If anyone has ever questioned her ability as a dramatic actress, let him see her performance in "Show Folks." For in that picture she most assuredly does

Ball Photos

MAY McAVOY

From time immemorial there has been heated argument as to who might be the luckiest bird in the world. We have decided to settle the question by showing his picture



R. H. Louise Photos

DOROTHY SEBASTIAN

Although we risk libel, we say unhesitatingly that she is an anomaly. She combines in her appearance the dignity of maturity with the promise of youth. And she is young; actually in her pearly twenties

Lansing Brown

Autrey

NICK STUART

If the rubber band about his fingers were as elastic as his luck, he could stretch it indefinitely. For within only a short time he has bridged the gap from cameraboy to ranking star

The Magazine With the Personality
MOTION PICTURE
CLASSIC

Pictures and Personalities

By GEORGE KENT SHULER
PUBLISHER

SO many miracles are coming about these days that the thing is getting to be monotonous. It's like the succession of honors that came to Colonel Lindbergh and the reasons why the American team did not win the Olympics overwhelmingly.

The first of these magical realities was the practical development of the talkie. This a short time ago was like one of those prophesies of the likelihood of commuting to Mars. Today it is here.

And now appears another startling new device, television: something whereby one may transmit scenes by radio. Yesterday it was a jest in Hollywood. Today it is something that has been done and which, according to the staff of one of the great electrical engineering companies, will be in use within a few months.

If the talkies threw the makers and the exhibitors of pictures into a panic, the television device should cause them nothing less than epilepsy.

For it would seem that if its inventors choose, it can be used as a direct competitor of the moving picture.

Radio Stock Plays

IF scenes can be broadcast with as much success as sound already is, there is nothing to prevent a radio studio's having a stock company enact a play that one may see while sitting in the parlor.

This would do away with the necessities both of studios and theaters. Not entirely, perhaps; but sufficiently to make a considerable dent in the impulse to fare forth into the wind and sleet of a winter's night to the neighborhood picture house.

So here, no sooner have the producers of motion pictures begun to shine up the somewhat dulled interest of the public with the promise and performance of talkies; and exhibitors begun to have their houses wired for their presentation, than there has been born another and independently controlled means for giving the theatergoer the same sort of entertainment without the necessity of being a theatergoer at all.

The Matter of Facilities

THIS, at least, is one aspect of things. It may be, of course, that the radio companies will not choose to do this. And again it may be that their facilities will not be able to produce events of entertainment with the completeness and care which will, or at any rate which should, mark the well-done talking picture. But the chances are that the broadcasting systems will no more overlook this visual medium than they have the vocal. And that they will arrange to augment their productive resources so that they shall be able to put on a good show. There is no reason why they shouldn't. They have everything in attention to gain by it, and little to lose.

Competing Directly with Movies

ALL of which in the end will work to the advantage of the motion picture fan. For it will, for the first time in the history of the screen, give the screen a considerable competitor. The theater, with its higher prices and its necessary localization, has never been that. But the television, granted it is used as it may be, and with its absence of price and limitless distribution, will be. In such an event, there may be more effort expended than has been heretofore to make every motion picture genuinely effective. Those who have up to the present often profited because the movie was the only show in town, may hereafter only profit because their theater presents the best show in town. And that show will have to be definitely better; it will have to be enough better to overcome the inertia of the fan who may, if he wishes, sit at home and see and hear one —and that too, for only the cost of what one evening's tuning-in amounts to.

Of course, in opposition to this advantage of delivering entertainment to the home that television possesses, the screen will ever have the charm of collective entertainment. There is an attraction always not only in the spectacle, but in the sharing of the spectacle with a crowd. To witness a prize-fight by television is really not quite as good as being there. The restaurant sandwich may not be as good as one that you can assemble from the resources of the ice-box. But frequently for the glamor of the place wherein it is eaten, it has more zest. So with the theater, silent or otherwise. It will always possess an enchantment of its own, apart even from the nature of the entertainment it proffers. And if television, already a reality, should become a general reality, it will have to compete with the mass-excitement of the playhouse.

Confessions

Blanche Sweet Tells

BY GLADYS HALL

D. B. Keyes

NO miner trying a played-out mine has more difficulty than has the fan magazine writer of today trying to get "new stuff" from old and still reigning favorites.

Gloria Swanson, the Talmadge sisters, Tony Moreno, Lon Chaney, Lillian Gish, the Barrymore boys—they and others like them have told and retold the stories of their lives. Time and time again. From first one angle and then another. Their love affairs. Their marriages. Their divorces, if any. Their opinions on women, if they are men; and on men if they are women. Their favorite songs, books, colors, candies, complexes and perfumes. The rôles they yearn to play. Their favorite parts in the past. Practically everything that one human can reveal to other humans and still leave a vestige of covering about his denuded personality.

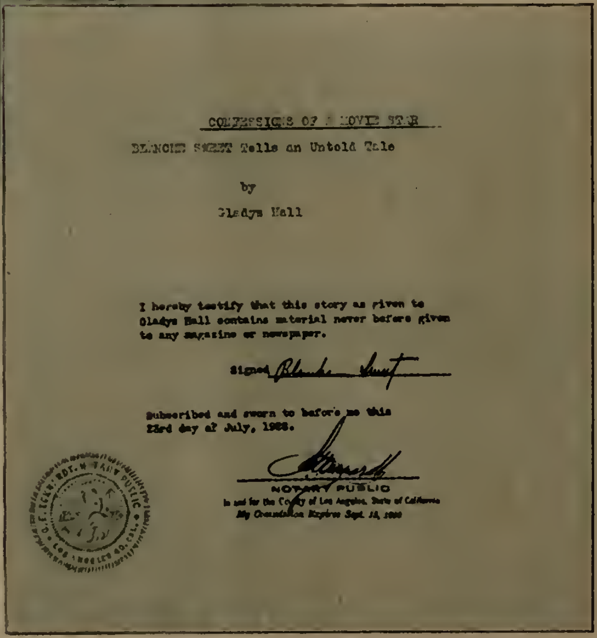
What to do about it?

People still want to read about these First Favorites of the Films. But nobody wants to read predigested prattle, no matter how rabid their fan-worship may be. It must be something NEW. Something never printed before. Something never before revealed in any magazine or newspaper.

With this all but impossible goal in view, I approached Blanche Sweet. I went prospecting with pick-axe and shovel, with drag-net and dredge. We sat across luncheon tables for hours, Blanche and I. We lolled on the hot gold sands of the Pacific coast, talking, talking, talking. Analyzing and fine-combing the publicized past. Sifting events as we sifted the grains of sand. Reminiscing, questioning, prompting and suggesting. Hours of discarding.

And finally there emerged a story of Blanche Sweet that has never before reached the public eye. The actual, complete truth about her birth and childhood. Elements that have gone to make up the Blanche Sweet we have admired through the years. Admired for her very real artistry. Admired for the personality she has kept intact through suffering and disillusionment, through the crucible known as living. Admired but NEVER UNDERSTOOD.

Here it is, then, a story about Blanche Sweet never before published in any newspaper or magazine, pamphlet or book. —AUTHOR'S NOTE



CONFESSIONS OF A MOVIE STAR

BLANCHE SWEET Tells an Untold Tale

by

Gladys Hall

I hereby testify that this story as given to Gladys Hall contains material never before given to any magazine or newspaper.

Signed Blanche Sweet

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 23rd day of July, 1928.

NOTARY PUBLIC
In and for the County of Los Angeles, State of California
My Commission Expires Sept. 18, [illegible]

"I NEVER *knew who my father was.* Not for years and years.

"I had a very dramatic childhood and the child I was has become the woman I am.

Her Life Before Birth

"MOST peoples' lives begin before their birth. So did mine.

"My mother was a dancer. *She danced herself to death.* Literally. And despite my knowledge of this, my passion for dancing persists. I would rather dance than eat or sleep, swim or work. Anything.

"My father—my long unknown father—was the son of a good family. One of the kind of men who possess a fatal attraction for women. Charming manners, a roving nature, great abilities and no industry. He had been married twice before and there were five children by the previous marriages. He was years older than my mother.

"His people objected to the marriage. The course of their young love ran far from smooth. *A dancer!* In those days men of good family didn't marry people of the footlights. There was that well-known prejudice, now outgrown. Time has changed all that. People today are rather proud of theatrical alliances.

"Curiously enough my mother's people also objected to the marriage. On the grounds that my father was too old for my mother, that he had been married twice before—that they were afraid of him.

"They were married anyway, of course.

"I was en route to this earth from wherever it is we come, when my father up and migrated to San Francisco. To make his everlasting fortune. *Again.*

"By some chain of circumstances the letters he wrote to my mother went astray. Never reached her. Letters concerning his prospects and plans for her joining him so

of a Star

THE FIRST
OF A SERIES OF
REAL LIFE STORIES

Her Untold Tale

soon as I should be born. She never got them.

"That he really did write I know because they eventually came to light and are in my possession now. It was carelessness, nothing worse.

Deserted and Desperate

"*MY mother supposed that he had deserted her.* And it did something to her. Something irremediable. She went back to her dancing in order to provide for my advent. She could have appealed to his people, who were very well off, but she wouldn't do that. Both she and my grandmother felt that they had had enough of that family.

"*The dancing killed her.*

"She died of peritonitis when I was a year and a half old. Caused, the doctors said, by a tumor formed before my birth.

"She was probably heart-broken, too. I'm glad I've never been sure about that. She didn't do much talking, my grandmother has said, about herself or her own feelings. But I imagine she was sadly glad to go.

"At any rate, I was born, and just as soon as she was able, before she was able, in fact, she went back to the stage and died as the immediate result.

"At eighteen months I was alone in the world save for my gallant grandmother. Alone and with the stage as the sole support.

"My grandmother took complete charge of me. Through all the years there was nothing she did not do for me. No task too hard, no duty too rigorous, no care too tender. My father's family offered to care for me. The offer was declined, with or without thanks—I don't know which. And when she did hear directly from my father, she disregarded his letters. *She hid me so that he couldn't find me.*

"She didn't want him to have me or to know anything about me. She hated men in general and my father in particular for the things he had done to my mother.

The Stage Her School

"FOR years I led the gypsy life of the stage. I was actually one of those many who were 'carried on' in their first part. My grandmother was untrained in any field of remunerative work. She was untrained in the world of the theater, too but through my mother connections had been established.

"I didn't go to school. I didn't play with dolls. I didn't have any little girl or boy friends. I didn't do any of the things most children do. I knocked head-in to life first-hand. No text-books, teachers or school rooms served as intermediaries. I was a happy child so far as I can remember. An angelic looking little creature with long golden ringlets and a hellish disposition. Chin thrust out.

(Continued on page 70)

From left to right: Joseph Hergesheimer, Cecil B. DeMille, Sid Grauman, Maurice Demond, organizer of The Breakfast Club; Elinor Glyn, Michael Arlen and Red Grange

Keystone

The Ham of

BY DUNHAM THORP

YOU may talk of the marvelous banquets of your Chamber of Commerce, Rotary, or Kiwanis; but a true Angeleno will simply smile in pity.

For hasn't Los Angeles combined the welcoming business of all these into one organization, retaining the best feature of each—and adding ham and eggs?

Through its world-renowned Breakfast Club, the "Cream of the Los Angeles Business and Movie Worlds" extends "the Hand of Friendship" (at the ungodly hour of eight A.M.!) to "the Distinguished Guest" welcomed into "the Heart of the Southland"—and in a far, far "Bigger and Better way." Where else, for instance, is there a stunt as cute as their little one of making the "D. G." ride a wooden hobby-horse—just to show that he is a "Good Fellow"?

Maybe it *does* sound a bit childish; but, then it's just "We Boys," you know.

And it's the best show in town, *undoubtedly*. Doesn't it play to capacity every time? Week after week, and without free chances at a Chevrolet sedan? Four hundred were hoped for the morning I was there, and eight hundred and seventy-one showed up!

How do they do it?—just box-office names, that's all. But *what* names! Perhaps Lindbergh one week, then maybe Mayor Jimmy Walker or Sir Thomas Lipton or the latest batch of Bathing Beauties, or Gilda Gray, or Queen Marie; and so on, with double-headers by no means rare.

Trying Out Talkie Technique

AND besides the star attraction, the rest of the bill is pretty certain to be good as well. In a spirit of presumably generous self-sacrifice, the movie great are lavish with the offers of their services. The stars of the silent drama are so interested in their work that they cannot let slip a chance to practise for the sound devices—nor do they indulge in the false modesty of refusing to be BROADCAST. In fact, they take the greatest pains to be always at their best—the studio gag-men stay up nights that they may eat this breakfast. Who could resist the pleasure of contemplating such noble examples of disinterested self-giving? And when it is all absolutely without charge—with a free meal thrown in. . . .

Want a look—see? O. K.—let's go!

A gavel is pounded, and the voice of the President (of

At the right, and in the order named: Gil Valeriano, C. M. Fuller, Irving Berlin, Harry Guggenheim, Carrie Jacobs Bond, Otto H. Kahn, John McKeown, and Ivy Lee

Keystone

Blinded by grapefruit, above, Brick Muller. On the horse, Claire Windsor; and in the group at the right, Vilma Banky, Rod La Rocque, and Bill Atwood

Friendship

The Breakfast Club Boosters Rise With the Roosters and Out-Crow Them

the B. C.) bursts from the assembled loud speakers.

"Hello, Ham!"

The eight-hundred-odd voices chant the response.

"Hello, Eggs!"

The meeting thus formally opened, the interlocutor—pardon, the president—continues.

"I'm very glad to see so many thoroughbreds here this morning. You know our club motto: 'Any old bum can stay up all night, but it takes a thoroughbred to get up in the morning.' Good morning, *thoroughbreds*."

A thought bothered me: though only four hundred places had been set, eight hundred and seventy-one hungry mouths yawned open. Is it etiquette for a member to ring in his whole clan on this free feed? Would a *thoroughbred* do that? But the thought was silenced as the gavel pounded once again.

"Mr. Herbert Rawlinson will lead us in song. First we will have 'Marching to Breakfast,' sung to the tune of 'Marching through Georgia.'"

Mr. Rawlinson wisecracks into the microphone (the whole proceding is broadcast over KEJK). Then, trying his utmost to make it appear accidental, he lets slip the name of the picture he is working in. Business thus attended to, he can at last allow himself the pleasure of song. In what we will call a rich baritone, he begins.

We, of course, all join in.

"Listen to the breakfast bell, it's calling you and me,
Calling us to Ham and Eggs—a breakfast jubilee—
So let's all sing the chorus, boys, and sing it heartilee,
While we go marching to breakfast!

Hello! Hello!
Oh, Hello, Ham and Eggs!
We'll eat; then drink
Our coffee to its dregs.
So we'll shout the chorus, 'till
Each ear for mercy begs—
While we are munching our breakfast!"

Extra Helpings of Song

BEFORE the last note is decently buried, the president leaps to the microphone—and his voice leaps at us from the loudspeakers.

"Fine! Fine! But let's see if we can't do just a little better with 'Ham And Eggs.' Just a little better, boys. Now—*all together!*"

(*Continued on page 82*)

The *Victor* of *Trafalgar* *Surrenders*

What the guns of the French fleet failed later to accomplish, Corinne Griffith, as *Lady Hamilton* in 'The Divine Lady," achieves with one glance from her eyes: the complete defeat of *Admiral Nelson*. This seagoing suitor is portrayed by Victor Varconi. At the left is *Lord Nelson's* flagship, *Victory*, as it appears in the photoplay

Winning in a Walker

Hollywood Votes the Mayor of New York More Popular than the Climate

BY RUTH BIERY

FOR once, Hollywood has lost its colloquial, live-unto-itself spirit. It has stepped from the rut of movie humdrum into the big world of politics and other-than-movie celebrities.

It has gone *Jimmy Walker.*

Just what the Mayor of the world's largest city has done to inspire such a revolution is no mystery to those who have watched him.

He has merely picked up the sidewalks of New York, moved them to the motion picture city, and walked his sartorially perfect self upon them.

He has told the hard-boiled press agents that they "are shrinking violets engaged in turning the search-lights upon others."

He has addressed the ultra-sophisticated opening-night audience of "Lilac Time" and held them spellbound until he had finished.

He has acted as a star in a motion picture; played the organ for the set-orchestra on a production.

He has ridden a hobby-horse at the elite Breakfast Club after thanking a dignified political opponent for the publicity the veiled sarcasms of his speech had given him.

He has gone flying with Phyllis Haver; he has stirred the patriotic souls of the American Legion.

He has talked at this and at that—at everything strictly *Hollywood* except the 233 Club, which is composed wholly of Masons.

Liked for Himself

ALL in all, he has made Hollywood forget that he is the mayor of seven million people, but remember, forever, that he is a hail-fellow-well-met Prince of Good Fellows.

Yet, through it all, he has maintained a certain mayor-like dignity even in face of the fact that everyone in town was immediately calling him "Jimmy."

"Well, now that I've seen myself as a motion picture actor, I think I'm a really good mayor!"

He breezed into the sitting-room of his entire-one-floor suite of a Hollywood hotel, the same twinkly eyed, crinkly mouthed, one hundred per cent Irish Jimmy who had captured Hollywood, the mecca of traveling celebrities, as no other visitor has ever conquered.

He waved me to a divan and took a straight chair directly opposite.

"You know, I came out here for a holiday and a rest but I've got to go back home and get to work for the 'rest.' The motion picture people have been so actively nice to me!"

Which, translated, means that New York's political maelstrom will be a haven of peace after Hollywood's whirligig of social activity.

"No, I can't recall what has been my most pleasant experience." A real politician, New York and Hollywood's Jimmy.

The Best Actor Not Acting

BUT a few moments later his eyes tell-taled the secret when we asked him about the quickie he'd made at First National with Colleen Moore as his leading lady.

Now we'd seen that picture. It preceded his personal appearance at the "Lilac Time" opening. And we'd heard the press agents and cameramen and electricians and the rest of Hollywood's unbiased critics announce that "Jimmy Walker is the world's best off-screen movie actor."

There's no doubt that he's taken to acting as naturally as the first fish took to water. When Colleen blinked her eyes and snuggled up close and then closer:

(*Continued on page 68*)

Above is the Mayor of New York with Colleen Moore; and below, with a pair of longhorns presented to him in Hollywood

Theodore Roberts, in the center, as he was six months ago; and, surrounding himself, as he is today, registering six different emotions with the same cigar

Alive and Sticking

Theodore Roberts, the Dean of the Screen, Lights a Fresh Stogie

BY DOROTHY CALHOUN

THEODORE ROBERTS is back again on the screen. Neither he nor his cigar has lost its drawing power. They are both still going strong. A hundred times in the last four years they have said, "Poor Theodore Roberts! He's through. He'll never play again." The first time was when he was carried from the studio, where he was stricken in the midst of a picture, to his house on the hill—to die. They said it when he lay helpless, unable to attend the funeral of his idolized wife, Florence. They said it again, when he was carried off the train on a stretcher in the course of a vaudeville tour. He has read his own obituary in print—and his cigar is still gallantly alight, defying fate at a jaunty angle, like the plume of *Cyrano*.

The doctors examined Theodore Roberts the other day. Their verdict was unanimous: "Wonderful constitution for a man of your age." Yet those same doctors shook their heads and murmured, "Hopeless," in those first days when he lay in the room that overlooked Vine Street and the Lasky studio where he had a life contract. Less than six months later he was back on the lot, playing in a wheel-chair. He made three pictures in that chair, but they couldn't write an invalid rôle into every photoplay, so old Theodore Roberts started out on the road, with a nurse in attendance, to tour the country with a vaudeville sketch. Many a man half his age finds touring the big time wearisome.

Tired, but a Trouper

RIDING in stuffy branch trains, hoisting his great frame laboriously up and down car steps, toiling along theater corridors on crutches, could not have been easy for him, but he shrugs away impatiently any mention of it, with the curious shame of a strong man for physical disability.

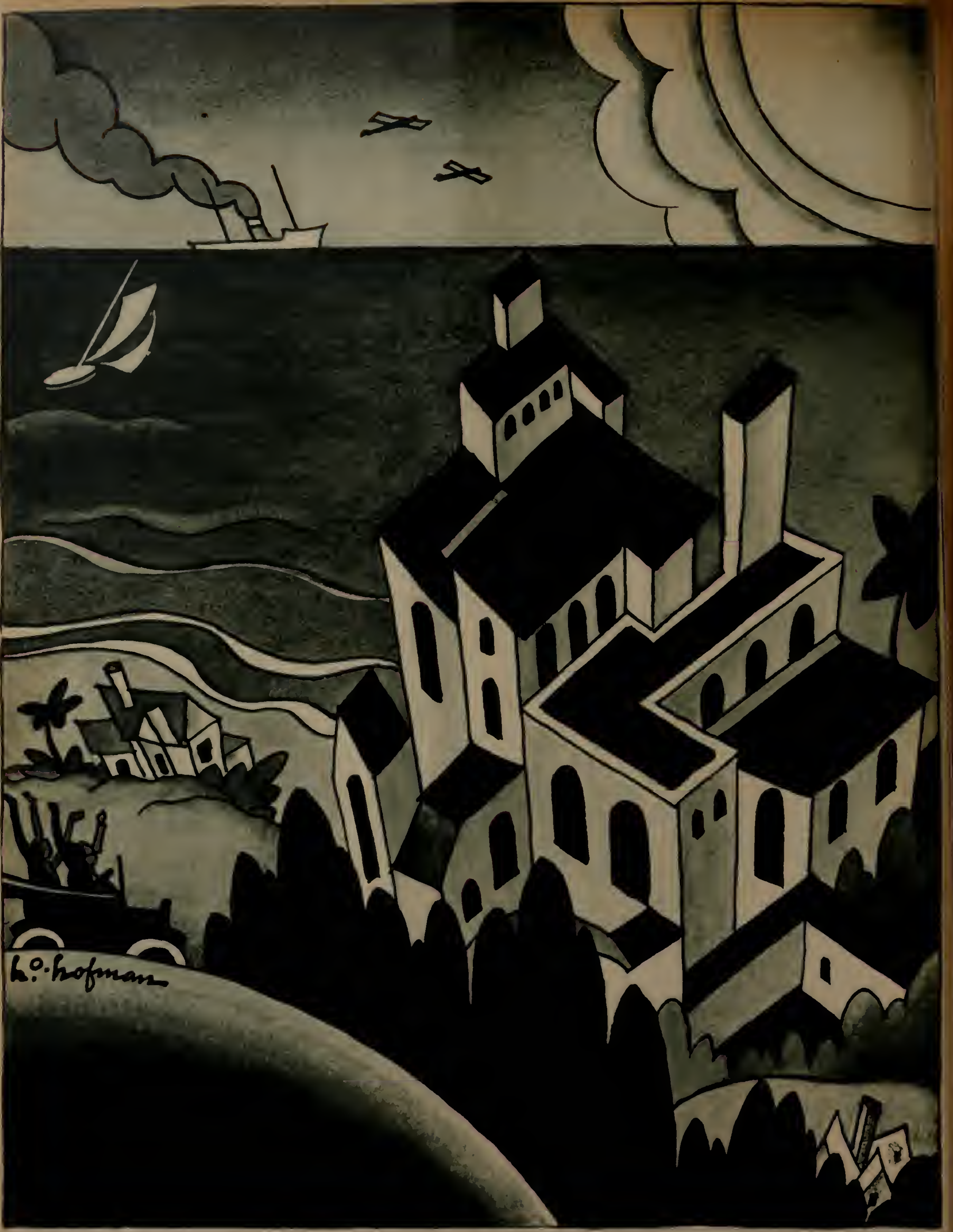
"It would have been hard if I hadn't had the money to travel well," he says, "and of course there were times—

(*Continued on page 78*)

R. H. Louise

Showing His Wild Oats

Buster Collier points with pride and a gloved forefinger to the many acres of natural grain which, according to his part in "Tide of Empire," he intends cultivating. After, of course, he has attended to the more important concern of cultivating Rénée Adorée



Hollywood Horrors

Two Pilgrims mistake Marion Davies's beach house for Aimee Semple McPherson's tabernacle

Stop Me, If You've Heard This—

Competition Among the Stars for the Best Scotch Story Is Tight

BY DOROTHY SPENSLEY

THOMAS MEIGHAN: A Scotchman and a dozen friends had just finished dining when the waiter arrived with the check.

"Give it to me—I'll pay it," came in loud tones from the Scotchman.

The following day, appeared headlines in the papers stating: "SCOTCHMAN KILLS VENTRILOQUIST."

REGINALD DENNY: And then there is the Scotchman who bought the two-pants suit.

"How do you like your new suit, Jock?" asked a friend.

"Very weel, only it's a bit warm, wearing two pairs of trousers."

KARL DANE: A few people on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot know that George K. Arthur is Scotch. Karl Dane is one.

Therefore when the great hole was dug for the foundation of the new "talking movie" stage, a group of them stood about, puzzled.

"I'll bet it's Lon Chaney just returned from New York, hidden in the grass," suggested one.

"Uh uh. It's the story department digging up material."

Along came Karl Dane.

"I know what it is. You're all wrong. George Arthur lost a nickel there last night."

When Nancy Carroll and Chester Conklin go in for telling Scotch anecdotes, they believe in proper costumes for the occasion. Here they both are, dressed to kilt

BEN LYON: A Scotchman with a handbag climbed onto a street car and handed the conductor a nickel for his fare. The conductor insisted that the fare was a dime and when the Scotchman refused to give him a dime the conductor threw him bag and baggage off the car.

The handbag rolled into a lake at the roadside and disappeared. The indignant Scotchman chased after the trolley, finally overtook it and began berating the conductor.

"I'm going to sue you," he shouted. "You threw me off the street car, you ruined my clothes, you lost my hand bag, and you drowned my boy."

RAYMOND GRIFFITH: After a Scotchman paid a Jew the fifty cents he owed him, the Jew died of lead poisoning.

WALTER HIERS: It seems there was a Scotchman who had two sons. Both were midgets.

SUE CAROL: The wife of a Scotch farmer was on her deathbed. It came time to feed the chickens and cattle. The farmer tiptoed to the bedside:

"I gaen doown to feed the cattle, Annie," he whispered. "I' ye feel yoursel' going, blow out the candle."

MARIAN NIXON: Jock McGargle decided to become a motion picture actor when he learned that acting was a gift.

MADGE BELLAMY: "What an awful obstinate mon ye are!' said Mrs. McNag to her husband.

"Whit ha'e I doon noo?"

"Weel, I ha'e had that new cough medicine in the hoose a month an' ye havena' coughed yince."

EDMUND LOWE: A Scotchman dined at a restaurant. After paying his bill, he carefully counted the change handed him by the cashier. As he counted it a third time, the cashier, insulted, snapped:

"Are yuh trying to kid me? That change is right."

"Yes, 'tis right," the Scot replied, "but 'tis only just right."

CONSTANCE TALMADGE: A Scotchman and his wife wanted to go up in an airplane. The price was twenty dollars and the husband demurred.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," offered the pilot. "I'll take you up for nothing, providing you don't make a sound all the time you're up."

They agreed. The plane nose-dived, looped the loop, banked. The pilot gave them the works. Not a sound from behind.

When they landed, the pilot said:

"Well, I guess you win. I didn't hear a peep."

"Weel, mon, I must say ye nearly got me when the wife fell oot!"

(Continued on page 74)

Marie-*and*-Ken

They're In Again

These Two Married People Simply Couldn't Make a Success of Divorce

BY DOROTHY DONNELL

Ball

WHEN Marie Prevost solemnly revealed to her best friends that her mind was made up and she was going to get a divorce from Kenneth Harlan, it was their cue to shed sympathetic tears and clasp her to their bosoms and murmur, "Poor, poor little girl! Your heart is broken now, but time heals all." The best friends of Marie did nothing of the kind. They burst into peals of laughter and remarked when they could speak for mirth, "Don't be silly!"

No one would take Marie's divorce seriously. They wise-cracked about it at the Montmartre, they kidded her about it on the studio set. The newspapers, usually delighted to report all the harrowing details of movie stars' domestic difficulties, printed an account of Marie's presence at the opening of Kenneth's play a week after the divorce proceedings were started. Marie wasn't there, but they took it for granted that she would be.

For six years nobody had invited Marie to a party. It was always Marie-and-Ken. "Who's coming?" "Oh Phyllis Haver and Harrison Ford and Marie-and-Ken!" "Marie-and-Ken phoned they'd be over." The two names, in film circles, went together exactly like bread-and-butter or gin-and-ginger ale. They had been engaged and married ever since the oldest inhabitant could remember. Six years of devotion in Hollywood equals a golden wedding anywhere else! Other stars might switch boy-friends, exchange husbands and wives and become alimony addicts, but not Marie-and-Ken. They were the local *Romeo* and *Juliet*, the movie Married Couple.

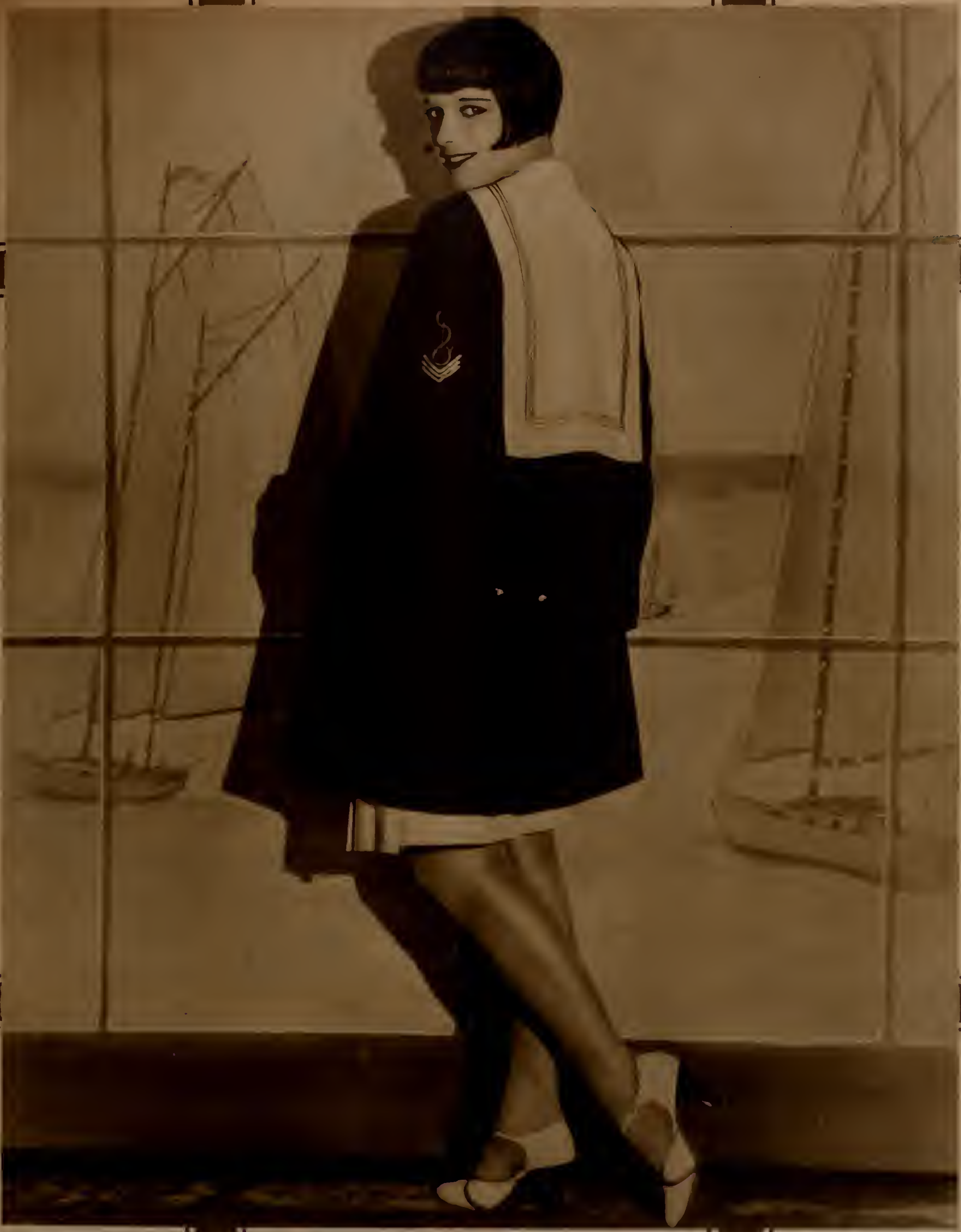
Deriding Their Divorce

OTHER stars might engage in domestic discussions at public cafes and roll upon the floor, pulling each other's hair in the course of the argument. No one had ever seen Marie-and-Ken quarreling ("Home," says Marie, with her cryptic smile, "is the place for quarrels!"). So when Marie Prevost confided that she was going to divorce Ken, her friends merely said, "Don't be silly!" and went on to make it two hearts, or order *pêche melba* or apply their lipstick.

Even when the case came up in court, they refused to take it seriously. "Everybody knows," they shrugged, "how crazy they are about each other. Why they even go on location trips together. When Marie had to make that picture at Del Monte, Ken wasn't working and went along, too. And when he had to go to the mountains, didn't she trail along and rough it in a lumber camp? That divorce will never be made final, you wait and see!"

They waited, and they saw Marie living in the Beverly Hills home (with the priceless autographs scrawled over the basement walls) and Kenneth living at the Athletic

(*Continued on page 80*)



Richee

Nautical but Nice

Where Louise Brooks is the object of vision, running away to see takes on an especial glamour. She recently took to this marine mode of dress so that she might become a tar in her own right

Hot

100
90
80
70
60

Among those at the very fahrenheit of popularity as screen lovers are, farthest left, Greta Garbo and John Gilbert; above them, Norma Talmadge and Gilbert Roland; below these, Evelyn Brent and Clive Brook; at the right and above, Nancy Carroll and Richard Arlen; and, at the right of the page, Richard Arlen and Mary Brian

BY HELEN LOUISE WALKER

WHO says there is no domestic life in Hollywood? There is. Dear me, yes! In fact, we go other communities one better and boast people in our midst who lead two kinds of domestic existences at once.

The first kind is quite ordinary. (Except for the fact that it is a trifle spasmodic and proceeds in fits and starts, as it were!) People marry and establish homes and bring up children in a more or less normal manner.

But the epidemic of love-teams in pictures has introduced another type of domesticity which might almost be called companionate, in that the members of the team have separate homes and separate incomes and bank accounts. They may even have husbands and wives on the side!

But the fact remains that the members of a love-team spend many more hours in each other's company than they spend with their own better halves, if any. And they certainly have more opportunity—indeed, necessity!—for making love to their professional mates.

Conrad Nagel, who, in private life, is a model young husband and father, was asked by a stranger what he did for a living.

"Oh," returned Conrad, airily, "I make love to Dolores Costello every day from nine until five!"

We'll wager that few young wives, even in the first six months of marriage, ever enjoyed any such concentrated attention from their husbands as THAT!

The success of the Gilbert-Garbo and Colman-Banky combinations is responsible for the epidemic of teams of screen lovers.

Passion in Pairs

PARAMOUNT has burst forth with no less than five such pairs.

Evelyn Brent and Clive Brook, we are told, will depict sophisticated love for the edification of picture-goers. Fay Wray and Gary Cooper will show us how beautiful a deep and spiritual love can be. Ruth Taylor and James Hall will strut their stuff in a flippant, necking variety of the old, old story.

Mamas *and* Papas

A Thermometric Test of Teams Who Labor the Lovelong Day

But they have made a screen bigamist of Richard Arlen! He will portray fresh young love with Mary Brian (what, we ask you, could be sweeter than THAT?) and the breezy, collegiate sort of thing with Nancy Carroll. It looks like a busy summer ahead for Jobyna Ralston's young husband! Producers, it seems, grade these teams according to the—ahem!—warmth which they achieve in the clinches.

Gilbert and Garbo easily head the list. The Colman-Banky team, now divorced, probably ranked second in box-office reports for the past season. Norma Talmadge and Gilbert Roland third. Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell fourth. Fay Wray and Gary Cooper fifth. And so on down the list.

Gilbert and Garbo, by the way, seem to be the only pair who have developed a real love affair through their work together in pictures.

They did not, it is said, care for each other particularly until they met on that railway platform in "Flesh and the Devil."

At that meeting, we are told, they gazed long into each other's eyes and—whoosh! Another Hollywood romance was under way!

(Continued on page 72)

50
40
30
20
10

With the exception of George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, both of whom here are emotionally below zero, all these players show evidence of excellent steam-work. They are, at the top, Ramon Novarro and Renée Adorée; Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky; and Bernard Gorcey and Ida Kramer. Below the tube, in the corner, Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, and Lew Cody and Aileen Pringle

What Should a

A Self-Confessed Beaut
and Sue Abou

BY DOROTHY SPENSLE

Spurr

Kornman-Bruno

When she first came to Hollywood, Joan Crawford, above, was almost as energetic after nightfall as before. And succeeded in winning eighty-two dancing contests. Whereas Jobyna Ralston, below, seldom sought any limelight except that provided by the studio

I'M seventeen and beautiful.

If you believe that, let's go on.

I've got a figure that's the rave of the old home town. It has Cleopatra's, Salome's and Aphrodite's beaten on all curves.

And my eyes.

And my eyelashes.

And my nose.

And my lips.

Well, really. But I don't like to boast.

(And now I'll try a wee bit from that cute little green bottle with the dimples.)

Dimples. You should see my shoulders. And my knees. And my—my—! Isn't the weather lovely today?

(I didn't know ginger ale, just plain ginger ale, could ever taste like this.)

I'm five feet five, with eyes of blue: cerulean, heavenly, azure blue. Azure like it. The same as William Shakespeare's new play?

Come, come. This must stop.

And my hands.

And my feet.

(And now I'll have a try of that liquid that looks like water. No, no! Not *that* one. The liquid in the square, shining bottle.)

And my hair is nothing but a mass of glinting golden ringlets.

I played *Amy* in the class play of "Little Women" last year.

And the town photographer took my picture and had it on display for nearly three months in his window. There was a little card in the corner that read "Beauteous Local Miss—a Pulchritudinous Mlle. of Our Thriving Metropolis."

And one year I Played *America* in "The Melting Pot."

You can see that I do know something about dramatics.

A Trumpeted Up Excuse

BESIDES, the man who came to our house selling those encyclopedias said I'd be awfully good in motion pictures. He was an actor himself once. He was one of the pages in Douglas Fairbanks' "Robin Hood." He had to blow on a silver trumpet that was later sold to Aimee Semple McPherson, so he told me, for her silver band. He really had a very important part in the picture, pulling the curtains back and forth and trumpeting around, but he said that Mr. Fairbanks got jealous of his acting ability and practically ruined

Poor Girl Do?

Asks Joan and Marian Short-Cuts to Stardom

the engagement. Making bad whoopee.

But that was after he dropped one of the curtains just as Mr. Fairbanks was doing one of his daredevil leaps and the camera never recorded it.

Luck was against him in other ways, too. He was under a seven-day contract but he caught tonsillitis on the fourth day and couldn't toot the trumpet. So finally, he gave up his career. Or, rather, he was forced to.

After we signed to buy the encyclopedias and the set of Yale—or was it Purdue?—Classics that came with the 'cyclopedias—as he so cunningly called them—he gave me Joan Crawford's telephone number and told me that if I did decide to go to Hollywood, to call her up and get her advice on just how to get along in pictures.

It seems that the encyclopedia salesman had a friend who was very anxious to meet Joan Crawford and nobody at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio had her telephone number. At least, his friend would call Mr. Mayer or Mr. Thalberg or Mr. Rapf and ask for Miss Crawford's telephone number and they would say that they didn't know it. So one day the encyclopedia salesman's friend went out to Culver City and waited all day until Miss Crawford drove up in her coupe and then he threw himself under the wheels. Of course, Miss Crawford had to stop and give him her 'phone number and tell him to give her a ring and let her know how much it would cost to have his leg dressed and arm set.

When I got to Hollywood, I called Miss Crawford on the Bell instrument right away.

No Advice Crawford

"WHAT would you advise a girl to do, Miss Crawford, if she wants to make a success of pictures in a big way? How should she conduct herself socially? Should she go stepping every night with a different sheik? Or should she sit at home and knit? What should a poor girl do if she wants to go into the movies?"

"Does a girl *have* to go into pictures?" Miss Crawford asked me.

That, of course, gave me a different thought. It was a welcome change.

But I don't think Miss Crawford really understood me. When a girl is inspired like I am to become a motion picture actress, reason plays no particular part in the matter. Look at girls like Joan of Arc and Peggy Hopkins Joyce. They let nothing deter them in pursuing their

(*Continued on page 84*)

Lansing Brown

Hesser

Spurr

Ray Jones

Before Marian Nixon, below, met Ben Lyon, she was invariably to be found in her bed by nine o'clock. Now she goes dancing a lot. And so does Sue Carol, above, unless Nick Stuart wants to play bridge

Mae's First Mother Rôle

Although no casting director has succeeded in persuading Mae Murray to appear as a mother on the screen, she has volunteered to enact the rôle off it. With the result that we are enabled to present this charming picture of royalty informally at home, with the Prince Mdivani holding his heir, Coco, on his knee; and the Princess Mdivani holding down Coco's kiddie car

The Troubadour *of* Silent Song

Although working with Modern Mechanisms Ernst Lubitsch is a Mediæval Minstrel

BY HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

Lee Rowley

ERNST LUBITSCH without a cigar would be like Napoleon without a "weskit" into which to bury his hand. The Lubitsch cigar is one of the props. It may soon lose its shapely form, the fine fire of its flame, the fragrance of its aroma, and become as stubby as Jim Tully, dead as a movie magnate's sense of humor, and smell worse than a rotten deed in Denmark. But it leaves Lubitsch nevermore.

It may be clenched between the table-tapping fingers, helping to accentuate or stress a statement. It may find lodging in the far corner of the quick-smiling mouth. But any sniper who follows Lubitsch to seize a succulent puff from a discarded butt must hit a long, long trail.

A quiet little brown man, unassuming as a mouse—the great director always reminds me of just that. Gentle in manner, brilliant of eye, he gnaws steadily through the cinema cheese to its very heart, and, to mix a metaphor, brings home the bacon.

He is of medium height, and slender, despite a certain impression of slight rotundity which you may carry away. He is rather swart, with a mop of black hair which has a tendency to fall in a curve over a low, broad forehead. His most engaging features are his eyes. In thought they are deep and slumberous. But in anticipation of a laugh at his own joke or another's, they gleam and glisten with appreciation and good humor. He can laugh heartily with them without moving a muscle of his face.

When he came to us from Germany at the cabled behest of Mary Pickford, he had not the slightest knowledge of English. Now he comprehends and is comprehensible. But the pleasing "z" sound that takes the place of our "th" still slips from his tongue. He can be a voluble talker, but a fine sense of courtesy curbs his flow of words for fear he may monopolize—or for fear he may be lured into some statement which he does not wish to make.

A Giant Half Grown

BEHIND him lies a long record of accomplishment. Before him is an expansive vista of triumphs sure of attainment—but yet to be attained. He has not reached his full artistic stature. He has grown slowly to his present eminence. And perhaps but now is approaching the full flower of his innate ability.

If pressed, he will modestly select "Passion," "The Marriage Circle" and "The Patriot" as those three of his works which most please him. Of the three, you will agree that "The Patriot" is the finest. And that it discloses a new Lubitsch, showing splendid evidence of a "Lubitsch touch" at total variance with that which has been associated with his productions. The name of Lubitsch is one of the few directorial cognomens which means something to the picture business in actual box-office dollars and cents. It may be placed at the top of the list with very few dissenting voices. And with universal acclaim among the three highest.

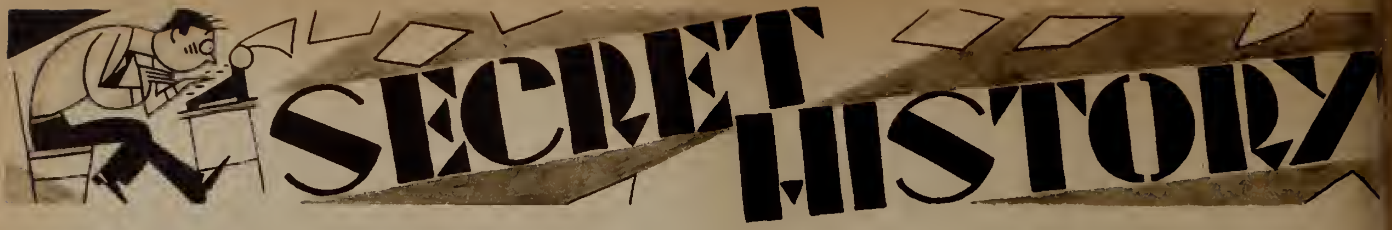
When "The Patriot" is shown, it seems assured of a prominent position among the pictures of all time. And Lubitsch adds more palms to his cinematic *croix de guerre*. There are epic qualities in both subject-matter and treatment. The director has lavished the wealth of his genius without stint, and a jewel radiant in all its facets has emerged from the crucible.

Not unexpectedly, he includes Negri and Jannings in his brief list of motion picture excellencies. It is fairly safe to say that he alone in all America was able to bring forth the full beauty and power of Pola's histrionic genius. And Jannings has set a new mark under Lubitsch direction.

A Little Noise Enough

IT is also natural that a master whose mightiest weapon is the art of pantomime should not beam with too hearty approval on the introduction of sound into the cinema. He, however, accepts it as an inevitable development. And it is quite possible that he will be among the foremost of those who utilize this new agency to strengthen that appeal of pictures—to endow with voice the erstwhile dumb drama. But until greater perfection is attained, a

(*Continued on page 76*)



SECRET HISTORY

What We Hear From the

What a mere literary celebrity thinks of the movies, frankly reported by the First National cheer-leaders:

"Alice White has started work on her first stellar vehicle for First National Pictures, and 'Show Girl,' J. P. McEvoy's popular serial story, is soon to be registered in celluloid. McEvoy remained for the first day's shooting and then hastened East."

And so he moved to the Studios

"Most men know D. W. Griffith as a pioneer director-producer, but how many realize that he has one of the largest ranch properties in the fertile San Fernando valley? Griffith grows lemons on the ranch—but this did not satisfy him." (From United Artists broadsheet.)

Further addition to the mass of evidence produced to show that mere Laemmle blood means nothing at Universal City; from the pensive Sam Jacobson, publicity chief:

"Having proved to Hollywood that she merits success on her own talent, Beth Laemmle, charming niece of Carl Laemmle, has signed a long term contract with Universal. Two years ago, when Miss Laemmle was sixteen, her uncle offered her a Universal contract but she refused it."

Further proof that Hollywood's famous moral tone has never been bigger or better, from an announcement in the eminent Los Angeles Times:

"Norma Talmadge and Gilbert Roland, who together have portrayed several great romances on the screen, were among the three hundred passengers sailing for Honolulu at noon yesterday. . . . Miss Talmadge is accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Margaret Talmadge, and by her uncle, James Cooley, who shares a stateroom with Mr. Roland. She told newspaper men the trip is being made merely for a needed rest and has no other significance."

We Nominate for This Month's Monster Bologna

The Messrs. Paramount-Famous-Publicity for the following: .

"Pola Negri has become an intimate of the great Rachel. . . . Prior to starting work on 'Loves of an Actress,' the star went abroad and searched the archive of the theater and the French government for materia concerning Rachel, passionate heroine of the film."

The second prize of an elegant bouquet of horse feathers being awarded to Lincoln Quarberg, Caddo Productions announcer, for

"Lucien Prival, who recently completed the heavy rôle in 'The Racket,' spent three years among the bums in New York's 'Hell's Kitchen,' studying underworld types before he started his career as a character screen actor.

Anecdote from the independent Erle Hampton showing that even the relations of movie stars possess their share of the brilliant sagacity for which the stars are noted:

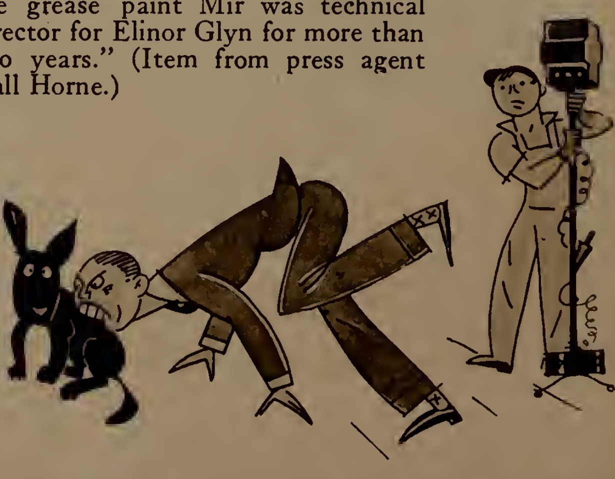
"Earle Foxe enjoyed a very happy reunion this week. His mother, Mrs. Eva May Shields, arrived in Los Angeles and her arrival was a complete surprise to Earle. Mrs. Shields had planned to call her son on the 'phone and announce her presence. . . . Imagine her surprise, therefore, when the name of Earle Foxe drew a blank in the telephone book. Stranded at the station, the resourceful mother sent the following telegram to Foxe's Beverly Hills home: 'I'm at the Santa Fe station. Come and get me. Mother.'"

So Are Clara's Grammar

"The methods of the present day screen flapper are all wrong. That is the opinion of Clara Bow. 'The artifices used by the modern motion picture flappers in getting their men is passé,' says this star." (From Paramount publicity.)

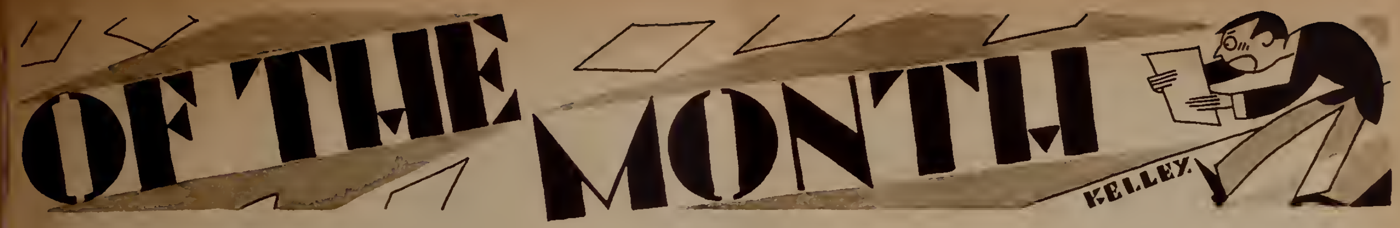
We are still wondering what may be the duties of Elinor Glyn's technical director!

"David Mir just completed work in 'The Matinee Idol.' Before donning the grease paint Mir was technical director for Elinor Glyn for more than two years." (Item from press agent Hall Horne.)



Charming rustic scene faithfully set down by the sleuths of Paramount:

"James Hall had his revenge the other day when he cornered a poodle dog that had been bothering him for two weeks, and bit it. During the making of the picture, it has been necessary for Hall to trip over the dog several



Press Circles

By Cedric Belfrage

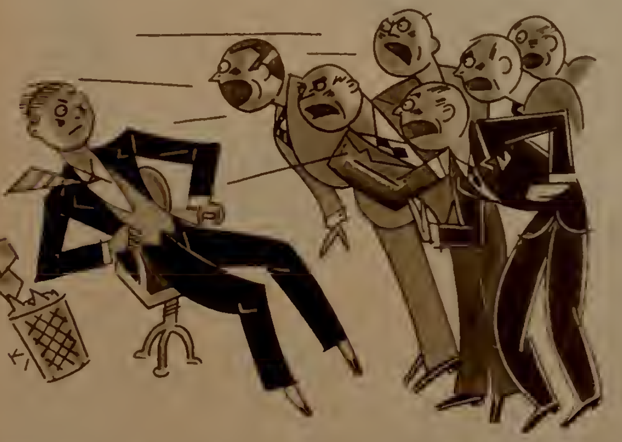
times, and also to lie in bed and let the dog lick his face. Finally, the actor, who is ordinarily kind to animals, picked up the hapless dog and proceeded to gnaw at it—just as a newspaperman hove into sight."

Palpitating news item from the front page of Hollywood's grand and glorious newspaper, the Filmograph; incidentally winning this month's ormolu daisy-chain for the champion sentence from the pen of its editor, the famous long-distance litterateur, Harry Burns:

"There was quite a bit of fun poked at visitors to the First National Make-up Department last Thursday when Perc Westmore, who is in charge of that department, was visited by his brother Ern, who is in charge of the Warner Bros. make-up department, and while Ern was in Perc's department he had the hardest time explaining to those who happened in and wanted some make-up wigs or whatnots, that he wasn't Perc, and while he and Mel Byrns, who is Perc Westmore's right hand man, were showing Ern about the lot, there were all sorts of people stopping them and starting to talk about make-ups and so forth, anent First National business, and Mel enjoyed it just as much as did Perc, who sort of realized what just such a visit by Brother Ern proved to him—that he sure is in demand and that he has quite a job to stay ahead of all the requests."

The month's Norma Talmadge Special, proving once and for all that the well-known Mrs. Schenck is a real lady; from the United Artists press kennels.

"One of Norma Talmadge's pet aversions is nicknames. Recently, while the famous star was resting between scenes of 'The Woman Disputed,' someone inquired, 'How is Connie?' 'I don't know Connie, but if you mean my sister Constance, she is fine and enjoying a vacation in New York,' replied Norma."

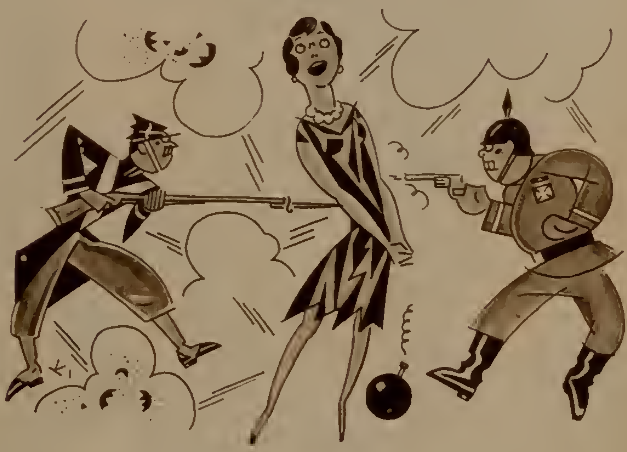


Sad misconception of the attitude of underlings in studio conerences, betrayed by the intensely well-meaning press agent, Charles Dunning:

"A month later there was a conference at the M-G-M studio over a choice for the all-important rôle of *Bertha* in what was then Gilbert's forthcoming picture. 'Carmel Myers,' announced Thalberg. 'You're crazy!' shouted six other voices."

Note from United Artists studio on the type of noise we are soon to hear at the movies:

"Battle scenes of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 are to be incorporated in 'The Love Song,' D. W. Griffith's United Artists special. The din of battle as well as a song by Lupe Velez is to be reproduced by Movietone."



Brilliant contribution to the lore of the talkies, handed down to an expectant world by Hal Thorne, de luxe publicist:

"One of the questions in connection with talking pictures which remains to be answered is: How are you going to get foreign sound titles in pictures made for American exhibition? William V. Mong offers the following solution: the actor first says his line in English and then in a stage whisper, repeats in the lingos of the rest of the world. Or, according to Mong, the lines could be repeated with equal emphasis, giving each nation a break."

Who Had Only One Sideburn?

"Here are a few statistics connected with a modern Battle of Trafalgar . . . in 'The Divine Lady.' Exactly 1438 wigs, 465 sideburns and 189 beards and mustaches were taken aboard ships by the make-up department." (From First National pronouncement.)

Affecting confession of how the average story is treated in the studios, from Joe Polonsky, Metro-Goldwyn foreign publicist:

"W. S. Van Dyke is to direct 'Trader Horn'. . . . the story, adaptation and continuity for which are now being prepared, and will adhere closely, according to the director, to the original by Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis, this involving a unique method of story construction new to the screen."

Inspiring example of democracy set by scion of vaudeville dynasty, as related by Universal:

Do you know these facts? They concern a very famous family—father, mother and son, the Gleasons.

Russel, the son of the world famous James Gleason, drove about Hollywood all summer in a 1922 automobile. He considered it quite good enough.

Everything is — naturally — since Eva Von Berne has been transported from Vienna to be his leading woman in the forthcoming Gilbert sizzler, "The Mask of the Devil." This is their first photograph together

Jake *with* Jack

Evil As You and I

An Unprotected Girl, Hoping for the Worst, Interviews William Powell

BY GLADYS HALL

Hommel

BILL POWELL will *have* to be a villain, I thought desperately.

Surely, 'tis not too much to hope for—that *one* man should insult you or something. Make overt suggestions. Talk censorably. Things like that.

I've been disillusioned so many times in the past. So many screen seducers have turned out to be kindly gents with a complex for gardening and old-fashioned matrimony. So many murderous Machiavellis resolve into tame tabbies when you drink pale tea with them.

Adolphe Menjou, for instance. It was some while ago but I went forth to meet him, fondly believing I should not be the girl I was when the interview had ended and the infamy lingered on. I found his wife, his first one, darning his socks. Adolphe in *darns*. And I found him to be a mild-appearing soul with his glasses slipping toward the centrifugal point of the nasal appendage. I don't remember what we talked about. The servant problem, I think.

Lon Chaney is mild and kindly and reticent. If he should accidentally kill a fly he would turn Catholic so he could confess his blood-guilt.

Bull Montana—isn't it Bull who gets bashed in the jaw by the Little Woman?

Edmund Lowe grows flowers, has had the same wife for three years, treats her kindly and likes it.

The Last Hope of Ruin

BILL POWELL was my last hope. Those weary, cruel, heavy-lidded eyes. That beaked, predatory nose. That sensual, cold mouth. Here, surely, would be a rascal. Here, certainly, would be one small nip on the thigh, a suggestion or two calculated to make me feel that old-fashioned way—ruined.

He would be bold and debonair. Insolent and insulting.

Hope springs infernal in the human heart.

Anyway, he would be a wisecracker. That's Bill's secondary reputation. When he and Dick Barthelmess and Ronald Colman play the Three Horsemen around Hollywood, it is Bill's job to make the two sober-sides hee-haw. At the least, I thought, he will be a side-splitter. I gave my ribs a tonic.

Hommel

I met him on the Lasky lot. Here in Hollywood. He was on time. That was a bad sign. Bad men keep good women waiting, or should. But there he was, waiting for me. I bore up under that. Emil Jannings was also standing fatly in the corridor. A great pink boy with a coy smile. I gawped at him as women and Iowans do. Bill said, "We won't eat here. You'll spend your time ogling Jannings. We'll go elsewhere."

That sounded promising. I had hopes. We would doubtless go to some den of iniquity on the portals of which would be appropriately inscribed "Abandon all virtue behind, ye wenches who enter here!"

But we didn't. We went to the Athletic Club, on Children's Day. Vice doesn't flourish in Athletic Clubs. Dumbbells do.

You can't *make* a man insult you.

Bill manoeuvred a Buick sport roadster. He was respectful to traffic cops.

Emil is Eulogized

HE spoke of Jannings: "He's the greatest actor I've worked with in Hollywood. But he's not the God-given genius people say he is. He's a hard worker. A terrifically hard worker. That's how he gets results. All the foreigners take their work more seriously than we do."

I asked about the new Barthelmess marriage. Bill said, "I sat on the edge of Dick's bed yesterday morning. Jessica, a peach,

(*Continued on page 74*)

Little More

A Few
That

We had always been fairly well convinced of the truth of the saying. But these glimpses of Carmelita Geraghty, at the left; of Connie Lamont, in the upper left-hand corner; and of Barbara Pierce, above, settle beyond question that brevity is the soul of IT

E. B. Hesser Photos

To Be Shed

Figures of Peach Explain Themselves

Prophecy is a hazardous enterprise. But don't you yourself think that there is every reason to believe that in any beauty competition, and under any set of circumstances, Natalie Joyce, above; Virginia Vance, at the right of her; and Julia Duncan, at the right of this, would be more than likely to outstrip their rivals?

Freulich

Uncle Carl'
Gabbin'

After Three Months' Talking and Testing, He Gives "Show Boat" to Laura La Plante

BY CEDRIC BELFRAGE

AND this *morning's* little talk on Loveliest Hollywood, my chicks, shall be devoted to the beautiful story of how Uncle Carl Laemmle discovered a friendless waif of the studios named Laura La Plante, and made a star of her for his great big picture, "Show Boat."

I know how disappointed you will all be not to receive some personal message from the lucky thing; but, to tell you the truth, she's still so utterly all of a flutter about her wonderful good fortune that she can't stay still long enough to interview anybody. However, I overheard her say that she felt Carl Laemmle was her *fairy grand-uncle*, which shows what a delightful sense of humor she has, don't you think so?

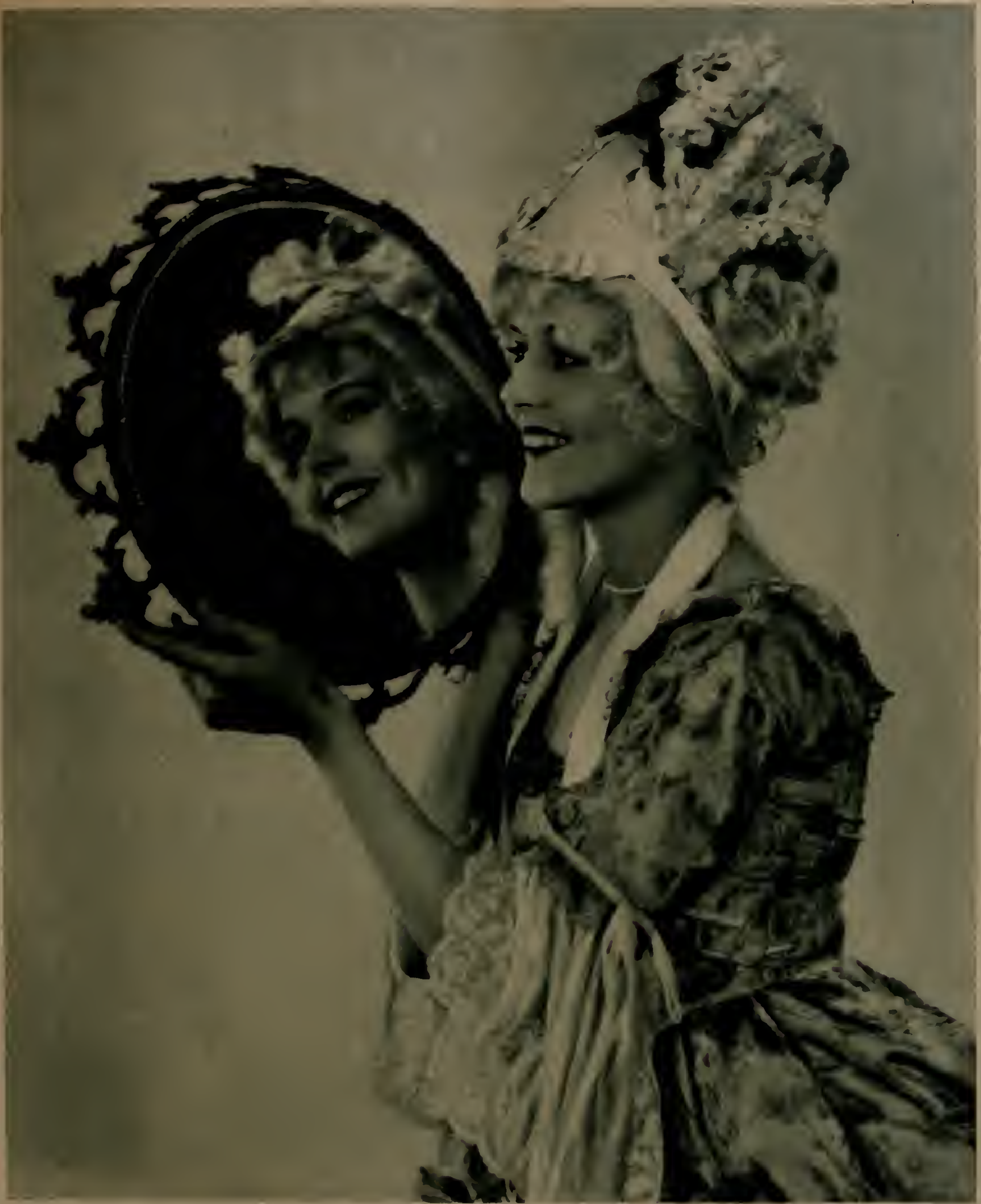
I don't suppose any of you little darlings have any idea just how *kind* the big Hollywood mens we call executives are. In fact, nobody could realize it properly unless he had happened to look on during the period of casting a big picture like "Show Boat." You probably think the nice old executives are *so* busy with one thing and another that they haven't *time* to interest themselves in who should be the lucky girl to play the part of *Magnolia*. Well, I should hate to call any of you precious things a liar, but that's what it amounts to if you go about spreading any such wicked ideas. As a matter of fact, on occasions like this there isn't an executive in *any* studio who doesn't absolutely make it his *business* to try and help some poor little waif he may know of get the much-coveted part.

Not That They Care

AS they explain over the telephone to the Universal casting office, it's absolutely nothing to them *who* plays *Magnolia;* but they *do* happen to just know of a girl who'd be ideal for the part; and she needs it, poor kid. The lovely part of the whole thing, and what absolutely disproves all these horrid scandalmongers who tell you Hollywood has no soul, is to see how beautifully *grateful* the little waifs are to the nice kind mens who try and help them, *even when instead of Magnolia they can only get them a couple of days' extra work.* Lives there a man with soul so dead that he can't see the sheer child-like beauty of that?

Well, the hunt for the girl who would be a perfect *Magnolia* went forward with vim, verve and gusto (excuse the Portuguese, my loves). Of course, they had only been making tests for about six weeks or so, and used up a mere half-million feet or so of film, when all the usual hard, bitter cynics who, I'm sorry to say, are so prevalent in Hollywood, started carping. Some said that the only person who got anything out of all the tests was Hope Hampton, the wife of Jules Brulatour, the raw film merchant, for whom each new test made meant a new diamond bracelet. Others couldn't resist the nasty comment that all the executives except one at Universal City would be going with a different girl within a couple of months. This very unpleasant sally, I must explain, carried the thought of the cynics who made it that nobody had a chance except either one of the girls under contract to Universal, or the girl-friend of one of the Universal executives. Needless to say, this fantastic idea was ridiculed when finally dear, kind Uncle Carl selected Laura La Plante, an absolute unknown who is most respectably married to an equally obscure gentleman by the name of Bill Seiter.

(*Continued on page 86*)



Wm. Mortensen

Twice As Pretty As Usual

You may have thought it incredible that any girl could even approach the beauty of June Collyer. Yet here it is doubled—of course, only by means of a mirror and herself

Kute and Kool and Kalm

Twenty Years From Now Sally Phipps Might Take Pictures Seriously

Autrey Photos

BY DOROTHY MANNERS

SHE'S cuter than a kewpie and cooler than Coolidge. The only thing excitable about her is her hair. It blows about in short, auburn curls over her head. That can't be helped. But not counting the *coiffure*, she's calmer than a Christian Scientist. Where all the other ingenues hop around with a touch of the St. Vitus and bleat that everything is just too good to be true, Sally turns lustrous brown eyes skyward and sighs. Mrs. Phipps's little girl hopes everything is going to come out for the best—but if not? That's somebody else's tough luck. Not Sally's.

Something tells me that she isn't an hour over seventeen-and-a-half years old. She couldn't be and remain so elaborately blasé. That's youth's prerogative. It is only when one has passed into the mature twenties, thirties, forties and fifties that one can let one's self go and hope and plan and get excited about things. I fear that some day I will be sent to talk with Baby Peggy and that her melancholia will swamp me.

Not that Sally is melancholy. Nothing like that at all. She's merely looking the movies squarely in the camera's eye and refusing to get all hepped up about them. "They're mostly politics, anyway," she remarked, casually wrapping one slim, brown leg a couple of times around the other. "Somebody's mother, or brother or sister or friend is always around to be taken care of. Or else a company sinks so much money in a star that they have to keep plugging her in all the good parts that come up to get their investment's worth out of her."

She Knows Her Aforesaids

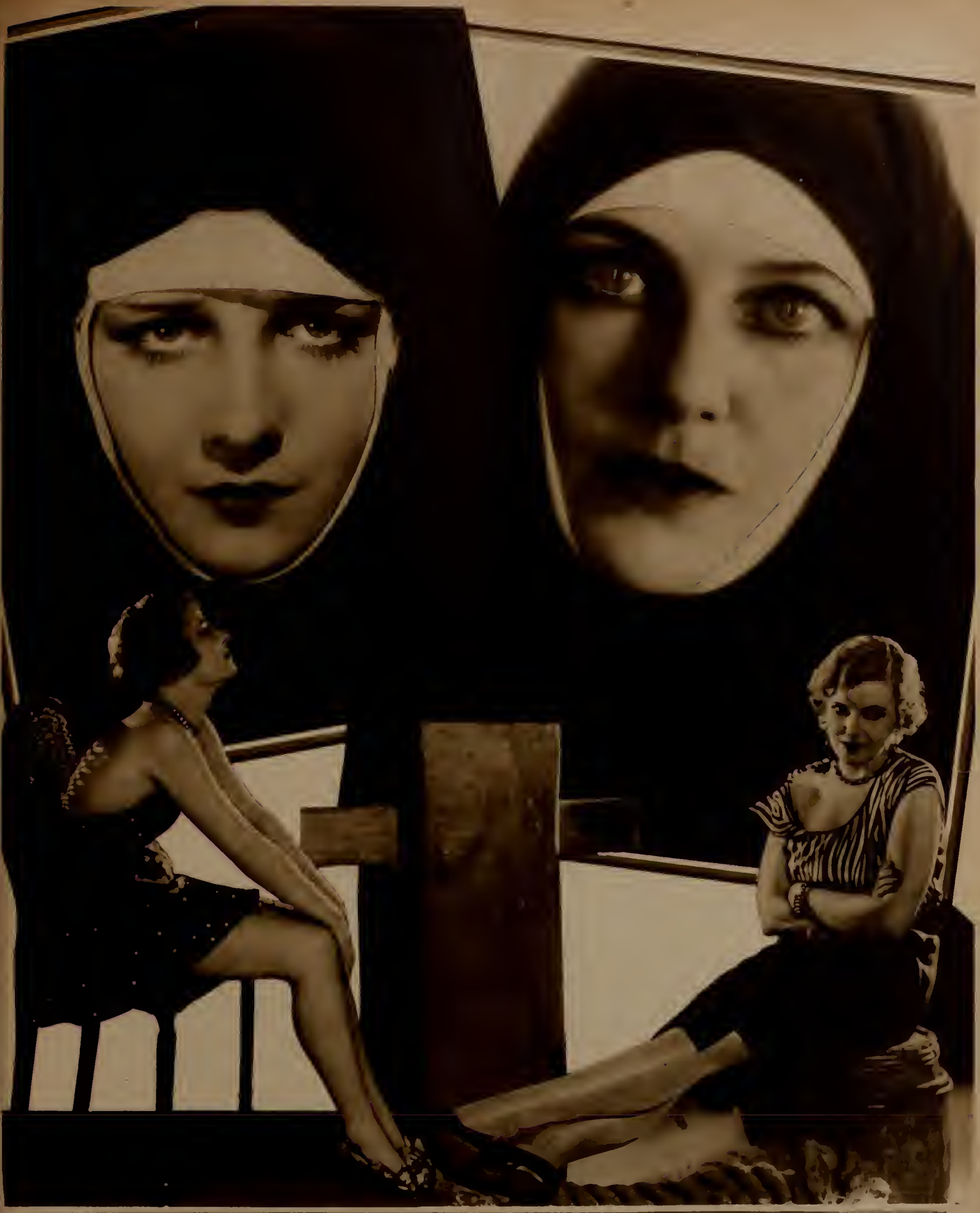
SUCH wisdom out of the mouth of a babe might have surprised me if I hadn't firmly made up my mind to be flattened at nothing the delectable Sally might say.

"I studied to be a lawyer," she went on, "and I'm just as interested in the contracts and the production end of the business as I am in my own career."

She delivered this crisp observation from a reclining position on the chaise longue in her dressing-room. She wore, besides the crown of unruly hair, a little gingham dress that struck her coyly about two inches above the knee. The exposed knees were bare and brown and slick. Not even a sport sock interrupted the line down to the elaborately heeled shoes. An enormous stack of fan mail and a half-opened package of cigarettes served as background. The whole scene flapped with today's youth. Now, I ask you, is that any picture of an ex-law student? I ask you.

"Oh, I suppose my interest in law was more or less in-

(*Continued on page 77*)



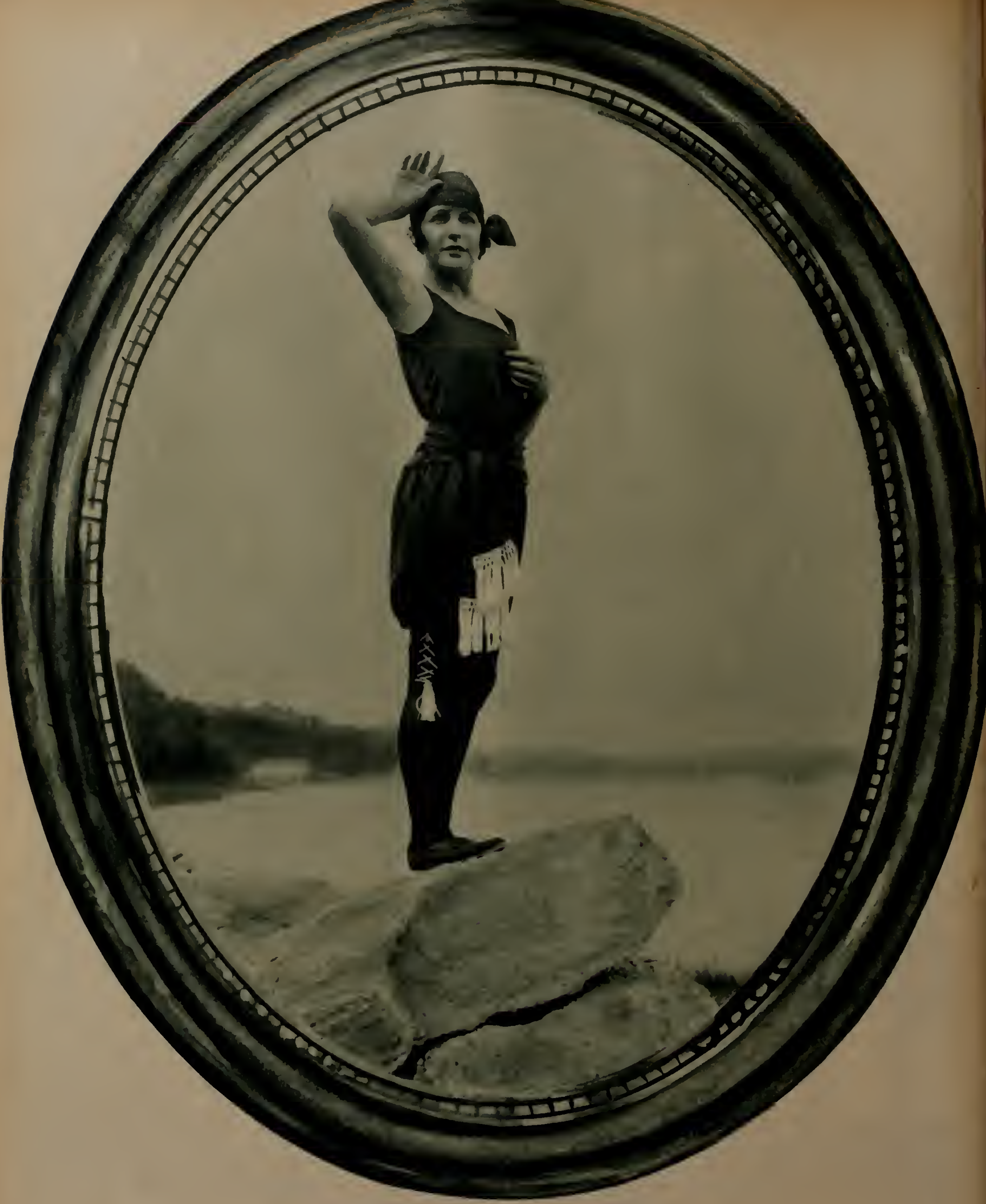
R. H. Louise Photos

Richee Photos

Sainting Their Faces

Harry Thaw, who introduced Anita Page to the movies, had an accurate eye for versatility. Anita is equally appealing in the vestments of the chorus and the cloister

So many deeds of destruction has Baclanova committed as a screen adventuress that one might well believe it were high time for her to reform and assume the conventual black



Classic's Family Album

A beauty bathing, but not a bathing beauty, in the true and only original Mack Sennett sense of the phrase. Who is she, this little girl of that impetuous and hazardous era wherein ladies had to lash their stockings on? Norma Talmadge? Are you sure? You want to stick to that? Well, you're right

Our Own News Camera

The pained frown that Ronald Colman so frequently wears is—above—conspicuously—but not inexplicably—absent, for the lady is Lili Damita

An ambitious instrument, is this wee Wurlitzer, the smallest pipe-organ in the world. When it grows up, it wants to play accompaniments for Gwen Lee's pictures

Lying down on the job: Daphne Pollard, above, assumes a skittish posture in the course of the first of her new Sennett comedies

Lia Tora, at the left, apparently believes she may some day be called upon to play love-scenes with Lon Chaney, and is getting into training

One screen star impersonates another: Marion Davies, right, imitates Jetta Goudal in her, Marion's, next picture, "The Cardboard Lover"

Autrey

CINEMA SHOTS FROM COAST T

The captain of her soul: Donald Reed, as a young naval officerl volunteers to take command—and entire command—of a pressing situation involving Billie Dove

Off the screen, but in character: Neil Hamilton above, spends much of his leisure time in his sailboat, *Digby*, named for the part he played in "Beau Geste"

Don Gillum

In her private life, even in the hottest of weather, as well as in her public career, Corinne Griffith, above, continues to get along swimmingly

Staving off disgrace: Frances Lee, at the right, is modern but modest; she's not the kind of girl who doesn't give a hoop how much she exposes herself

Above, in the center, are two cheerful pans: Thelma Todd's own, and the one with which she's sounding the signal to come and get it

Protagonists of prohibition will doubtless seize upon the picture of Richard Arlen, above, to establish that even rowing need not have the element of wetness

COAST AND BACK TO COAST AGAIN

Underwood

A daughter of the gods—or at least, of one of the most important ones regulating the universe of the screen: Miss Catherine DeMille, whose father is Cecil B., off for a vacation in Honolulu

Cutting her short: both the barber and Jean Hersholt, in the chair adjoining Phyllis Haver's. Jean absolutely refused to answer her plea for comment upon the appearance of her hair. "Of all shear indifference," said Phyllis

Wyckoff

Loretta Young, above, reverses exactly the old order of feminine dress which prescribed skirts down to the ankles and stockings well above the knees

Richee

Clara Bow's next picture is "The Fleet's In." The title, considering Clara, seems insufficient. It should be amplified to read "The Fleet's in Luck"

Feet foremost: a nearsighted camera has endowed Lane Chandler—above, in the center—with a pair of dogs that make the Hound of the Baskervilles look like a chihuahua

Of course, we know that Josephine Dunn, at the left, never really goes swimming in this jeweled jersey. But we hope, too, that she doesn't jump around too much on the beach and lose some of the gems. There's no sense, you know, in casting pearls before brine

Broadway for the Bernard Shaw Actors

By **LOUIS REID**

ELDON KELLEY

ST. BERNARD stalks along Broadway! St. Bernard Shaw from John Bull's other island, with his tongue in his cheek, a twinkle in his eye and his hand suppressing a belly laugh at the expense of all actors this side of the Styx. In Broadway's own peculiar language, the dramatist with the socialistic scorn for all capitalistic dollars save his own, is a wow.

And all because he turned actor.

Not the common or garden actor who was a leading symbol of Broadway when the Shubert brothers were displaying the latest things in neckwear in distant Syracuse. Nor yet his more opulent brother of the films who has built a fabulous legend about Hollywood. But an actor who employs the new and astounding device of the movietone upon which to express himself and his personality.

To witness the dawning of a day in which a mere dramatist would be acclaimed a second Jannings, whose voice would be likened to the strains of a 'cello and the ripple of a waterfall, whose acting sense would be hailed as forceful, vivid and appealing is, in itself, inconceivable to those members of the stage profession who are regarding the movietone as the culmination of their dreams and ambitions.

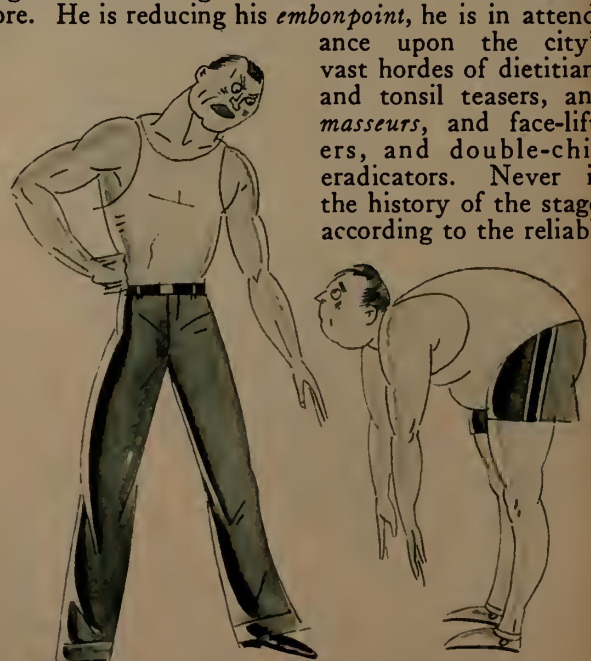
Once they reflect upon the strange event, however, they are inclined to be more charitable, more tolerant. Then they realize that Shaw is capable of anything, even black magic; that his importance as a world figure gives him an immunity even in a startling impersonation of the divine Mussolini; that, in short, he can get away with anything including murder and *lese-majesty*.

The Menace of Playwrights

THE danger to them and to their careers lies, however, in the courtship of a similar ambition on the part of those less famous and less gifted than Shaw. Suppose other dramatists, without his renown or talent, should attempt to follow his lead, and elbow ready and deserving actors away from the movietone! The very idea is incredible. Nevertheless, the possibility remains as a horrible and haunting spectre to menace the peace and prosperity of playerfolk.

There is little wonder then at the spectacle now being enacted behind the scenes wherever actors congregate—in clubs, in dressing-rooms, in boarding-houses, in the hotels of the roaring Forties and the easy-speaking Fifties, and along the curbs of Broadway from Times Square to the Winter Garden. The world of make-believe is getting ready for the movietone. And getting ready in every conceivable manner before the motion picture magnates decide, because of the success of Shaw, to place other writers, as well as editors, column conductors and whatnot, under contract.

The actor has decided, with the business instinct born of his association with union labor, that he is not to be caught napping. He is training his voice as he has never trained it before. He is reducing his *embonpoint*, he is in attendance upon the city's vast hordes of dietitians and tonsil teasers, and *masseurs*, and face-lifters, and double-chin eradicators. Never in the history of the stage, according to the reliable



Mobilizes Talkies

Has Given Old New Ideas

Illustrated BY ELDON KELLEY

43rd
BROADWAY
43rd STREET

reports of keyhole-peepers, has there been such an activity in the beautifying of face and form and voice as today. And all because the movietone is sweeping like income tax collectors over cinemaland.

The Dawn of Many Tomorrows

YES, the actor believes that the day, *his* day, is at hand. I refer, of course, to the actor who, by reason of some deficiency in screenableness, in photographic ability, has been unable to obtain employment in the films. Year by year he has witnessed his more fortunate fellows garnering fame and foreign cars in the tropical luxuriance of Hollywood, while he has been compelled to make the wearisome and frequently humiliating passage from agent to agent, from manager to manager, in quest of work. He has felt poignantly the personal application of the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, observing the turn of destiny toward some individual immeasurably inferior to him in the equipment of the successful thespian—in vocal culture, in imagination, in the knowledge and technique of pantomime and characterization.

Occasionally, he was seen by the head hunters of the movies. Occasionally, he was sent for and tested screenically. Occasionally, he was dispatched to the Glyns and other legendary connoisseurs of that indefinable quality known as sex appeal. Occasionally, he was assigned to a subordinate rôle in the cast of an incomparably beautiful, but incredibly inexperienced star. If the fates decreed favorably, he remained in Hollywood permanently, built his bungalow, planted his orange trees, hired a Filipino man servant and lived happily ever after with no further ambition to gratify than to become a master of ceremonies at a Sid Grauman opening.

More often, however, he brooded amidst the clamor and glamour of Broadway, doing his damnedest to get a better contract, to pay his club dues and reap the reward of electric lights.

Ancient Studios Reopen

SUDDENLY came the startling news of the development of the movietone. Studios on Long Island, in the Bronx and other parts of the metropolitan district, were unlocked and a force of cleaners and carpenters and mechanics put to work to prepare for this strange and significant innovation in screenland.

The news spread rapidly along Broadway. Fat actors rushed to the nearest Turkish baths. Thin actors rushed to the most reliable caloric experts. Husky-throated actors eased their adenoids with cigarettes. Clear-throated actors began to practice the *mi-mi-mi-mi* of professional singers. Actors who had been criticized for poor diction hunted up the most noted voice culturists, and actors who had been praised for good diction sought

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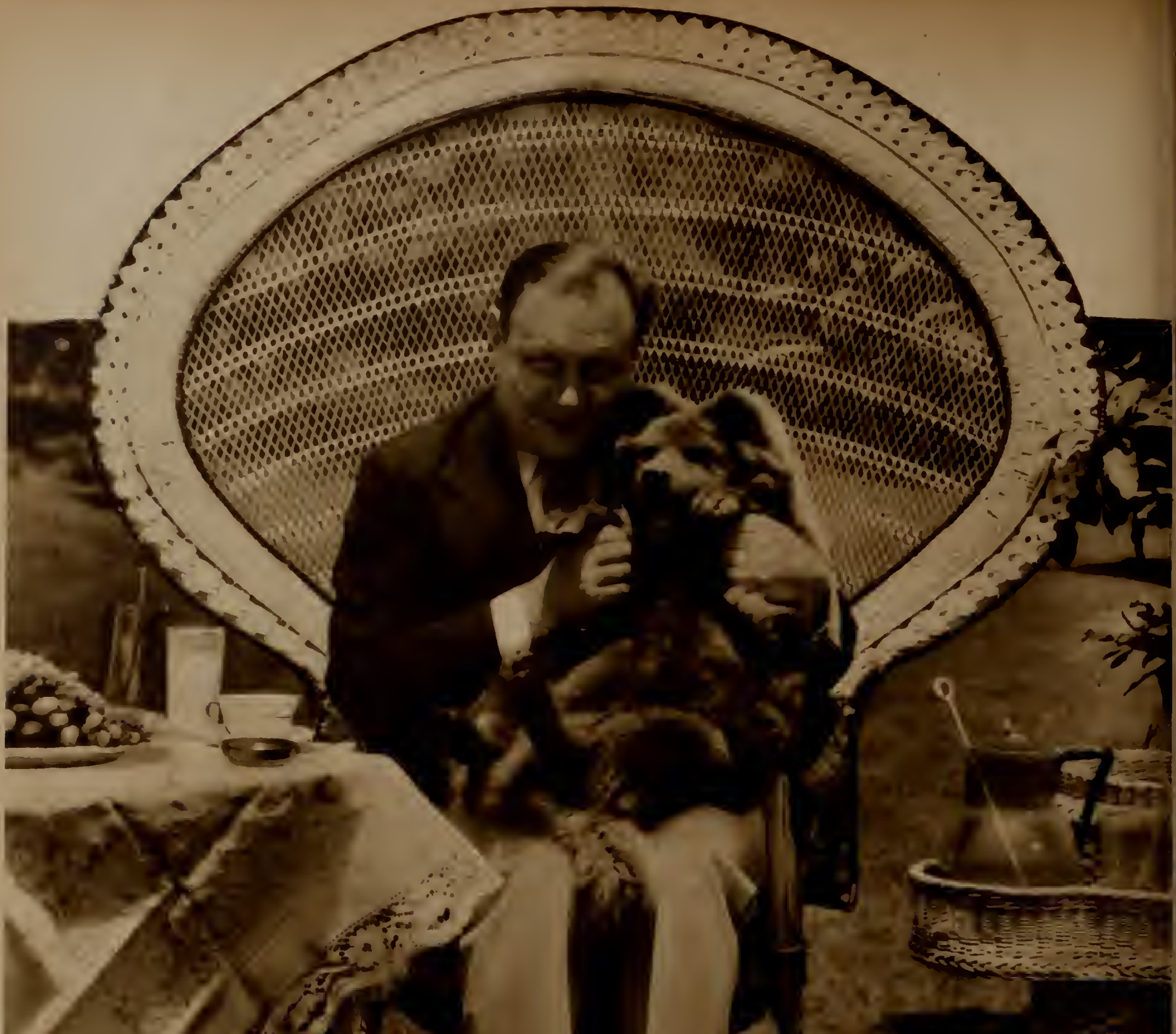


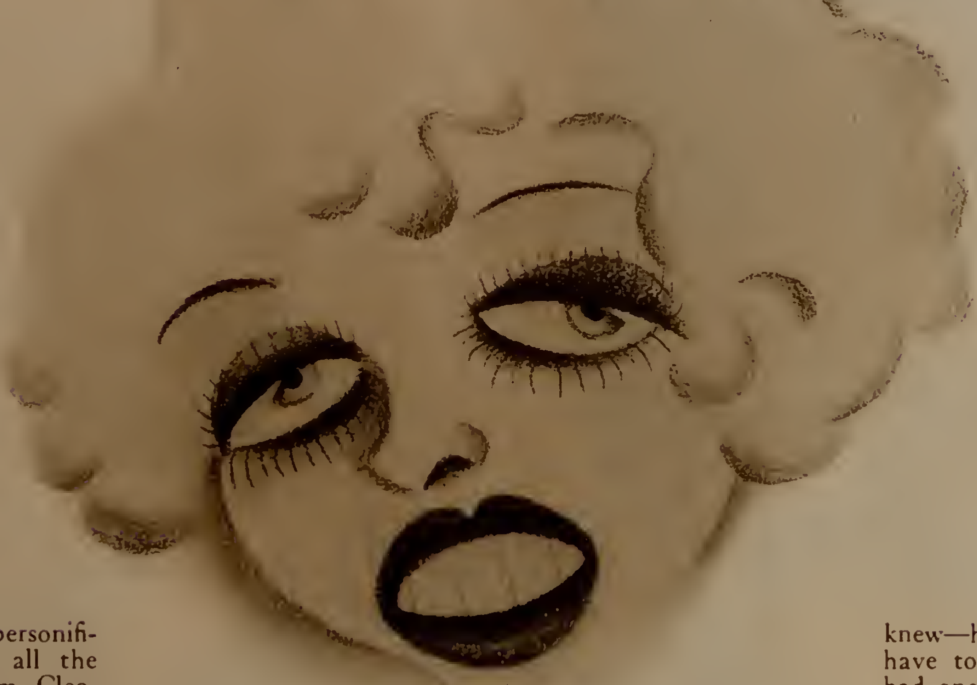
Otto Dyar

Chow Time

There's a pause in the day's occupations of Emil Jannings that's known as the canine's hour. In this instance, it has come while the great character actor is dining outdoors, assuming the rôle of host to himself at a one-man lawn-party

The Home-Loving Home-Wrecker

Phyllis Haver Vamps for Professional Purposes Only



BY CAROL JOHNSTON

SHE is the personification of all the cuties from Cleopatra to Aimee Semple McPherson. She looks like *Lorelei*—born Lee and legendary. She has the naughtiest eyes and the most alluring figure in the world. And—

She lives with her mother, prefers milk to champagne, and spends most of her evenings at home brushing her prize Persians.

Phyllis Haver. Champ home-girl of the screen. In movies she breaks 'em, in private life she makes 'em. Dangerous doll of a dozen celluloid triangles, the girl who made the one-piece bathing suit what it should be today—is just a home-girl. Even wives like her.

Phyllis was just fifteen when Mack Sennett signed her for his comedies. She started her devastating career adorning the beaches. She helped make Hollywood famous—she and Marie Prevost in those abbreviated swim-suits that never got wet. Her picture, on post-cards, went the rounds of the towns. If she had happened a decade or two sooner, cigars would have been named after her. As it was, she had her share of fame long before she was twenty. She was the Queen of the Cuties. "Pretty Baby" might have been written to her and undoubtedly was sung to her. The blondest of blonde hair, the bluest of blue eyes and the most luscious of curves—topped off with a smile guaranteed to melt the hardest heart and unloosen the tightest purse-strings.

Not a King Collector

AND what did this movie beauty do with this personal fortune—cop off a king or a count, marry a millionaire, promote her own company? She did not. She stayed home with mother, minded her own business, saved her salary, invested her savings wisely—and waited. She knew—her mirror must have told her—that she had one of the most enticing make-ups since Helen of Troy—that girls with less equipment than hers had re-made maps and unmade magnates. But Phyllis—here's the great, big joke on Nature—Phyllis wasn't that kind of a girl at heart. She was—wonder of wonders!—sober and practical. She was, besides, an artist before she was a beauty. She could think and she could act. So—she bided her time. Acting wasn't considered quite nice in those dear dead days. Pretty girls made pleasant faces and tossed their curls and flounced their skirts, but they didn't act. Heavens, no! And Phyllis wanted to be an actress.

Meanwhile, with Marie she went right on posing atop wave-splashed rocks, tilted on tiny toosies, stretching dainty arms to the great, big cynical ocean. Magazines and newspapers continued to court her; millionaires and movie public smiled at her—and she smiled back in that irresistible way of hers. But—she'd go home and say: "Mother, I'm tired of it. When will I get my chance?"

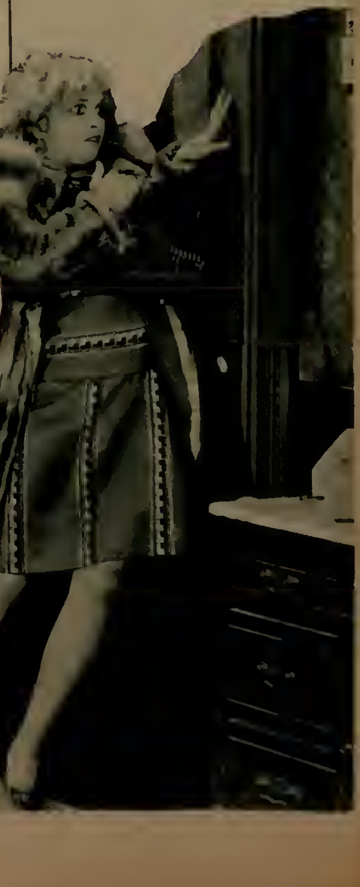
Phyllis Goes Dramatic

IT CAME one day. Some girls might not have recognized it as "My chance." Phyllis did. It was just what she had been waiting for. A real acting part. Not a heroine; not even a lead. But a rôle you could get into. The wronged girl in "The Christian"—pathetic, shabby, pitiful. Great dramatic possibilities—yes. Hardly the part you'd pick for a famous beauty about to graduate. But Phyllis grabbed it. And played it—and wow! She went over. She bridged the gap from beauty to actress in one graceful leap. I don't think there is another case like it in picture history. That leap alone would make Phyllis unique in Hollywood annals—without the eyes and the

(Continued on page 83)

LAURENCE REID REVIEWS THE NEW PHOTOPLAYS

The Celluloid



At top, left, Conrad Nagel is demonstrating to Greta Garbo that she doesn't miss John Gilbert at all. The scene is from "The Mysterious Lady." At the left is a bit of courtroom procedure as revealed in the excellent version of "The Bellamy Trial." Leatrice Joy is the little lady at the right. Below, Baclanova registers extreme fright in "Forgotten Faces"

GRETA GARBO'S personality plus a technique that every observing fan knows—these make certain in establishing "The Mysterious Lady" as a picture which is certain to appeal to most of the boys even if the Gilbert man is conspicuously absent. You see, Conrad Nagel is the boy friend who is closest to the divan these days.

The picture is nothing to rave about. The Scandinavian lady rises far above it in her rôle of an *itty* spy of the late war. Her particular assignment is to tempt a susceptible youth to his doom. You see, he has the papers. It's an old trick which is perpetrated. She pretends to fall in love with him and ends up by discovering that her heart has truly gone pit-a-pat.

It's an antique yarn dusted off for the occasion, but it functions fairly well—what with the Garbo woman tempting and tempting and tempting. And it builds a fair line of suspense. Some may miss that Gilbert man—and, missing him, may discover that Conrad doesn't burn up his scenes even if he does act with more poise than the big passion man.

First Class Mystery

THAT intriguing yarn, "The Bellamy Trial,"—one of our best sellers—has been treated to a dose of celluloid, and turns out to be a neat package. It follows the books very closely, builds through a courtroom sequence with an array of flashbacks and keeps one as excited as the original. This is right up Monta Bell's alley (he's the director, you know) and one can pay homage to a first-rate job.

Readers of the novel will appreciate what's taking place every minute and yet it holds the attention through its approach to realities. Suspicion points first to one and then to another. And the scene shifts constantly to the place where body was found. And you know, a place where body is found has never failed to rouse the morbid vein in all of us.

The least suspected person in the book still remains the least suspected person in the picture. That's how close it follows as neat a mystery tale as has ever found its way in print. The atmosphere reeks of the genuine touches of any courtroom where a murder case is being enacted. Close-ups tumble head over heels on long shots. And don't forget Exhibit A or B. These provide some fascination, too. Altogether, you'll enjoy this new picture very much. It

Critic

THIS MONTH

- The Bellamy Trial
- Lilac Time
- The Mysterious Lady
- Excess Baggage
- The Perfect Crime
- Forgotten Faces

is capitally acted with genuine grasp of the emotional stuff.

Haines Cuts More Didoes

SINCE the excursion on the stage of the plays approaching big doings *á la* footlights, it was only natural that most of them would take on a celluloid design. The first of this type of play to be converted into screen drama is "Excess Baggage"—which sings a swan song of a vaudevillian's ups and downs. He has a stanch girl friend, but she is pursued by a movie ham who strings her along with talks of contracts and stardom. Mind you, she's no skitty creature ready to give the boy friend the air. On the contrary, she wants to help him all she can.

And so it develops that he gets down and out and can't stage a come-back until he is assured that the girl still loves him. There's not so much to it. Indeed, it lacks punch and feeling in its most vital parts. The biggest scene is when the Big Single Act does a *warfield* in telling his rival where to get off—which is O. K.

The first part goes a trifle slapstick, but it improves and reveals an interesting account of vaudeville come-backs and throw-backs and making romantic whoopee generally. Josephine Dunn, as the girl, misses many emotional opportunities, but William Haines sees to it that it is acted with creditable gusto on his part.

At top, right William Haines is about to execute his famous *slide for life* in "Excess Baggage," a picture of a vaudevillian's ups and downs. At right are Colleen Moore and Gary Cooper, who furnish romance and sentiment for "Lilac Time," an adaptation of a love story of the late war. Below are Irene Rich and Clive Brook, who play the central figures in "The Perfect Crime"

Crime De Luxe

ONE of the neatest crook melodramas to bob up in some time goes under the name of "Forgotten Faces." It has real motivation, its characters are sharply defined—and it builds an unusual line of suspense which keeps the spectator on the continual anxious seat. A crook gives himself up and is railroaded for a lengthy term. But before he checks out civilization he entrusts a pal with the job of seeing that his child is watched over carefully. He is distrustful of a girl friend who is as responsible for his being a crook as she is for being the mother of the babe. Well, this evil temptress bobs up to taunt him. So he attempts a jail-break to exact vengeance. This is but one of the highly suspensive scenes which hold you in a tight embrace.

The convict eventually wins a parole and pays back his paramour through a series of annoying experiences—experiences engineered to break her morale. And sure enough, she breaks down and is caught—but not before she takes the crook to eternity with her.

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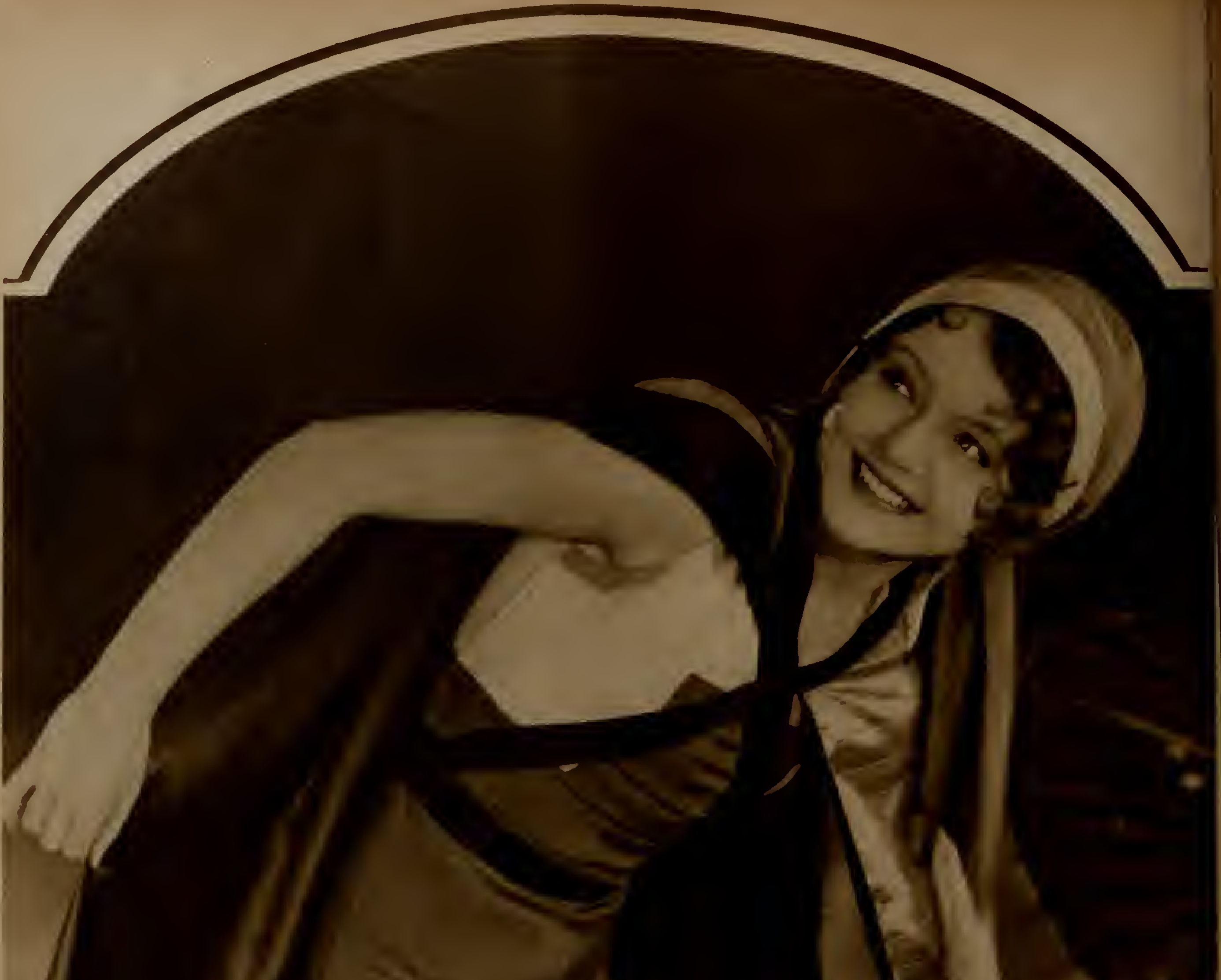


A Nude Development

Is manifest in Nancy Carroll's beach costume. The darker areas are beige, but the lighter and marginal hues are nude—a novelty in design that calls for a perfect matching in tone of bathing and birthday suits

Betsy Lee, soon to play house with Reggy

Reggy Spank

Bubbles Leave Nasty Old Salad Alone and Drink Her Nice Milk

BY DOROTHY MANNERS

Reggy Denny, already playing the sturdy oak

THE little bitsy girl with the big brown eyes looked over at the great big mans and said, "Can I have a salad, plea-se?"

He said, "Now, baby, you know I don't want you eating salads. You want to eat potatoes and drink milk—"

"A crab salad, *plea-se*."

But the big mans was firm. The old meanie. "You have milk, baby. Reggy wants you to get fat. Waiter, bring a glass of milk and—"

"Crackers?" I suggested brightly, getting into the spirit of the thing.

"Ah, please, I want a salad," Bubbles pleaded prettily.

"Now, *baby!*" Reggy's tone was fond and disciplinary.

And this might have gone on and on if they hadn't reached a compromise on milk and chicken salad.

The little kid who wanted the salad was Bubbles, more recently and professionally renamed Betsy Lee; and the great, big bully with the milk complex was Reginald Denny. Bubbles and Reggy are going to be married this fall, sometime in November. Now, a lot of people who haven't anything better to do with their spare time are sitting around wondering how everything is going to come out with Reggy and Bubbles and the weary old institution of marriage. You see, Bubbles is somewhere around eight or nine years old in appearance, though she admits to twenty-one years of existence. And Reggy is some older than that. Quite some. But you'd never know it. I guess that is what love does for one—or two.

Goody, Goody, Goody

THEY *are* in love. And how. I give you my word she just sits and looks at him and he looks back at her and then they smile, and it doesn't make any difference whether they're drinking milk or gin or eating crackers or crab. They'd never know, anyway. Now and then he has to stop and scold her about little things that come up: about not eating nice healthy food, for instance; and she pouts a little, but it's all in fun. After they're married you can just see Reggy breaking up animal crackers in her milk, and Bubbles clapping her hands.

To tell the truth, my original intention was to talk with Bubbles alone. But after we met at the Roosevelt I saw everything had turned out for the best when Reggy showed up with her. Reggy tends to everything for Bubbles. She's just surrounded by protection—and it's last name is Denny. He seems to want to save her everything, even the nuisance of answering

(*Continued on page 73*)

Photos by Freulich

Why Don't

For examples of charm that is truly gloriental, one has only to glance at Anita Page, peering over her fan above; or at Dorothy Sebastian, at the right of her, wondering if it's polite to ask if she may have a fourteenth cup of tea

There was never such a garment in China as the peek-a-boo waist, but—as you'll see in the case of Gwen Lee, at the left—the Pekin skirt is standard equipment there. And it's none the less effective—observe Miss Lee again at the right—*gwen* the wearer isn't standing

Chinamen Leave Home

If there are any more at home like Ruth Holly, spreading her fan and her stuff above at the left; or like Dolores Brinkman, above at the right, it is safe to prophesy that it won't be oolong now before Chinese immigration authorities will have their hands full

It may be that Fay Webb, at the right, doesn't let a smile be her umbrella. But she permits it to serve as a fair percentage of the rest of her costume. At the left is Dorothy Sebastian, worth visiting the Far East for, in spite of the Shanghai cost of living there

All Photos by C. S. Bull

This Little Star Went to *Market*

Kathryn McGuire Set Out to Be Gloria Swanson and Became Mrs. Landy

BY BETTY STANDISH

Carsey

THERE is a younger married set in Hollywood that is tied to the movies more by a salary check than by anything else. And for the most part it lives, markets, plays bridge, economizes and matinees much after the manner of the younger married set in any suburb. These are the younger picture girls married to the junior supervisors, directors, actors, press agents, and the like, of the infant industry. They are of the studios all right, but not in the tinsel, shining way that Gloria Swanson or Jack Gilbert belongs. Their professional work is merely the seasoning to the more important business of life, like keeping the maid pacified or getting the laundry out.

Of these younger matrons of Hollywood who get just as much of a kick out of seeing Norma Talmadge as you would, who do their own marketing even as you and I, who wonder if that last summer's dress can be made to do for this summer, who speak in excited little phrases of their recent honeymoon trip, is Kathryn McGuire, formerly of the Mack Sennett lot and now the wife of George Landy, commander-in-chief of the First National publicity offices.

Kathryn's face is familiar enough. It ought to be. She has been in the movies ever since her early high school days. In fact, she "gypped" the last three years of high school for the movies. It was not that Kathryn loved the movies more, but she loved the Hollywood High School less. She says she was a timid little kid who was more or less of a washout with her classmates because she refused to cut classes to go out necking on the school grounds. This is probably the first case on record of a girl going into the movies to escape the dangers of school. Will wonders never cease?

Kathryn's Mild Career

ONE day a friend of hers had an engagement at the Sennett studio and Kathryn went along. Somebody of importance got a look at Kathryn, and wanted to make a test. And that's the way she got started. In a delicate, blonde sort of way she galloped around in bathing suits and made eyes at Ben Turpin until her contract expired. Then she started free-lancing in politer comedies at Fox and Universal; and more recently she has alternated her talents between horse-operas and dignified dramas like "Lilac Time."

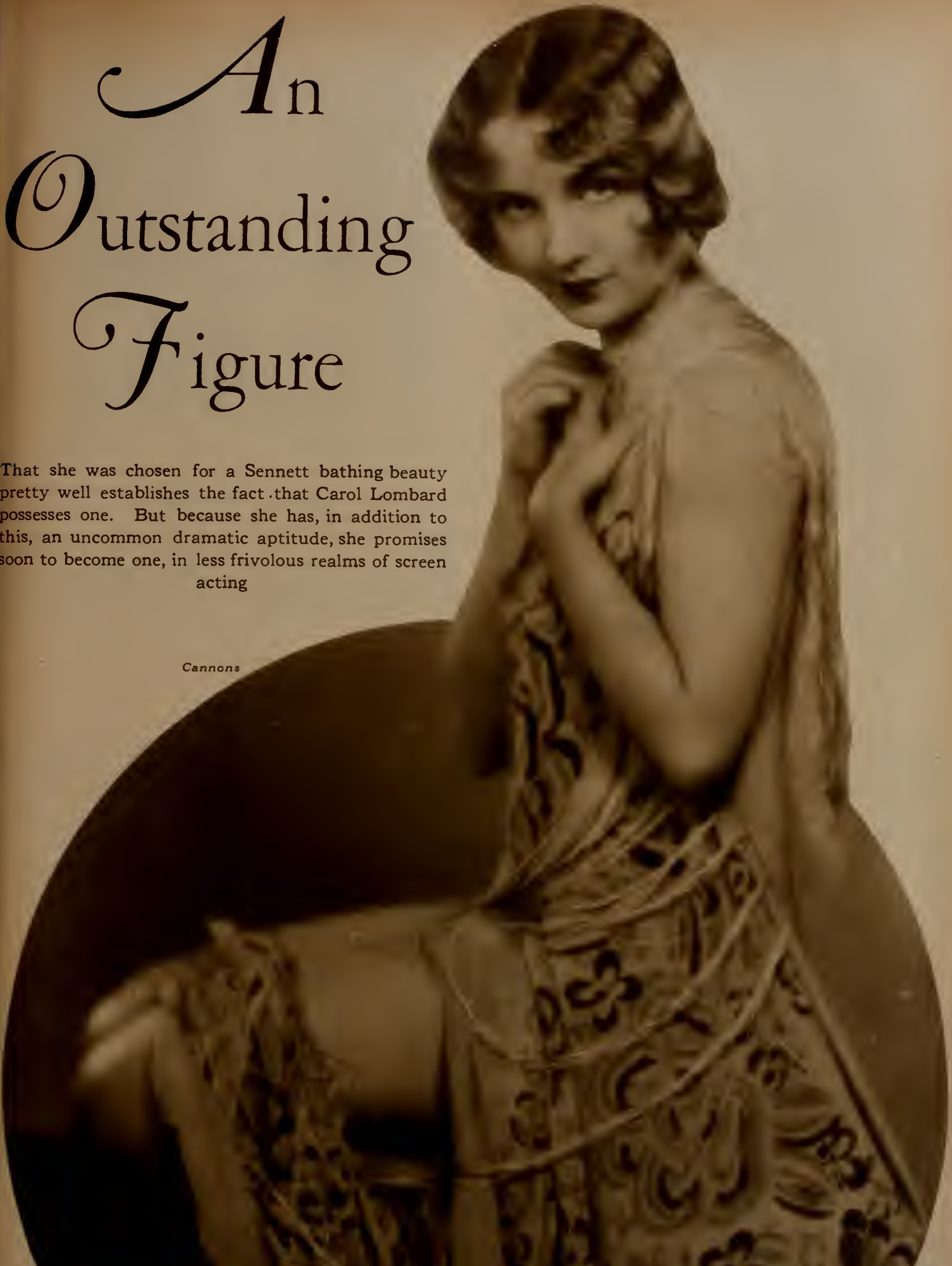
Her biography reads like that of a couple of hundred other girls in pictures. But somehow her background smacks more of "The Ladies' Home Journal" and inviting another couple over for bridge than it does of spotlights and close-ups. Maybe it is because Kathryn talks and looks that way. At an offhand glance you'd never know she was in the same business that Clara Bow was.

(*Continued on page 79*)

An Outstanding Figure

That she was chosen for a Sennett bathing beauty pretty well establishes the fact that Carol Lombard possesses one. But because she has, in addition to this, an uncommon dramatic aptitude, she promises soon to become one, in less frivolous realms of screen acting

Cannons



Hommel

Fred Kohler promises to become one of the screen's most likable character actors. The heartiness of his laugh alone makes him well mirth remembering

R. H. Louise

An extra girl, such as Betty Morrissey recently was, with an extra share of beauty, such as Betty Morrissey has, soon ceases to be an extra girl

Looking Them Over

Close-Ups From the West Coast

THERE are any number of ways of getting in the movies, including perseverance and blackmail, but young Paul Guertzman is the first novice I've known to sass his way in.

Paul is fifteen years old and fresher than paint. He was born in Russia but grew up in France; and the only person in Hollywood with more self-confidence than Paul is Lupe Velez. On second thought, Paul fades Lupe to a violet.

Jesse Lasky picked up Paul on his recent trip to Paris. Or it might be more appropriate to say that Paul picked up Jesse Lasky. During the Paramount executive's stay in Paris the movie-struck Paul presented himself daily at his hotel suite, demanding an audience. Various flunkies, secretaries and managers tried to shoo him away, but Paul wouldn't be shooed. Finally, out of desperation, some one told Lasky that an insistent boy wanted to go back to Hollywood with him to work in the movies. Lasky sent out word, rather impatiently, that he couldn't be bothered. The word was relayed to Paul.

"Tell Mr. Lasky," replied the youthful Mr. Guertzman, "that I will be glad to see him when he is in a better mood."

Lasky got such a chuckle out of the impertinence of the kid that he consented to see him and now Paul's in Hollywood for you and all to see.

Speaking of tights for sore eyes, permit us to introduce those of Muriel Evans

Greta's Mysterious Mister

SAW Greta Garbo lunching very *tête-à-tête* in a shadowy corner of the Roosevelt Hotel with an unknown gentleman. Even at the prosaic lunch hour Greta is very much Garbo. She found the only secluded spot in an otherwise well-filled room. Then she jerked off her hat and ran her fingers through her hair and promptly forgot that there was any one else present.

Wonder who the mysterious gentleman was? He might have been a friend. Or an interviewer. Or a tax collector. But he wasn't Jack Gilbert.

The High Cost of Friendship

THE Ben Lyon-Marilyn Miller romance is supposed to be cold now. But the other night at Lina Basquette's party Ben got a telephone call from Marilyn in New York that lasted an hour.

Oh, well, maybe she was trying to get a friend in the movies or something.

Lois in the Legitimate

EDWARD EVERETT HORTON and Maude Fulton are sponsoring a stock company in Hollywood, and who should be playing opposite Eddie but his old friend from the movies, Lois Wilson. Everybody likes Lois on the stage. She's pretty and sincere and doing as well with lines as she did with close-ups. Lois's good friend, Gloria Swanson, is usually in the audience applauding her.

Everything Jake with Jimmy

THE whole town has been all hepped up about entertaining Mayor Jimmy Walker of New York, who has been out here on a little informal visit. The Academy of

Carsey

A First National player who appears destined soon to become an international figure on the screen is Frances Hamilton

Sergis Alberts

Ever since he appeared opposite Mary Philbin in "Drums of Love," Don Alvarado's popularity has been increasing to beat the band

Out Hollywood Way

By DOROTHY MANNERS

Motion Picture Arts and Sciences got up a big dinner for the popular James and instead of a lot of speech-making and other boredom, they went down to the old Mayfair room at the Biltmore and danced until time to go to work the next day. A lot of people had a hunch that it was His Honor's idea.

The Mayor seemed to get much more of a kick out of judging dancing contests with Marion Davies and Charlie Chaplin and things like that than any of the royal fêtes they could have planned for him.

The night of the première of "Lilac Time" he dined with Colleen Moore and John McCormick and wittily addressed the audience after the showing of the picture.

Walker was about the most popular visitor Hollywood has had since Lindbergh.

In the matter of costume, Marion Byron goes in for newsboyish bobs

Big Time at "Lilac Time"

"LILAC TIME" got off to a loud and elaborate opening, naturally. Everybody who had five dollars and a new dress turned out for the event. It was Colleen Moore's big night. Colleen looked radiant in a peach-colored chiffon dress that was designed especially for the première. Her party included Mr. and Mrs. George Fitzmaurice, Julanne Johnstone, Dorothy Mackaill, Lupe Velez, Mayor James Walker, Al Jolson, Charlie Chaplin and Ben Schulberg.

Jobyna Ralston and Dick Arlen were spotted wandering around at intermission—which was more or less surprising, inasmuch as Dick and Joby seldom bother attending premiéres or parties or anything that takes them away from their own fireside. Dick admitted quite honestly that he was there out of curiosity to see how "Lilac Time" stacked up against "Wings."

Reverting to Type

LAURA LA PLANTE is going to dye her hair black for the rôle of *Magnolia* in "Show Boat." Laura got this part over a lot of competition and she's determined to make it as realistic as possible. The people who are raising such a howl about Laura's dyeing her hair seem to have forgotten that Laura was originally a brunette, and so dark tresses won't be so unbecoming to her, after all.

Bubbles Is No Baby

REGINALD DENNY, with a hurt expression, stopped me on the street the other day. Reggy is going to marry that cute little kid Betsy Lee, commonly called Bubbles, sometime in November and that was just what was on his mind.

"I wish you'd do me a favor and tell everyone that Bubbles is twenty-one and not eighteen," he said. "I don't want to look like too much of a cradle-snatcher."

Talkie Tribulations

ALL the girls are getting awfully excited about the talkie movies and are having their voices cultivated. This innovation is going to have an awful lot of weight in the casting of pictures. For instance:

(*Continued on page 88*)

The Spirit of the Old Masters

Interpretation of this will depend upon whether your inclinations are artistic or alcoholic. If your appreciation is of the first sort, then this photograph of Yola D'Avril and Louis Wolheim, as they appear in "The Awakening," will serve chiefly to demonstrate that the camera can create effects in composition comparable to those of the great Dutch painters. But if your bent is bibulous, the interest in the scene will lie in observing the reactions of a modern man about to surround a fair quota of the real B. V. article and pronouncing it fine and brandy

THE Menacin' Man

The Villainy of Earle Foxe Includes Stealing His Son's Toys

BY HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

Spurr

Autrey

HE had just finished killing Victor McLaglen. And a very neat job he made of it, too, Personally, I could never understand how some folks can be so messy with their murders. No finesse, no *je ne sais quoi*—if you know what I mean. But practice makes perfect, and he'd killed Vic several times before

Nevertheless, it was a good job well done. Particularly when one considers the fact that up to four films ago Earle Foxe was known primarily as the creator of that very silly ass *Reginald Van Bibber. Reggie,* you remember, being the two-reeler chappie who had all sorts of ghastly custard-pie things happen to him and his high hat.

But what a different setting this! No comic background here. The scene was real and raw and ruthless as the pungent tang of tar and bilge that permeated the studio. The picture was "The River Pirate." And the stagnant water on the flooded set lent the odor of the wharves to the stark realism of the scene. In such environment I had seen half-naked shenangoes mingle blood with sweat in murderous battles with baling hooks, eye-gouging, ear-biting battles from which even the victor was scarce able to stagger away.

"Put it dahn, I tell yah! Put it dahn!" Vic McLaglen had yelled in his Cockney accent. But Foxe, sleek rat of the river, held the gat steady on the big Briton's heart. Inch by inch they edged nearer, taut with the lust of the battle which must come. Then the sudden leap, the flash of the gun, and "Cut! That's very good Earle, very good Vic," from director Bill Howard.

"They've certainly made you a deep and dirty menace in this babay," I ventured as Earle stepped off the set.

"Yes," responded the ex-slapsticker, "and when they write 'em dirtier, I'll play 'em heavier. Let's get a glass of milk."

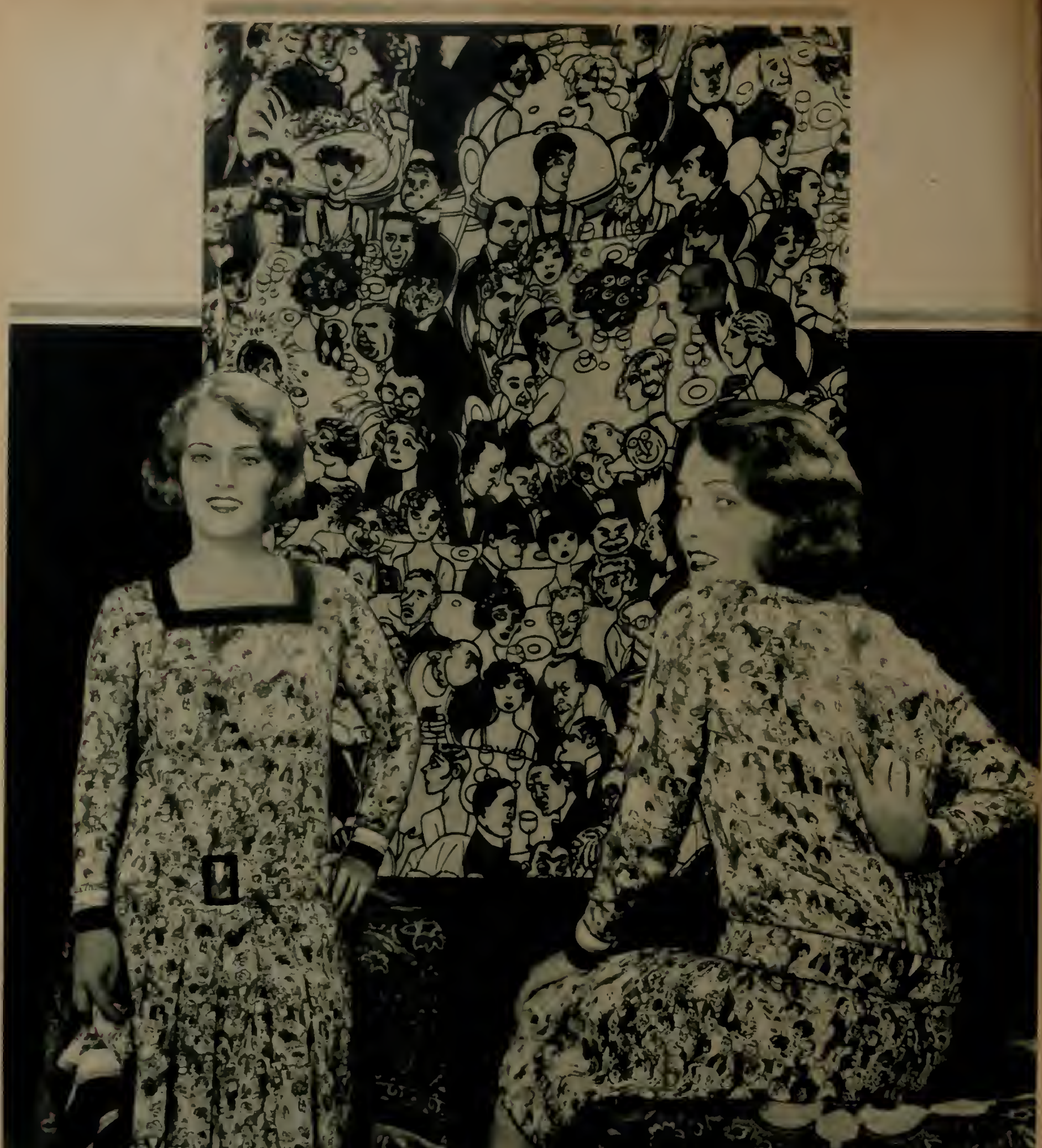
And over the milk I learned about Foxe from Earle.

Ohio Plays Santa Claus

HE was born in Oxford, Ohio. As the feller says, lots of good men come from there. The better they are the quicker they come. Earle was born on Christmas day. Just a little gift to art.

If it hadn't been for one thing and another, he might still be taking the local talent joy riding. And boy, what a buggy it would be. For old Dan'l Foxe owned the buggy works. And Dan'l was Earle's grandpa. But, of course, as things happened, the buggy works gradually evolved into the Buick Motor Company. Which makes old Dan'l one of the founders of General Motors. And makes his grandson, Earle Foxe,

(*Continued on page 85*)



Pointing with Pride

Pauline Starke wears a gown the design of whose fabric comprises caricatures of the famous personages of Hollywood. Look at the enlargement of the pattern at the top, about an inch below the margin and a trifle to the right of the middle, and you'll see the drawing of herself that Pauline is pointing to on the back of her own dress. Some others at the table with her are John Barrymore, Doug and Mary, and Gloria Swanson. Can you make out any others?

She-

Slapped a king.

Saved a nation.

Was born in poverty.

Became the most celebrated beauty of her time.

Was one of the greatest sirens of history.

Is the subject of fifty world-famous paintings by Romney, worth $100,000 each.

Was loved by Lord Nelson, famous naval hero.

Became the scandal of Europe.

Influenced the destiny of nations.

Was scorned by the country she saved from defeat.

See-

The most gigantic naval spectacle ever filmed!

Scores of sea monsters at death grips . . . Flaming frigates plunging to destruction.

One of the most famous love affairs of history *lived* upon the screen.

A sensational best-seller brought to you in film form.

The first presentation of the inside story of the private lives of famous historical characters.

The famous Battle of Trafalgar pictured for the first time, in rich detail.

The sumptuous splendor of European courts.

Five famous players in the leading roles.

A cast of thousands in breathless action!

You'll remember 1928 as the year you saw-

CORINNE GRIFFITH
in "The DIVINE LADY"

with

H. B. WARNER, VICTOR VARCONI
IAN KEITH *and* MARIE DRESSLER
Produced by FRANK LLOYD
who made "THE SEA HAWK"
Presented by RICHARD A. ROWLAND

A First National Picture
Takes the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"

Myrna Loy
Warner Bros.

Vera Reynolds

Lillian Rich

Flora Bramley

Gwen Lee
M G M

"Smooth skin the greatest charm" *say famous directors*

Sue Carol

WHAT CHARM radiantly smooth skin gives a girl—you know it the instant the close-up is flashed on the screen!

Smooth skin is more important for loveliness than anything else, motion picture directors say.

To keep their skin lovely under the cruel lights of the close-up, screen stars guard it very carefully. *Nine out of ten screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap.* There are in Hollywood 433 important actresses, including all stars. 417 of these use Lux Toilet Soap. Order some of this white, fragrant soap today.

Virginia Lee Corbin

Agnes Ayres

Leila Hyams
Warner Bros.

96% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen are cared for by Lux Toilet Soap

Julanne Johnston

Betty Blythe

All the great film studios have made it the official soap in their dressing rooms

Carmelita Geraghty

Jetta Goudal

Louise Fazenda
Warner Bros.

Helen Jerome Eddy

Georgia Hale

Louise Dresser

Luxury hitherto found only in French soaps at 50¢ or $1.00 a cake

Alice Day

June Collyer
Fox Films

Audrey Ferris
Warner Bros.

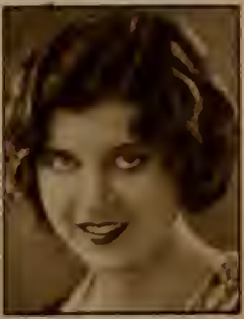
Sally Eilers
Sennett-Pathé De Mille

Madge Bellamy
Fox Films

A few of the host of stars who use Lux Toilet Soap—

Lois Moran Mary Philbin Maria Corda
Renée Adorée Billie Dove
Esther Ralston
Clara Bow
Anna Q. Nilsson
Bebe Daniels
Corinne Griffith Marion Davies
Janet Gaynor Irene Rich
Louise Brooks Mary Brian
Joan Crawford
Ruth Taylor Phyllis Haver Dorothy Mackaill
Greta Nissen
Mary Astor
Doris Kenyon May McAvoy
Betty Bronson Merna Kennedy
Eleanor Boardman
Betty Compson
Aileen Pringle
Lya de Putti
Jacqueline Logan Olive Borden Eve Southern
Bessie Love Leatrice Joy
Gilda Gray Dorothy Sebastian

Anne Cornwall
Christie-Paramount



Dorothy Gulliver
Universal

Natalie Kingston

Marceline Day
M. G. M.

Marjorie Daw

Dorothy Dwan

10¢

Josephine Dunne
M. G. M.

Priscilla Dean

Enid Bennett

Viola Dana

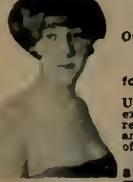
COLLETTE
FRANCIS

Proposals!

A glance at her blonde loveliness tells better than words why this beautiful New York City girl has received such flattering proposals from kings of movie and stage land. She's Collette Francis, of 255 East 25th St., Brooklyn; now one of the charmers in the Broadway hit, "Rio Rita."

Miss Francis says: "Since I've been on the stage, so many people have asked me what I do to get the beautiful golden gleam and sparkle in my hair that I am beginning to think I'm really taking wonderful care of it. I really never thought much about it. What I do is so simple. Like so many of my girl friends here in New York, I just put a little Danderine on my brush each time I use it. That keeps my hair silky and gleaming, makes it easy to dress and holds it like I arrange it, for hours. My scalp was very dry and I had a lot of dandruff when I first started on it, but all of that trouble stopped quickly. And Danderine keeps my hair so clean I don't need to shampoo half as often, now."

Danderine removes that oily film from your hair and gives it new life and lustre. It isn't oily and doesn't show. It gives tone and vigor to the scalp. The generous bottles are just 35c at any drug or toilet counter. A delicately fragranced necessity for the well-groomed girl.



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Our scientific method highly recommended for quick easy development

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Used with great success by thousands. Inexpensive, harmless, pleasant. Successful results or money refunded. Full particulars and proof (sealed) free. Write for special offer TODAY.

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Write for FREE BOOKLET

BEFORE-AFTER

ANITA INSTITUTE, 1029 ANITA Bldg., Newark, N. J.

Winning in a Walker

(*Continued from page 21*)

"Well, perhaps that wasn't *all* acting," he told us.

Of course, he's no stranger to motion pictures, the Honorable Jimmy. He organized the Motion Picture Exhibitors' Association and spent five years of his life oiling its machinery.

The advent of Will Hays spelled the exit of Jimmy.

He's the man who's kept New York movie houses open on Sundays.

He's the boy who's opposed censorship from the time he first introduced bills in the New York Assembly.

"My interest in motion pictures is so great that I cannot see the advantage of the industry going into partisan parties," he told us.

Yet he had been quoted in the Los Angeles newspapers as saying that one producer was trying to deliver the motion picture industry to the Republican party.

Mayer Answers Mayor

AN anonymous statement made at the Wampas dinner, which Louis B. Mayer took occasion to answer.

"When he denied it by saying that he couldn't even deliver his own stars at an opening, what was there for me to say? I dropped it.

"Besides, the movies as an industry are not a political influence.

"But if you speak of the screen, well, that's another matter.

"There's no doubt that a candidate can project his personality on the screen and reach the people he could never get to from the campaign platform.

"The screen's power is analogous to that of the radio speakers.

"In fact, the screen and the radio are the two most powerful political influences today. They will play a large part in the present presidential election.

"But no producer can deliver the screen to any one party.

"The talkies?"

He twinkled—the Jimmy Walker twinkle. "I've only seen one in my life and that was at the opening. I didn't like it—but don't say that. I'm a mayor, not a producer.

"If the public likes the talkies, they will be a success. Whatever the public likes in this country will get over. That goes for a man to be elected or for the movies."

We asked him about the talkies returning motion picture production to New York City.

An Impartial Booster

AND right there he said all that a visitor is supposed to say about the Los Angeles climate, the growth of the city, the wonderful economic improvements.

But he didn't deny that Manhattan might welcome the reopening of the picture studios. "Since the talkies have to be made on a stage, they might as well be done in New York," he admitted. "I know, of course, that location pictures must continue to be made in Hollywood where there is a certainty of climate.

"I've really enjoyed every moment I've spent in this city." He agilely shifted the subject.

The first week he spent on the Hearst ranch high in the mountains. More than fifty motion picture folk trapsed along. Celebrities paying homage to celebrity.

On his return, Colleen Moore tossed a dinner. Charlie Chaplin, Marion Davies, Conrad Nagel, Carmelita Geraghty—name practically any star you choose and you'll have the list of guests.

Gloria Swanson held open house. Douglas Fairbanks played his new game with shuffleboard equipment adapted to tennis. This was at the United Artists' studio where every star but Mary was present.

And where it is said that Lupe Velez—but, you know, I didn't quite dare ask Jimmy about Lupe. Even an interviewer has to play politics when conversing with the world's best-known mayor.

But we couldn't help wondering if his acquaintance with Lupe lent inspiration to the address he made in Tia Juana. When the coast guard serenaded him, he responded by remarking, "What a hell of a good place Mexico is."

Back Home, but Not Broke

MEXICO held a Jimmy Walker handicap whippet race in his honor. And the new hotel, America's Monte Carlo, four miles beneath the border, turned the dice wild. Yet he was the only one in the party—not excluding the host of motion picture folk who escorted him over the border—who returned with the same amount of money with which he started.

You know, I spent one entire morning on that hotel sixth-floor waiting for the secretary and the valet and the tenth-congressional democratic candidate to lead me to His Honor. I utilized my time poking my nose into corners.

I found two motion picture cameras and learned that the Mayor's interest in movies is not limited to opposing censorship and keeping New York theaters open on Sunday. He's an expert amateur director and took prints of all his vacation happenings.

A couple of radios operate in his private car and keep him informed how Al Smith is behaving.

Two phonographs. "The Sidewalks of New York" as the top record.

A room for Will Seeman, personal friend of the mayor and a gentleman who prefers them blonde even in the motion picture city.

Another for William Egan who represents a railroad and takes care of the private-car switchings.

A reception-room for Maurice J. McCarthy who went to school with His Honor.

A suite for Charlie Hand, a secretary who is more adept at thwarting newspaper and magazine writers than President Coolidge is at keeping silent.

The Invisible Bar

I COULDN'T find the bar. Maybe there wasn't any.

The telephone rang every moment. And the questions people ask a mayor prove that he is already next-door to an actor.

A woman was giving a house party in Long Beach. "The best people will be here and it would be *good* for Mayor Walker to be present."

A lady who votes Democratic had a war poster and wanted the mayor to endorse it.

A man has a sure-shot show. He only needs a few thousand dollars.

Ah, it's too bad about these people. If their names had chanced to be Polly Moran (whose Irish witticisms made her one of His Honor's favorites), Sally O'Neil, Molly O'Day, Phyllis Haver, Lois Wilson, Betty Bronson, Norma Talmadge, Eileen Percy, Claire Windsor, Billy Haines, Marion Davies, Buster Keaton, Bob Leonard or any other of the hundred and one others who became well acquainted—the telephone calls would have surely been answered.

The Movie Miracle!

F
MOVIETONE
X

. . . you won't believe your own ears — it's so amazing to hear what you see on the screen—to hear a film that's as TRUE to your ears as it is to your eyes — because the SOUND, like the scene, is PHOTOGRAPHED on the film!

HEAR the joys and sorrows of Humanity !

HEAR music—laughter—life !

HEAR tense, reckless Drama !

HEAR the song of Romance !

Imagine yourself tucked away in the darkness of your movie theatre. A beam of silver light plays from the gallery—the screen before you shimmers with life—your eyes are fascinated by the picture—and your ears . . .

. . . your EARS! . . .

. . . you can hardly believe your ears! You are HEARING—actually HEARING—the scene on the screen. There before your eyes are people—and here in your ears are their voices. There before your eyes is a mob—and into your ears comes its roar! Love and laughter—death and sorrow—men and women—the winds and the waves—EVERYTHING that you see you HEAR!

It is a movie miracle—FOX MOVIETONE. It brings you pictures with *sound!* The sound of reality—of life itself! Not the twangy metallic sound of early and even recent experiments. Fox Movietone is the climax of moving picture drama. It is a reel-thrill that's a REAL thrill.

Watch for the first Fox Movietone in your favorite theatre. It's twice as good as any movie you ever have seen! It will double your film fun. Don't miss it!

William Fox
presents
Movietones
as follows:
STREET ANGEL
FOUR SONS
THE RED DANCE
SUNRISE
FAZIL
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FOX MOVIETONE *Adds sound to your screen delight*

Freckles

Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles, quickly and surely, in the privacy of your own boudoir. Your friends will wonder how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white, the complexion fresh, clear and transparent, the face rejuvenated with new beauty of natural coloring.

The first jar proves its magic worth. Results guaranteed, or money refunded. At all druggists, 50c and $1.

Stillman's
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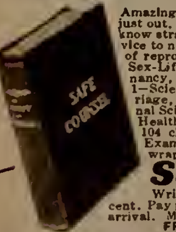

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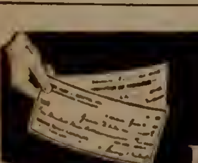

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Confessions of a Star

(*Continued from page 17*)

Nose in the air. That kind of a little brat. I often think that the child I was then is, really, the woman I am now. Only I hide it better.

"When I was nine, we were touring the country with Chauncey Olcott and his wife. They were, by the way, delightful to me in every way. Whenever I was ill, they had me at their own hotels and cared for me personally. They even offered to adopt me and send me through school and college, but my grandmother refused the offer. She wanted me herself. I was all she had. I didn't want to be adopted, either. Whenever my grandmother wished to punish me, she would threaten to 'give me to the Olcotts.' They had a convent in mind for me and a convent didn't appeal to me. It doesn't now.

"The year I was nine we were playing in San Francisco.

"One night—true to the best 'meller-drammer'—*my father was in the audience.*

"I was billed as Blanche Alexander, the grand-maternal name I used. My grandmother was also billed under that name, her own. She occasionally played small parts with the company, both because she was clever and because her playing reduced expenses.

Found by Her Father

"MY father recognized the name. He also recognized my grandmother. He didn't, of course, recognize me. He had never laid eyes on me before.

"After the performance he came backstage. And for the first time in my life I was face to face with *a father!* A very large, imposing, dramatic father at that.

"This is a curious commentary, I think: *I had never even thought about a father!*

"It had never remotely occurred to me that I should have had one or that I didn't have one. I'd simply never thought about the matter at all. My grandmother, of course, had never referred to the missing parent. She didn't want to. Nor did I miss my mother. She had died too young for me to remember, and my grandmother had been both father and mother to me. In every way.

"It seems to me that this fact tends to dispel the amount of hokum that is written, talked and sung about the mother and father bond. About blood being thicker than water and all that. I don't believe it. There's something wrong somewhere. It isn't as vitally important as it is made out to be. Because, when I didn't have them I didn't think about it. Nature rang no bell in my heart. Instinct didn't point a lack. I just didn't know it. I commend the solution of this to the probing psychologists.

"There was my father.

"He made a scene, of course. He was the type who would. His little lost daughter again. That sort of thing. He told a vivid, tragic story of his long and fruitless search for me. His finding of clues only to lose them again. And suffer heartbreak afresh. I think it probable that he did make desultory efforts to trace me. I don't think it probable that they were very sustained efforts or that the heartbreak was chronic. He wasn't that sort.

Rescued for the Theater

"AT any rate, he announced, clutching his golden-haired darling to his heaving chest, at any rate, now that he had found me *he was going to keep me.* He was going to care for me, educate me properly. No more of this.

"My grandmother, not without qualms, acquiesced. She raised no objections at that time. She felt that fate had taken a hand and that it might be better to let fat ride the wheels for a time. Perhaps she fel too, that I had done enough trouping abou and that I was entitled to the advantage my father promised me.

"We took an apartment in the city, m grandmother and I. And I was sent to very exclusive boarding school in Berkeley My father had married *again* and was livin in another part of the city.

"I had the most gorgeous years in tha school. One of my life-long dreams cam true. *They braided my hair.* I had alway despised my long, theatrical curls. I ha yearned for the day when I might be decently braided like 'nice little girls.' They couldn't get it tight enough to please me I went about looking like *Sis Hopkins.* I *wanted* to be like other girls.

"No one in the school knew that I had ever been on the stage. If they had found out, I should have been compulsorily removed. It was that kind of school.

"I loved the dual rôle I played. Here I was, with all my experiences of life behind me and at the same time living a nice-little-girl life in a carefully regulated school. Frequently, during geography lessons, when some particular city or state would be under discussion I would long to announce that I had been to those places, knew all about them and could impart a fund of information. But I never did. I never breathed a syllable. Life had taught me, even then, to keep quiet about myself. To be reticent and guarded. I've never unlearned that lesson.

Blanche's Barroom Life

"EVERY Saturday or Sunday, sometimes both, my father would come for me and we would set forth on enchanting adventures. Or they were enchanting to me. He treated me as a pal, not as a child. As a boy, not a girl. He had wanted a son when I was born. For no good reason, considering that he already had two perfectly good sons by his previous marriages. At any rate, he took me trolley riding and taught me to jump off and on while the cars were in motion. That was sport. He took me to barber shops and let me have shampoos while he had hair cuts. He took me into bars and let me put my foot on the rail and listen to him talk to his various cronies while I sipped root beer and he sipped other things. I never saw my father drunk, but I know that he liked his liquid refreshment. I learned about life this way.

"*After two years of this my grandmother abducted me.* Actually. Like two Arabs we folded up our tents and stole away in the night leaving no word behind us. She had personal reasons for the move. She didn't like the way things were going. She mistrusted my father's influence.

"We went back to New York and got work there. It wasn't always easy and there were many barren periods, but I never remember starving or sleeping on park benches.

"We went back to San Francisco once more and I had some further schooling in the public schools. It didn't last long. My father was not a consistent man. Either in his enthusiasms or anything else. And he didn't interfere very strenuously with our disappearances.

"I played around New York until I began my work on the screen and after that pretty nearly everything has been written.

"Not everything. I've often wondered what my life might have been had I stayed on at that Berkeley School, married some suburban chap, settled down to a regular

(*Continued on page 87*)

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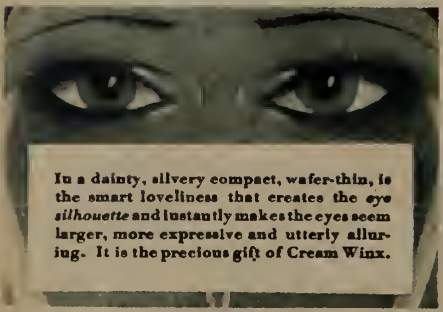

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Hot Mamas and Papas

(Continued from page 29)

Love For the Love of It

THEY enjoyed their love scenes so much according to people who witnessed them, that they often held the pose and continued with the business long after the director had called "Cut!" and the cameras had ceased to grind. Indeed, it is doubtful whether they realized that anyone else was there to call out anything at all!

Love-teams get into a rut, it seems, just as married couples do. If they play together long enough, they reach the well-known stage of knowing each other too well—of knowing in advance just how the other member will react in certain situations.

There is no drama in the existence of a long and happily married pair. They reach a level plane of understanding which precludes any exciting clash of personalities.

Something like this happens also to a pair of actors, it seems. Ronald Colman, discussing his screen separation from Vilma Banky, remarks, "The intimacy engendered by working together in a number of pictures makes for smoother and better performances each time—up to a certain point.

"Then you begin to know each other too well. You work so smoothly that it begins, almost, to be uninteresting. You know each other's individual quirks of character so well that your reactions become almost automatic. And sooner or later the lack of novelty begins to show in your performances."

Is this so different from the situation which develops in marriage?

Love-teams always express deep professional admiration and regard for one another—in the public prints. "It is an honor," they say rapidly, "to play opposite an artist (or artiste) of such talent (or charm or ability)." One wonders whether human nature, being what it is, can endure the strain of constant contact, rivalry in the number of close-ups, and so forth, without some friction creeping in.

Even husbands and wives sometimes clash over their respective careers!

It is said that when Lew Cody and Aileen Pringle signed new co-starring contracts with M-G-M, neither of them was overly pleased with the arrangement. There was no open break between them. But they were not enthusiastic over one another.

He Knew Her Onions

INDEED, there was a rumor that Aileen used to eat large amounts of onions and garlic when she was about to play in a love scene with her screen lover—just as a neat and subtle way of annoying the gentleman! A wordless expression, as it were, of her strong dislike of the arrangement.

Now, however, they seem resigned to their mutual fate and there is a deal of clowning, indicating cordial relations, between them on the set. And they never meet—on the lot, on the street or in a cafe—without exchanging a platonically professional kiss of greeting. Just by way of keeping in practice, no doubt!

Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor managed to remain friends during their period of co-starring. They took a comradely interest in each other's careers and offered each other much advice upon screen technique and what-not.

They have been parted for a few pictures but will play together again soon, it has been announced.

Lili Damita, Ronald Colman's new professional mate, is rumored to have already developed quite a romantic attachment for her leading man. Lili, being a fervent French damsel, and Colman, by repute, at least, a cold and reserved Englishman — that combination should prove interesting when they get into the love scenes!

One of the most amusing love-teams we have seen was Bernard Gorcey and Ida Kramer, who played together for five years in "Abie's Irish Rose" upon the stage and who traveled to Hollywood to play in the screen version of that classic.

Unmarried But Intimate

EACH was happily married to someone else. But they had played husband and wife for so long that quite a domestic intimacy had sprung up between them. He called her mama and she reciprocated by calling him papa. And she added, moreover, that "Papa understands me better than my own husband does! But then, I have seen more of him!"

All of which just goes to show what may develop between some of our love-teams if they play together long enough.

Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall were dissatisfied with their co-starring arrangement but the public liked them so well that they have been forced to compromise. They are to make two co-starring pictures and then two pictures separately. Which seems to correspond to the modern idea of vacations for married pairs! And which, incidentally, should make for happier relations.

Dorothy Dwan, who has played in goodness knows how many Tom Mix wide-open-space productions, avers that she knows what Tom likes for breakfast quite as well as she knows what her husband likes. That comes from spending weeks on desert locations with a man.

Familiarity bred friendship in their case. For Dorothy hated Tom quite cordially when she first played with him. And now she thinks he is just the blue-eyed boy!

While Mary Brian and Richard Dix were never officially dubbed a love-team, they have played together in a number of successive pictures.

Richard took an indulgent, big-brother attitude toward the demure Mary, calling her Rough-Neck, because, he explained, "It is so exactly what she is NOT!"

Sweet and Dimple

AND Mary blushed and dimpled under this badinage, crying that Dick was "such a TEASE!" and being, apparently, very much shocked and confused by his declarations that she was much too noisy on the set and really a very rowdy person.

He embodied all of Mary's rapturous ideals of what a leading man should be. He was handsome, good to his mother and kind to extras and prop men. Perhaps Richard, being a man, basked a little in this fervent admiration. And he doubtless thought Mary a girl possessed of excellent judgment.

There is really much more to-do made over the breaking up of a love-team than over the mere divorce of a real-life married pair. The public feels more intimately acquainted with a couple whom they have watched yearning, languishing and embracing through a number of pictures. There is a pathos in the parting of a pair of perfect screen lovers that is seldom achieved in the separation of a mere married pair.

But, as in real life, they soon team up again and in no time at all, here they are, yearning and languishing at a new professional mate!

One wonders how it would feel to be the husband or wife of a member of one of these pairs and have one's spouse come home at night just all worn out from a hard day of embracing someone else!

Reggy Spank

(*Continued from page 55*)

snoopy old questions. So for the most part Bubbles just sat back and listened and Reggy answered everything. Now and then Bubbles chirped in with something—but it was Reggy who was really the meat of the thing.

After the argument about the salad we got to talking about Bubbles's work in pictures. "After you are married, are you going to keep on in the movies?" I asked her. I hadn't yet learned to address my questions to Reggy.

"I don't know," Reggy replied. "I don't want Bubbles to work with any one but myself. She doesn't want to either. Do you, baby?"

"No," said baby.

"They wanted to sign her up on a five-year contract out at Universal after they saw how marvelous she was in my last picture, but I haven't made up my mind whether I want her to accept it or not. If a player is under contract, a studio can cast her in any picture it chooses."

Baby Touchy

"WHY wouldn't that be all right?" I wanted to know. I'm dumb about some things. "You'd both be on the same lot and you could be near each other."

Reggy admitted that much but there was another flaw. "Bubbles is very sensitive," he explained. "Aren't you, baby?"

"Yes," said Bubbles.

In fact, it turned out that Bubbles was very, very sensitive. "One cross word to her and there are tears," Reggy went on. "She did dandy work in this picture with me, but it was because we understood her and took plenty of time with her and didn't allow her to become nervous. Now if some director who didn't understand her got hold of her and scolded!"

Doodness dwacious! Even I could imagine how awful that would be.

"They wanted to take a test of her for the rôle of *Magnolia* in 'Show Boat,' but I put my foot down on that. Harry Pollard is going to direct it; and while Harry is a peach of a fellow he gets a little temperamental about his work. I wouldn't have allowed her to play the part if they had offered it to her. I wouldn't even let them make a test." You see, papa knows best!

"Bubbles hasn't had an awful lot of experience in pictures," Reggy continued. "Besides, they had her under contract out at Universal once before and fired her."

Bubbles nodded, thus confirming the outrage.

"I remember when I first saw Bubbles as a little extra girl on one of my sets. I was immediately impressed with her picture possibilities. I asked her to give me some stills of herself and I took them into the general manager and told him that I thought this little kid had a big future on the screen."

This was long before he ever dreamed that he was boosting his future wife—in fact, Reggy had another wife at the time—so you can see how unbiased he was about it.

Bidding for Bubbles

"WELL, they put her under contract—one of those stock contracts for six months—but they never did anything with her and at the end of that time they let her go. Now," said Reggy, with pardonable pride, "that she has done so well as my leading lady in the last picture, they are trying their hardest to get her back again."

Reggy smiled at Bubbles. Bubbles smiled back. It was too cute. It made you

(*Continued on page 79*)

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Evil as You and I

(*Continued from page 37*)

had gone out somewhere. Dick reminded me of a year ago this past Fourth. We were on a yachting trip together, just the two of us, and we were as blue as herons and more depressed. We were lonely. Nobody cared. We could have had girls if we'd wanted them. We didn't. Not that sort of thing. And Dick said, 'And now look at me, happily married—and *loving it!*'"

I thought, "He'll make a wise crack *now.* He'll pull some line about the fatuousness of *that.*"

But he didn't. Rather, the weary eyes looked wearier than ever. And a little sad. Do bad men have their yearnings, too? Have we been wrong about them all this while? Simple yearnings for simple things. Bread and a hearthstone and a woman and the patter of baby feet?

We dismounted at the Club. Inside, Bill ordered cut fruit and iced tea, and it doesn't matter what *I* ordered. To anyone but Bill. He didn't have anything on his hip, either.

I said, still angling, "I don't see what men get out of cuties, anyway. Brainless. But they marry 'em and then they yowl about their hard luck."

That ought to elicit a Decameron, I thought. No such a thing. Bill was profound.

Sex Appeal Saddens Him

"IT'S nature," he said, sadly. "Nature tries to trick us and she usually succeeds. Most men want two things in a woman—the mother and the sex appeal. The cuties have the latter. No doubt about that. We fall for 'em and nature continues her funny business. She makes of physical attraction a snare and a dream into which we read all the things we want to think are there. Too late, we find that they are not.

"I believe in Lindsey's Companionate Marriage for this reason. It might save incautious youth a lot of heartbreak—and bills. Most attractions are matters of chemicals. They're cases of getting up in the morning and saying, casually, 'Good morning, dear.' The partner of your joys and sorrows will immediately bark back, 'What do you mean, good morning? Why do you say it in that tone of voice?' You explain, drearily, that you didn't say it in any tone of voice. She wails, 'You're calling me a liar, then, are you? Boo, hoo, hoo!' And zowie, they're off!

"It's the fault of neither one of them. It's the fault of nature who mixed the chemicals and let 'em sour. It's better to split a marriage like that, children or no children, than bring a kid up in a home where wrangling is the order of the day. That's what I've done in my own case. I'l have my boy with me, part time, when h is six years old. I believe a very young chil belongs with the mother.

"It takes maturity of viewpoint and the cooling down of the old blood before a man can know the woman who is right for him For all time, not for a honeymoon. By that time he's got nature's number—at least in so far as the old beldame ever reveals it."

"The studios," I suggested, limply, "aren't conditions there conducive to——"

"*Hard work,*" said Bill, promptly. "Hard work and very little else. And harder than ever now that talkies have come in—to stay or not to stay is not the question. They're here now and we've all got to be pioneers all over again; and who in hell wants to be a pioneer?

"They've got me worried. My rôle in 'Interference' has got me worried, too. It's one of those things called 'actor-proof.' A dying gent who atones for his sins by making the *beau geste* at every turn. I'd much prefer to play some obscure part of which no one had much hope. Then, anything I might make of it would be a pleasant surprise. But this slice—they expect something phenomenal. And all my little inhibitions have come yodeling.

"What's more, we have to make it *twice.* That's talkies for you. The first time we make it the regular way, silent drama, for universal consumption. The second take we do the talkies for the English-speaking countries which are, to date, the only countries where talking pictures can be shown.

"And that isn't all—I had a talking test the other day and I came out *lisping.* I talked like thith: 'Ithn't it a nith day, thweetie?' Buster Collier made a test and didn't lisp. And *he* does.

"Besides, talking rôles should have rehearsals, careful rehearsals and many of them. I suppose I got some of my capacity for taking pains from the late Leo Ditrichstein, with whom I used to play. Never did man labor over the faintest voice inflection, the merest suggestion of emphasis, as he did. The result was perfection.

"If my acting is nicked, I'm done for. I haven't a Barrymore profile or a Gilbert personality—and I know it. Anything I have achieved has come as a result of my acting, such as it is. I'm no lily for looks.

"Anyway, we're in for it and that's that."

So was I in for it. Well, what to do about it? The salacious, subtle desperado, the despoiler, the vandal of virtue had turned out to be a decent fellow, after all. The wisecracker, merely rather wise. Scratch the surface of a movie actor and you'll find, I fear, a gent.

Stop Me If You've Heard This

(*Continued from page 25*)

ESTELLE TAYLOR: MacIntosh awakened to find that his wife had died during the night.

"Hey, cook!" he yelled as he jumped out of bed. "Ye dinna need poach but one egg this mornin'!"

CHARLIE CHASE: A Scotchman dashed up to the studio doctor and panted, "I've got a sliver in my tongue!"

"How did that happen?" the doctor asked.

"A man dropped a pint of whiskey on the floor."

RICHARD DIX: There was a Scotchman who got a pair of spats for Christmas. And he had them half-soled and heeled.

JANET GAYNOR: "Did you hear the story of the pair of tights?"

"No."

"Well, it seems there were two Scotchmen."

MARY DUNCAN: Once there was a Scotchman who wouldn't send his little boy to school because the lad had to pay attention.

CHARLES FARRELL: A Scotchman appeared on the golf course and called for a caddy. When the caddy appeared, he looked him over and said:

"You are a likely-looking lad, but are you any good at finding balls?"

"Oh, yes, sir," replied the boy.

"Then go and find one and we'll start."

Broadway Mobilizes for the Talkies

(Continued from page 49)

the excellent preliminary training of the radio.

Such theatrical clubs as the Lambs, the Players and the Friars hummed with the gossip of a millennium, which was to bring the actor to a professional and economic rank, hitherto, never considered possible. The conversation became more and more animated, more and more concentrated upon this latest phase of entertainment. It would not require an unusually alert reporter to catch snatches of it in his travels about town:

"The Barrymores are sitting pretty all right. They screen well and they know how to speak lines."

"The movie studios will have to hire regular voice trainers now."

"Yes, and regular stage directors, too. I wouldn't be surprised if the movietone will have both a stage and screen director."

"Well, at any rate, the movies have got to have voices now. That's where we fit in. Maybe, we'll be invisible, but we'll have to be heard if the movietone's going to be a success."

"Remember Faversham, and Mrs. Fiske, and Fred Stone, and Elsie Ferguson, and Madge Kennedy, and William and Dustin Farnum? They all tried the movies. The Farnums were in them a long time. They'll all be back now, or should be. Particularly Faversham, with the beautiful voice that he has and his exceptional ability in speaking lines."

Broadcasting Original Casts

"EVERY Broadway actor ought to get a chance now. Every big hit will be produced with the cast intact on the screen."

"Yeah, everybody's got a chance but the old ranters, and there are not many of them left."

"I wonder if it's going to be just a curiosity."

"Don't you believe it, it's going to be the ultimate, the complete entertainment. It's going to combine drama, opera and the movies."

"Looks to me as if the movies are right back where they started, with everybody groping around until some kind of technique is perfected."

"No one knows much about it—it's all haphazard and chaotic."

"Oh, I don't know. First you were seen and not heard. Now you're going to be heard, too."

"Well, if Shaw can do it, I can."

"Don't be too sure. Shaw's an Irishman. All Irishmen know how to talk and most of them take good pictures. I wish I were an Irishman—they have all the luck."

"Luck—that's what it is. That's all there is to it. To think of him being a wow!"

"Maybe, we'll be a wow, too."

"Maybe, who knows? Maybe, we'll have to grow whiskers, too."

Yes, St. Bernard stalks along Broadway! St. Bernard Shaw from John Bull's other island, with his tongue in his cheek, a twinkle in his eye and his hand suppressing a belly laugh at the expense of all actors this side of the Styx.

Become a Classic Reader. Once You Get the Habit of Reading Its Bright Articles and Looking at Its Striking Art You'll Never Be Without It. The Classic Appears the 12th of Every Month.

It's the Magazine With the Personality

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Fragrant
Exquisite
Jonteel

Jonteel Face Powder 50¢

Cara Nome $2

Bouquet Ramée $1

THREE secrets of loveliness!—Jonteel, Cara Nome, and Bouquet Ramée face powders. These pure, clinging, delicate blends bestow the natural, glowing complexion which is now so fashionable. Their satiny texture and alluring scents add to one the final touch of charm. Jonteel, Cara Nome, and Bouquet Ramée are sold only at Rexall Drug Stores.

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QUARTER · CENTURY SILVER Rexall JUBILEE 1903 - 1928
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Liggett's are also Rexall stores

EARLE LIEDERMAN—The Muscle Builder

Author of "Muscle Building," "Science of Wrestling," "Secrets of Strength," "Here's Health," "Endurance," etc.

Does She Love You Enough?

Give a Thought to Your Physical Self

If your wife or sweetheart acts cool and dissatisfied with you, give a thought to your physical self. A woman looks at more than a man's face. She's thinking of his ability to protect her; provide for her; of her pride in his appearance in a bathing suit, on the athletic field, on the dance floor.

When you hear a woman exclaim "Oh, what a handsome man!" she's not looking at his face alone. She's sized him up from top to toe. Those broad shoulders, that graceful athletic stride, the well-shaped neck and head, those strong muscular arms, and legs. They thrill any woman. Every wife and every sweetheart wants her man to be like that. *Are you?*

Well, you can be!

I Build Strong, Handsome, Healthy Bodies

People call me the Muscle-Builder. I make men's bodies strong and healthy. My list of over 100,000 wonderful successes includes doctors and lawyers, bookkeepers and clerks, grandfathers and grandsons, fat men and skinny men, weaklings and nervous wrecks. By a method of scientific body-building I go all over your body, strengthening your internal organs, broadening your shoulders, cutting off fat, and generally turning you inside out until you're a healthy, handsome fighting he-man any woman will be proud of.

In just 30 days I add one whole inch of live, flexible steely muscle to each of your arms and two full inches of rippling, muscular strength across your chest. Your legs will become straight and strong, your head snap back erect, and little lumps of red-blooded muscle will begin to stand out on your broadening shoulders. What a hit you are going to make with that girl of yours. How proud and happy she will be.

90 Days and You Have One

But I'm not through with you yet. I don't make men by halves. Give me just 60 days more and then look yourself over. Now you sure are somebody! The pathway to happiness and success is easy.

People will ask to meet you. Successful business men will realize that here is another man to accept as one of their own group. Your boss will treat you with a new respect, and that girl of yours will have that look of love and affection in her eyes that in itself will more than repay you.

I Do More Than Promise: I Guarantee It

With a body like that the thrill of living is as great as the thrill you get when you fall in love. It's wonderful! Just check off on your fingers what such a body gives you—pep, vitality, health, strength, love, affection—everything a man desires.

What a picture you'll be in a bathing suit. What a sight in a gymnasium. You'll be a magnet for all women's eyes. That healthy, aggressive, erect stride of the man who knows what he wants and is going to get it, just commands attention.

Well, that's the story in a nutshell. If you're man enough to work a little for the sake of your strength, success and happiness, just sit right down and mail me this coupon. It won't cost you a penny, and you can see for yourself why thousands of men have so much faith in Earle Liederman, the Muscle-Builder.

Send for my New Book, 64 pages and—IT IS FREE

"MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"

What do you think of that? I don't ask one cent. And it's the peppiest piece of reading you ever laid your eyes on. There's 48 full-page photos of myself and some of my prize-winning pupils. This is the finest art gallery of strong men ever assembled. And every last one of them is shouting my praises. Look them over. If you don't get a kick out of this book, you had better roll over—you're dead. Come on, then. Take out the old pen or pencil and sign your name and address to the coupon.

EARLE LIEDERMAN

Dept. 3210, 305 Broadway. New York City

It Is FREE

EARLE LIEDERMAN
Dept. 3210, 305 Broadway, New York City

Dear Sir: Please send me, absolutely FREE and without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development."

Name ....

Street ....

City .... State ....

(Please write or print plainly)

Question: what is so rare as a day in June? Answer: a day in June Collyer's life when she doesn't get heaping deskfuls of fan mail

The Troubadour of Silent Song

(Continued from page 33)

little sound, like a little color, will go a long way. And—praise be—the silence of the screen will always be maintained, although perhaps its blessed noiselessness will not be universal.

Lubitsch is a swift and sure worker. He spends much time in preparation. And during the preparatory period he comes nearer than another to cutting his picture before it is made. Which is one way of saying that he eliminates unwanted sequences from his script before his picture is shot. So that upon its completion there is a minimum of footage left upon his cutting-room floor. He also adheres closely to his pre-arranged plan of action. Many changes may be introduced while the story is being made ready. But few enter once production has begun.

He has the mind of a *raconteur*. The faculty of telling a tale. The ability to recognize good story material when he sees or hears it. These directors, after all, are the reincarnation of the ancient wandering minstrels. Save that in place of journeying from hearth to hearth with their romantic imageries, they remain stationary and spin their yarns in celluloid fabric which goes into the world, and round it, propelled by a complicated mechanism more in keeping with our age.

His Mind Unfettered

LUBITSCH places his own valuations on men and things. He refuses placid acceptance of precedent. Or to take as gospel the opinion of others. To illustrate, "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" was regarded as a woman's vehicle. The lines of the play had been taken to indicate that the starring rôle was essentially feminine. Lubitsch, however, entirely disregarded this, and reading the story with an open mind, envisioned the principal action as in the keeping of the masculine character. Had the play been picturized by Lubitsch, its star would have been John Barrymore. The feminine part would have been secondary.

The director requires freedom of mind, and will not permit the obtrusion of unimportant matters. He declines to drive a motor-car, simply because his time in transit is frequently devoted to the mental mastery of details concerning his work.

Himself a picture actor of no mean ability, he knows how best to obtain from his players the results he may require. He is never bellicose, seldom exasperated. Although he has been known to rave to all the gods at once in a clash with temperamentality, or when the rasping edge of seeming incompetence has pierced to the quick of his sensibilities and patience. As a rule, however, he is a whisperer, passing here and there among his people explaining the action of the sequence, and perhaps quietly rehearsing a bit according to the desired interpretation.

He is familiar with the powers and the limitations of a camera, and thoroughly conscious of pictorial composition. He does not usurp the function of the cameraman, nor of any technician on his set. Surrounded with experts in their professions, he delegates authority, permitting each shoemaker to stick to his last, rather than endeavoring to do everything personally.

LIKE many others of the film colony who are loyal to Hollywood, Lubitsch nevertheless feels the desirability of an annual hegira away from the sun-kissed slopes—and the too confining circle of motion picture things and people. The wish for change of scene and of environment seems necessary to the constructive workers in the movies. Without it they go stale. The work of nearly all the important personalities is so arranged that a fairly lengthy absence from the industry may be effected annually.

Kute and Kool and Kalm

(*Continued from page 42*)

herited," she said, as though something should be offered in explanation. "My ather was a lawyer and I grew up listening to the fine points of various law cases that he handled. When we left San Francisco to come down to Los Angeles to live, I enrolled in the law classes at high school just out of habit.

"Sally Eilers and I went to school together. We used to have a lot of fun. But I couldn't get over Sally's enthusiasm about the movies. For my part, I simply wasn't interested in the movies at all.

"When I see all the pretty girls standing around the gate over here at Fox just dying to get in pictures, I realize what a lucky girl I've been. I never did a day's extra work in my life. One day I came over to the studio to see Frank work—"

"Frank who?"

The Test of Luck

"BORZAGE," she put in. "We had known him in Seattle. Well, Frank asked me to make a test and I did and then they offered me a contract. That's how I got in pictures."

"Don't you think they're kinda exciting?" I asked meekly.

"Oh, yes. I think pictures are a woman's game. I absolutely believe that. There's no other profession in which a girl can make so much money and have such nice things for herself, such as cars and clothes and flattery and attention. But the main reason I am glad I am in them is the happiness I can bring to other people." She indicated the large stack of fan mail on the floor.

For that reason she prefers comedy to the darker and gloomier dramatic situations.

"I would like very much to do the sort of comedy pictures Bebe Daniels makes. Just the peppy, athletic girl having a lot of fun out of life. And then maybe in about twenty years I could develop myself into the sort of thing Norma Talmadge does."

I didn't know exactly what to say. So I lit a cigarette.

Phipps by Request

"SALLY PHIPPS, of course, is a typical comedy name. My real name is Byrnece Beutler but Mr. Sheehan re-named me Phipps when he signed the contract because it sounded more pert and flappery. When I go into drama, it will be a rather hard name to live down. But I think a name amounts to no more or less than the personality behind it. Mary Pickford isn't a particularly pretty name. But Mary has made it stand for so much that we think it is lovely. That's what I want to do with my name. Make it stand for something."

Anyway, Sally still has twenty years before she has to worry about the dramatic adaptability of her name. That is, if she stays in pictures that long. "I'm not worrying about them. Pictures haven't gotten into my blood so much that I couldn't give them up. I could fool 'em and get married."

Having seen Sally around winning dancing contests with several eligible young men, I asked if there was any immediate possibility of that.

She was just about to answer an emphatic no when some mysterious voice from nowhere yelled "Hi, Sally."

Sally poked her head out the window. There was no one in sight. "I guess it was just one of the prop boys or assistants," she said, settling herself back on the lounge, "They all say 'hello' to me. I think that's the best way to get along. To have everybody love you."

FREE—this remarkable new rouge. See offer below.

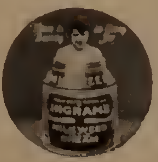
Does your neck match your face?

Sometimes the skin on a woman's neck looks either older . . . or coarser . . or darker than her face.

So that this, too, will be made lovely to go with the face, here's what you can do: Wash your neck and shoulders with a good soap and warm water. Use a soft cloth in washing and be sure to rinse off all the soap. Dry with a soft towel and smooth a thin coating of Ingram's Milkweed Cream over the entire neck and shoulders. Then wipe it off with a soft cloth, using an upward motion.

Right now, before it is too late, begin giving your neck and shoulders constant care. Ingram's Milkweed Cream applied in your own home as we show you how, is all you need. Thousands of beautiful women—social leaders, stage beauties, screen stars—write us that Ingram's Milkweed Cream is the only cream they have used for ten—twenty years or more.

With each jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream come full instructions. Women write us daily telling how they improved their skins by following these instructions. So that you, too, may give your skin treatments basically right, go today to your druggist and buy a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. 50c the jar—$1 size more economical—Theatrical size, $1.75. Frederick F. Ingram Co., Est. 1885, 38 Tenth Street, Detroit, Mich., also Windsor, Ont., Canada.



Ingram's Milkweed Cream

THERE IS BEAUTY IN EVERY JAR

Send us your name and address for FREE purse-size package of this remarkable new rouge—Ingram's American Blush, and interesting booklet on The Art of Rouging.

TANGEE

"A dream of natural loveliness!"

There is a shade of blush-rose which is a dream of natural loveliness for your lips, and Tangee gives it to you.

As you apply it you notice the change from orange to blush-rose and congratulate yourself on a superb naturalness in the result.

Demand Tangee today. One lipstick for all complexions! On sale everywhere. Records show that twice as many women are using it this year. Be sure you see the name Tangee on carton and gun-metal case. The Geo. W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York.

NOTE: Tangee is healing and soothing because it has a cold cream base. Tangee Rouge Compact and Tangee Crême Rouge have the same magical changing quality as Tangee Lipstick. Ask for them.

PRICES—Tangee Lipstick $1, Tangee Rouge Compact 75c, Tangee Crême Rouge $1 (and for complete beauty treatment: Tangee Day Cream, Tangee Night Cream and Tangee Face Powder, $1 each). 25c higher in Canada.

TANGEE
TANGEE NIGHT
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THE POWER of
. . . Twenty Cents

Twenty cents brings you the miniature Tangee Beauty Set—all six items and the "Art of Make-up." Address Dept. M.P.C. 7. The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York.

Name . . . .

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Alive and Sticking

(*Continued from page 22*)

well when I'd tell the theater manager. 'I'm sorry, son, but I don't believe I'm going to make it this afternoon.' And then when I got to the theater and knew they were waiting out beyond the curtain to see me, I'd get the actor's second wind."

Once, after a collapse in Cleveland, he came back to Hollywood on a litter They tried to argue him out of making the long, tiresome journey, thinking privately that he might as well die comfortably where he was, but the terrific will of the man overruled them, and again he lay and looked out over Hollywood, smoking his big black cigar defiantly in the face of the grim Reaper.

And now Theodore Roberts is back again, this time without the crutches, leaning heavily on a stout cane. At the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, where he has been working in Jack Gilbert's picture, they tell me that as soon as the camera begins to purr he drops his cane and walks slowly and without a limp the few steps necessary for the scene.

It has been fifty years since he first saw Los Angeles, as a young actor barnstorming the state, and played before an audience of Mexicans in a German *turnverein* social hall. In years Theodore Roberts must be an old man, but he doesn't seem old when you listen to that powerful voice of his and look into those keen eyes.

You Can't Fight Time

"I GUESS," he shifts his cigar comfortably to a corner of his mouth, "it isn't so hard for a man to find himself getting along in years. *It killed my wife,* that and worrying about my sickness. She didn't know she was an old woman, and she was. When she realized they were casting her in mother parts, it broke her heart. A good many women have told me it was the bitterest suffering of their lives when they saw themselves thrust aside by some fluffy-headed girl. Now I'm supporting stars that were prop boys and extra girls when I was being starred myself and I don't mind—*much.* It's life. That's one thing you can't fight."

He moves restlessly in his deep chair, a powerful man, impatient of helplessness. One thinks somehow of a grim, grey old lion looking fiercely out behind bars. "They can't star me," he nods. "I know that. Audiences are about fourteen or fifteen years old as a rule. They don't go to the movies to see an old man. No, they pay their money to look at the young folks like Tony Moreno or Wanda Hawley—"

Young folks like Tony Moreno or Wanda Hawley. How much electricity has been spent in theater signs since those names burned among the brightest. Yet to Theodore Roberts they are the youngsters of the screen. And these others—these boy stars in their teens and these schoolgirl finds, what does he think of them?

"Actors? They're not actors. People aren't actors because they have pretty profiles and yellow hair. Acting is a God-given thing. *It's born in you.* And if it isn't, you'll never learn it.

"They need them for a picture," he nods, "they've got to have youth, and naturally youth and experience don't go together. If a star is young enough and good looking enough, it doesn't much matter whether he or she can act *as long as there are real actors in the cast.* That's what you're forgetting, that's what everybody forgets—the other people in the picture, the ones that don't get their names in electric lights. They're often the ones who do the acting for the picture."

Theodore Roberts's popularity in irascible business-man rôles was so great at one time that Lasky signed him up on a life contract and made a star of him. After th first few pictures he came voluntarily to th front office and resigned his stardom. " can't carry your pictures," he told then fiercely chewing his cigar, "I'm too old. Bu I'll support your stars."

Strangely enough thereafter, the nam chosen by theater managers to put i electric lights over their theaters was tha of Theodore Roberts as frequently as it wa that of the young star. The big black stogie held at varying angles to express differen emotions, was Roberts's trade-mark; an audiences in Australia, Tokio and Calcutta burst into delighted laughter when it appeared.

"I adopted it in self-defence," he chuckles, "the theaters where I used to play all had No Smoking signs back stage, but I couldn't get along an entire evening without smoking. So I wrote a cigar into all the stage directions for my parts."

It is almost seventy years since Theodore Roberts was born in San Francisco. In that time, he says heavily, he has watched the whole world change. "When I was a boy, most people didn't know what to do with their evenings beyond sitting on their front stoops. If a man dropped in at the billiard parlor or the bowling alley, he was called wild. If he went to the corner saloon, he was a dissolute character.

Any Place But Home

"THERE was always an opera house in town, but most folks didn't know what the inside of it looked like. Maybe a man was foreign born, maybe he couldn't afford the money to go to shows, maybe he thought the theater was an invention of the devil. Then along came the movies that anyone can understand and afford. And of course *nothing* is wicked these days. So nobody stays at home evenings any more. That's why I don't take much stock in this new fangled television they talk about, movies radioed into your own home. Because most people don't want to stay home."

As for the talkies, Roberts says they are not needed, that they will divert the interest of the picture fans from the movies to the speaking stage. Already in his forty weeks of trouping through the towns and cities of the United States he has seen it happening—long closed theaters and opery houses which have been used for storage warehouses are being dusted; the fat tummies of plaster cherubs on the proscenium are being regilded. Stock companies have moved into town, and the community theater idea is flourishing. The stage is coming back into its own.

Something has happened to the life contract which publicity pictures showed Theodore Roberts signing some years ago ("They've just sort of forgotten it," he hastens to assure you). He is free-lancing. From the broad bay window of his old-fashioned house he can look down over Hollywood like another Moses from his mount and see the places where he was once powerful. And now they want youngsters—youngsters like Moreno and Wanda Hawley.

"But I don't mind growing old," says Theodore Roberts stoutly, "not as long as I can keep on acting. An actor wants to die with his grease paint on. It's the ones that struggle against age and try to make people believe they are still young that feel it most. I'm happy. *I'm having a real good time being old.*"

Jammed in a corner of his mouth, his big black cigar glows gallantly, defying fate at a jaunty angle, like *Cyrano de Bergerac's* plume.

This Little Star Went to Market

(*Continued from page 58*)

She's very beautiful after the fashion of a magazine cover, and I think it was James Montgomery Flagg who went so far as to say she was the swellest looking blonde in Hollywood. But she lets it all begin and end with her natural charm.

"I would like awfully to go without stockings if I got my legs nice and brown," admitted Kathryn, "but I'm sure George wouldn't like it."

George figures pretty prominently in Kathryn's calculations. You bet. He's the new bridegroom.

"I got real brave the other evening and came into Hollywood bare-legged. I never felt so funny in my life. I imagined that everybody was looking at my legs and laughing. When George started walking just a little bit in front as though he weren't with me or something, I made up my mind that bare legs weren't for Mrs. Landy."

She laughed at her own daring, and went on to say that the new fad was hardly appropriate for married ladies who did their own marketing, anyway.

"If George had his way, I would be billed as Mrs. George Landy in all the pictures I do," she laughed. "When we were first married, he suggested that I change my name to Kathryn Landy. I told him I didn't think it was very wise as I had be-

(*Continued on page 85*)

Reggy Spank

(*Continued from page 73*)

laugh at the joke on funny old Universal. Reggy went on to say that Bubbles wasn't really a professional type of girl, anyway. It seems that Bubbles just came out with her family from the East when they moved out here, and she had gone to school with the other little kids and finally she went into pictures just for the fun of it.

Getting away from the picture angle of the thing, I suggested that Bubbles was probably "all a bib and tucker" getting ready for her approaching wedding—with pre-nuptial showers and parties and things like that. But Bubbles shook her head. It seems she wasn't having any showers. "Reggy won't let me," she explained—and that explained everything.

"I think showers are rather silly." Reggy justified his firm stand. "Asking a lot of people to bring presents—I don't know, I just don't like it. I'll give her some parties myself if she wants to entertain—and then we are going to have a big wedding and all that goes with it."

"A church wedding," Bubbles supplemented, sipping her milk.

"Bridesmaids and ushers and a groom and everything?" I inquired.

Bubbles nodded. A thin fringe of milk on her upper lip made her look even younger. "Well, I'm going to have bridesmaids, all right. But Reggy isn't sure about his ushers. He's scared they'll all show up drunk," she remarked softly and innocently.

We all laughed at the child's sophistication. What are the kiddies coming to, anyway?

I looked at Bubbles. So cute. So little. So little-girlish. Just the type that a fellow's got to look after and protect and see that she drinks her milk. You could just see her laughing gleefully when Reggy does funny things or clapping her hands when he puts the great, big diamond on her finger. It must be all sorts of fun being a clinging vine to a nice oak like Reggy.

"Amazing—so many women must learn this from others"

—writes a Washington hostess

The embarrassment that comes with knowledge of this grave social offense is finally ended. An important phase of woman's oldest hygienic problem is now solved.

WHERE smart women gather socially—or in business—even the most attractive are guilty of offending others at certain times. Yet they, themselves, seldom realize it. When told, they become miserably self conscious. They try in vain to overcome the difficulty by make-shift methods. Now science offers safe and certain relief from this fear.

*Kotex now scientifically deodorizes**

Millions of women have learned to depend on Kotex within the last ten years. It has brought them better health, greater peace-of-mind under trying conditions. Now comes an added advantage. Kotex chemists have discovered (and patented) a process that absolutely ends all odors. The one remaining problem in connection with sanitary pads is solved!

No more bulky outlines

That awful feeling of being conspicuous because of the bulkiness of old-time methods is gone, too. Kotex pads are rounded and tapered so there is no evidence of sanitary protection when worn. You may add or remove layers of filler as needed—a thing all women appreciate. There is a new softness, because both filler and gauze have been specially treated. Finally, Kotex is so easy to dispose of, eliminating all need of laundering.

Buy a box today, at any drug, dry goods or department store . . . 45c for a box of twelve. Supplied, also, in rest-room vending cabinets.

*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by a patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587, granted May 22, 1928.)

Deodorizes . . . *and 4 other important features:*

1—*Softer gauze* ends chafing; pliable filler absorbs as no other substance can;

2—*Corners are rounded* and tapered: no evidence of sanitary protection under any gown;

3—*Deodorizes*—safely, thoroughly, by a new and exclusive patented process;

4—*Adjust it to your needs;* filler may be made thinner, thicker, narrower as required;

and

5—*It is easily disposed of;* no unpleasant laundry.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

Her Pretty Hair

How does she keep it so youthful-looking?

Her secret lies in proper shampooing. Not just soap-and-water "washings," but regular use of a shampoo that really *beautifies*—one that was created especially to improve dull, drab hair and add that little something extra so often lacking!

What about *your* hair! Have you not wished for something that would keep it looking prettier—richer in tone? If you really wish to make it bewitchingly lovely—just one Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way!

No other shampoo, anywhere, like Golden Glint Shampoo! Does more than merely cleanse the hair. There's a youth-imparting touch—a beauty specialist's secret in its formula. Millions use it regularly! At your dealers', or send 25c to J. W. Kobi Co., Dept. 19-J, 603 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash. Money back if not delighted.

FRECKLES

OTHINE
Removes This Ugly Mask

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine from any drug or department store and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion.

Be sure to ask for double strength Othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

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S. Bram Studios Department A-2
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Marie-and-Ken

(*Continued from page 26*)

Club. They saw Marie smiling her baffling little smile whenever any of her best friends told her of Ken's latest affair, they saw Kenneth Harlan—lunching with the affair—twist in his seat at the Montmartre to follow Marie's saucy little figure with heavy eyes. They saw Marie going to parties with other men, and Ken going to parties with other girls. Four months went by without a word exchanged between them. Then Kenneth began to call a familiar number on the phone, asking Marie to go out with him.

It isn't something you decide, exactly," Marie explains. "It's something that's decided *for* you. You can't say, 'I'll love such an such a person' or 'I'll stop loving such and such a person right now.' We've both been married before—Ken was married twice, and it wasn't the same thing with either of us."

Kenneth Harlan was at the height of his screen popularity, a handsome, debonair leading man with a profile like Wallie Reid's, a charming smile and the figure of an athlete, when Marie Prevost fell in love with him on the screen, along with several thousands of other schoolgirls who pasted his picture in the front of their algebras and Ciceros. But it was some time later before she was to meet him on a studio lot, when they were cast opposite each other in "Bobbed Hair."

"I suppose," Marie admits, "that I was really hired to play opposite Ken, but I thought that he was being hired to support *me* and I tried my best to have him fired. That was the first day. The second day I decided to make the best of it, because he really did have a marvelous profile and broad shoulders; and the third day I fell in love with him. Ken says that he was in love with me two days before."

At that time each of them was married and separated from a husband and wife. There were two divorces to be gained before they were free to marry, but legal formalities did not keep them from being in love. Engaged, married, separated, divorced, happy, unhappy, Marie Prevost and Kenneth Harlan have been Marie-and-Ken ever since. And that is over seven years.

"I've never seen any other man I couldn't forget," says Marie, "that's one reason I left Ken eight months ago. I thought maybe I *could* forget him, and I wanted to be sure. I gave myself plenty of chance to find out. I went to parties and dinners and openings with other men. Ken went even further than that. *He got engaged* while we were separated!"

She explains hastily, with due regard for the conventions, that she wouldn't go out with Ken while he was engaged. "Hollywood has a code of etiquette in these things." If one's husband is engaged to someone else, it's not *de rigueur* to accept his invitations.

It wasn't, she says decidedly, one of those marriage vacations. They don't believe in them, Marie-and-Ken. People marry to be together and as soon as they stop wanting to be together the marriage ends.

"It was just Hollywood that was the trouble with us. I've had a chance these last eight months to sit back and look at life, and I've found out you don't stop caring for anyone because of his faults. You might as well keep a husband whose faults you are accustomed to as change him for another one with a new set of faults."

That's Marie's theory of how to be happy though married, and she ought to know. She's been almost, quite, partly, hardly, and still married to Kenneth Harlan and she says that this time she's permanently married.

Marie Prevost has been through a good deal of intensive living these last few months. She lost her adored mother. She tried to divorce her big, blonde Ken. Her career suffered, and she did not care. She let herself grow too fat. And then, suddenly she reduced, bleached her dark curls and made "The Godless Girl."

"I had to become a blonde—to win Ken back," she shrugs, "but that's all the changing I'm going to do. The rest is up to him!"

She gives a little chuckle. "We thought it was all over, but the other day when the mail came, Ken opened a letter and began to laugh. It was the bill from my lawyer. So I said to Ken, 'All right, you've got to pay half of it anyhow.' So we're saving up now to pay for not being divorced."

The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page 53*)

No mere telling of this story can do it justice. With no ballyhoo it fairly commands your attention. It doesn't sag for a single moment. And it is capitally acted by Clive Brook, William Powell and Baclanova. See it and be entertained as you haven't been entertained since "Underworld."

Another crook story, "The Perfect Crime," is not so hot. It tries to prove that there is no such thing as a perfect crime. And does it by a detective experimenting with a pet theory of his own. In other words, it relies upon a variation of the w. k. dream situation. Clive Brook, portraying the central character, attempts to prove that a perfect crime can't be committed. Then he proceeds to present one in a manner which keeps one very mystified.

Which is to say that the strings aren't well tied together here. It's difficult to follow, and the sound synchronization doesn't help matters any. It's a whale of an idea, and had it been treated more evenly—with an eye upon its dramatic strength, it would have registered higher with me. The film should have discarded the dream and gone ahead on its premise. It might have not furnished the happy ending, but at least it would have declared a holiday for screen reality—a virtue which is none too conspicuous on the screen.

"Lilac Time" affords Colleen Moore with an opportunity to flash emotional fire—a gift which she has in abundance, though for some unexplained reason she is supposed to be at her best as a comedienne. A little better shuffling of the celluloid cards wouldn't harm a flock of the boys and girls. It hasn't harmed Colleen—who, in this sentimental excursion in martial pastures, has a picture which won't lose her following and which will add to her celluloid lustre.

The film is bounded on all sides by romance, Colleen playing the rôle of a French peasant girl who falls in love with an aviator billeted at her modest menage. It is an unpretentious story, but made genuine through its air exploits and the first-rate war backgrounds. There is a fine air battle and some other aeronautical feats which deserve backslaps. Gary Cooper, had he been less restrained and colored his rôle more, would have added considerable to the film's appeal. But he is too restrained—and the best part of the sentiment misses some necessary heart-beats.

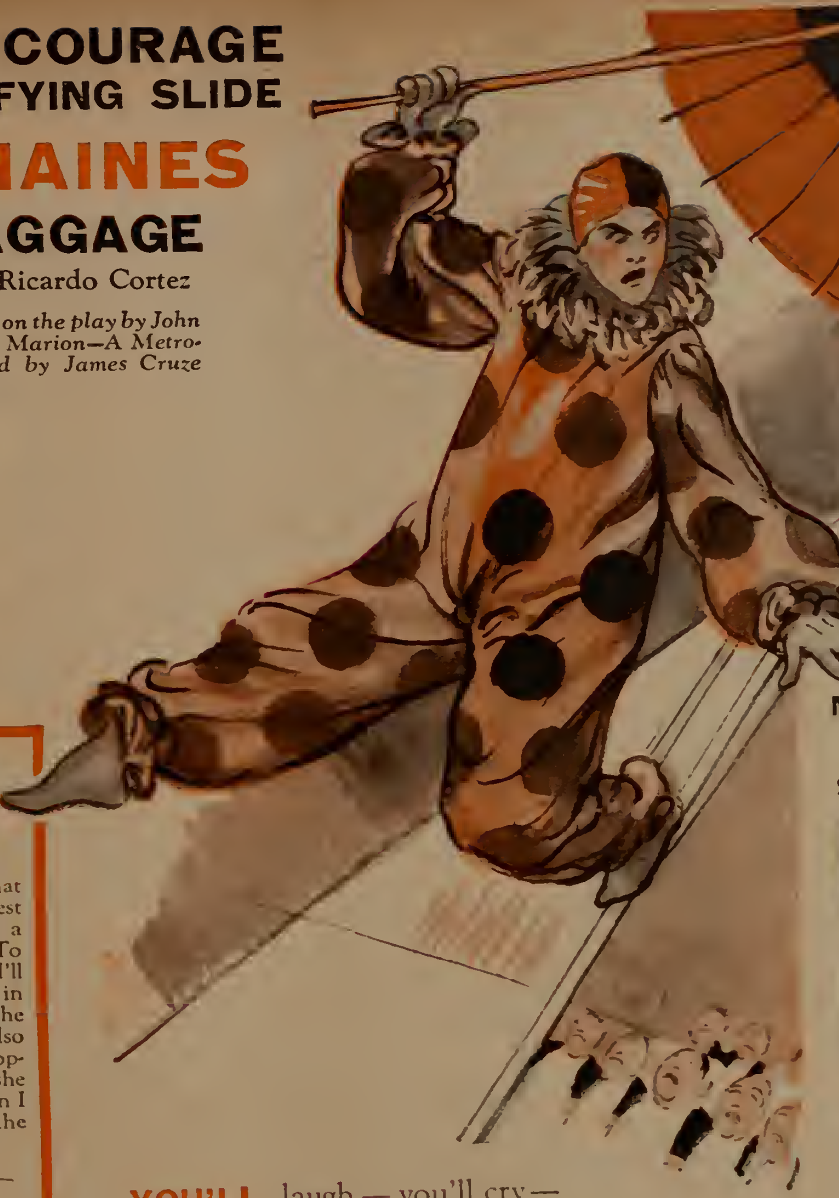
OVE GAVE HIM COURAGE
OR HIS DEATH DEFYING SLIDE

WILLIAM HAINES

in EXCESS BAGGAGE

with Josephine Dunn and Ricardo Cortez

A James Cruze Production—Based on the play by John McGowan—Continuity by Frances Marion—A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture—Directed by James Cruze



SEE—REMEMBER AND CASH IN

Mighty few people can remember what they've seen after it's all over. You can test your own memory—and possibly win a prize, by answering these five questions. To the man sending in the best answers I'll give $50 in cash and the domino I wear in my new picture, "Excess Baggage." To the lady sending in the best answers I'll also give $50, and Miss Dunn, who plays opposite me, will give the make-up kit she used in the back stage scenes. In addition I will send autographed photographs for the fifty next best answers.

William Haines

BILL HAINES' FIVE QUESTIONS

1 What new M-G-M picture has a South Sea Island setting?

2 What two Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer World Tours are now in progress?

3 What does "continuity" mean in motion picture making?

4 In 75 words or less tell who your favorite M-G-M director is and why.

5 Which M-G-M actress is called the screen's leading comedienne and name two comedies in which she has played?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to M-G-M, 1542 Broadway, New York. All answers must be received by October 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

Note: If you do not attend pictures yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Winners of John Gilbert Contest

Don F. Russell, Newburyport, Mass.
Mrs. Belle McCain, Dallas, Texas

YOU'LL laugh — you'll cry — .
YOU'LL thrill to "Excess Baggage"
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AS thousands did on the Broadway stage.
AND it's only the first
OF Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's big pictures
FOR your enjoyment this season.

Ask your theatre manager when you can see the new M-G-M pictures: William Haines in "Excess Baggage"—Lon Chaney in "While the City Sleeps"—"Our Dancing Daughters" with Joan Crawford—Buster Keaton in "The Camera Man"—"The Bellamy Trial."

M-G-M HAS THE STARS

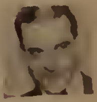
LON CHANEY

JOHN GILBERT

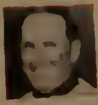
WILLIAM HAINES

MARION DAVIES

GRETA GARBO



RAMON NAVARRO



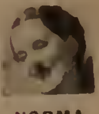
TIM McCOY

CODY & PRINGLE

BUSTER KEATON

DANE & ARTHUR

LILLIAN GISH



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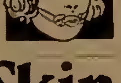

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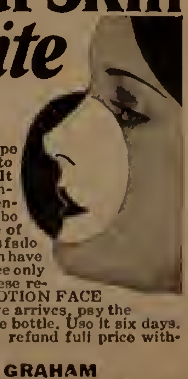

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Dept. C-10 **25 W. Illinois St. Chicago, Ill.**

The Ham of Friendship

(*Continued from page 19*)

"Oh! You Ham
Oh! You Eggs
We'll tell the world that we all like ham,
But Ham without eggs isn't worth a damn.
All night long,
We drink what should be in kegs.
But when day is dawning,
Our Yappers are yawning,
For 'Oh, you ham and you eggs.'

Ta, da, da, da, da, da.

"Oh! You Ham
Oh! You Eggs
We'll tell the world that we all like ham,
But ham without eggs isn't worth a damn.
All night long,
We drink what should be in kegs.
It may not be kosher,
But so is your grocer,
So we'll eat ham with you eggs."

"Fine, boys, fine! You did marvelously. Our radio audience will have got it fine. Now for a little exercise to give us an appetite for 'Oh, you ham and you eggs!'"

The cream of the Log Angeles business and movie worlds is rather thick, especially around the waist; it is thus necessary to whip it into shape or the meal. The younger and thinner members (in pocketbook as well as waist) follow dutifully—for a struggling young man, membership in his boss' club is almost as good as coming from his old home town. So one must be a good fellow—and then there are the contacts.

More Fun and Games

"FINE! Now everybody shake hands with the guests at his table. Let's all get acquainted—where else better than right here at the 'Shrine of Friendship?' Fine! Now everybody put his arm around his neighbor's shoulders, and let's sing the 'Sea Song.' Altogether now!"

As this song is sung, there is a swaying back and forth, or from side to side, in imitation of waves. On one bench, holding about thirty men swaying back and forth in unison, the foremost falls back with each swing. He is fat, and his leanings carry weight. One after another, the rearmost tumble off the end of the bench onto the ground. They grin sheepishly, but make no complaint. It's all in fun, you know. And, also —fatty happens to be one of the richest men in town.

"Now Mr. Rawlinson will lead us again—this time in repeating the cryptic slogan of the club. Then I have a little surprise for you; but that must wait. Mr. Rawlinson."

More wisecracks, and then the repeating of the slogan.

F V N E M ?
S V F M
F V N E X ?
S V F X
O I C V F M N X !

Which, translated, reads: "Hef ve eny hem? Yes, ve hef hem. Hef ve eny eggs? Yes, ve hef eggs. Oh, I see, ve hef hem an' eggs!"

No, you're wrong—Barney Google got it from the club, not the club from him.

"Now for the surprise, the little surprise —a most marvelous *little* surprise. Little Patsy Page, who is making a picture for First National, will recite for us."

Patriotic Patsy

SO little Patsy is put upon a chair, that she may be high enough to reach the microphone. Dressed in red with brass buttons, she looks just like the little trouper that she is; a real little soldier—or bell-h In keeping with her uniform, she recites with gestures—something about our cou try's flag, and the brave patriots a pioneers who have shed their blood for it a five-year-old child weighs the eviden and then condescends to tell them that th did well.

Then, in keeping with the sad experien of the years that weigh so heavily upon h weary shoulders, she tells the tragic story the clown who is forced to smile even thoug the tears would burst his heart. But sl doesn't smile—this is serious business f her. Mama stands beaming up, happy a her darling's chance for free publicity. Th climax approaches. Patsy draws herself u to her full near-three-feet, swings her ar majestically above her head, and declaims "Laugh! clown, laugh!—ha, ha, ha, h ha. . . .!"

Thunderous applause, and then—th sudden realization that Patsy has started o another. In fact, she succeeds in gettin out fully three lines before she is pulle forcibly from her "dear unknown audienc of the air!"

Bright child!

Next on the program is a cowboy tenor who of course sings grand opera, and then—

"A little Californie girl who is going East to show them what we can do. No less a person than Mr. George M. Cohan himself has chosen this lady, Dorothy Whitmore, to play the lead in his next production. Miss Whitmore. . . . "

Though a couple of decades older than the other little lady, this one is just as cute. After telling her invisible radio audience that she is sorry that she cannot give each and every one of them a great big hug, the grand uproar starts. Like cowboy tenors, musical comedy stars also seem to go Metropolitan when they get the chance.

EVERYTHING is sweet for a time, but then turns sour. The lady signs frantically to her accompanist—but he is too busy striking the proper attitudes to worry about mere notes. So she is forced to stop in the middle of a bar. Her glance sours the sugary apology in her voice: "I'm sorry, but you have the wrong key."

Upon which a voice from the gallery pipes up: "Don't worry about the key, lady, as long as he's in the right room!" The lady and her accompanist force a smile, but seem fearful lest the "mike" has caught the comment.

Then a glee club from the Legion Post—their second appearance before any audience. Grand Opera again—the soldiers' chorus from "Faust," this time. But they *do* finish eventually.

And that finishes the entertainment—at last!

Now for the star attraction—the distinguished guest. It is time for him to arise and bespeak his gratitude for this magnificent reception. Los Angeles has shown what *it* can do, now it is *his* turn. All straighten in their seats, and try out the views from the different sides of the head in front. The guest of honor is Mayor Jimmy Walker, New York's proof that it is the center of the clothing industry.

The president rises, and a hush falls.

"Ladies and gentlemen, our guest of honor for today, the Honorable James J. Walker, Mayor of New York."

The tension grows even stronger. There is a final frantic search for better views.

"Sends his regrets, and says that he is truly sorry that he will be unable to appear. Due to an attack of influenza, he was unable to get up in time to reach here by eight o'clock."

The Home-Loving Home-Wrecker

(*Continued from page 51*)

hair and the perfect figure. From then on came a succession of similar parts, all played amazingly well, but it wasn't until Jannings chose her for "The Way of All Flesh" that she really came into her own as the Mean Mama of the Movies. The Haver brilliance burst forth in all its glory in the rôle of the blonde little bum who lured Emil from hearth and honor.

"Chicago" and "The Battle of the Sexes" have conspired to make the ex-Sennett beauty more famous as an actress than she ever was as a sand siren. *Roxie Hart* is her favorite rôle and she is pleased to report that her fan mail has increased by thousands since the public has seen her as the Windy-City slayer. Only proving once more that the provincials know their sex appealers as thoroughly as the big-towners.

Her Passion for Persians

PHYLLIS worries a little that the folks in the hinterland may think of her as a heartless jade. She says she is really domestic. Well, all great women have been home girls—*somebody's* home—girls. Phyllis is Mrs. Haver's. The little prairie flower who is growing wilder every hour on the screen is daily becoming more sedate and sensible off. She says: "I'm not rich, dear—really, I'm not. Just comfortable." Just the same, Miss Haver has the reputation of being one of the more prosperous of the Hollywood movie colony. She commands one of the biggest salaries in the business—and gets it. And she has never squandered it. Her one extravagance that I know of has been the high wall she had built around her house—not to keep fans and burglars out; she's frightened of neither; but to keep her prize Persians in.

She has a cuddly voice to match her other equipment. She likes clothes and prize-fights and dancing and the Ritz and a good laugh and horse races and old friends and practically everything else that's nice except—honey.

If you want to make a hit with her, let me give you another little tip. Never refer to those slapstick days. Don't remark: "And so this is the former bathing girl!" It's the one thing calculated positively to make Miss Haver lose her habitual good humor. "It's not that I am ashamed of my comedy training," she says. "It's the best training in the world. I wouldn't have missed it. But now that Marie and I have really done a little something since, why can't people give us a break and stop dating?"

One of the nicest things about Phyllis is her long friendship with Marie Prevost and vice versa. They might have been rivals; they chose to be friends. They're that kind of girls. Blonde and brunette, both have climbed a long long way since they used to pose together on the beaches.

The blonde with the taking ways—on the screen—is a real person of intense loyalties and sincerity. She has as many good friends of her own sex as of the sterner persuasion. She despises cattiness, double-crossers, husband-stealing and home-wrecking—except for professional purposes. All the things she does in her movies with so much gusto are strictly eschewed as soon as she leaves the studio. She came from a small town in Kansas, you know—and she never fails to drop in for a visit whenever her picture duties allow her a vacation. And you may be sure that Kansas is darned proud, by heck, of its little girl who has made good by making so much movie whoopee.

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to most people—for this reason

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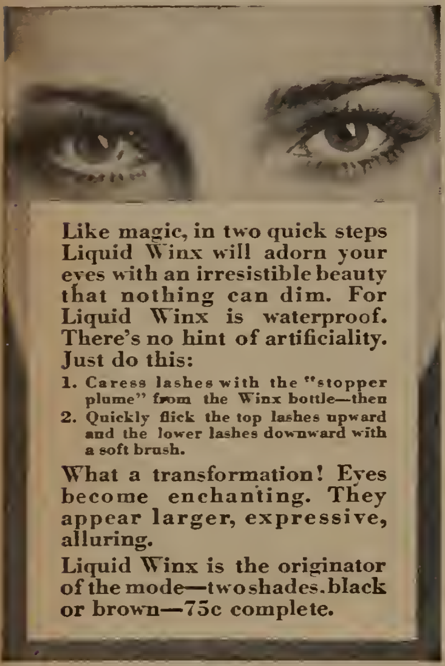

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What Should a Poor Girl Do?

(Continued from page 31)

careers. And besides, I had always wanted to meet Ronald Colman.

It's really a calling. That's the way I feel about motion picture acting as a career. Some men have an urge to become veterinaries or interior decorators or ventriloquists or zither players or even flag-pole sitters.

Miss Crawford seemed to clear her throat. Anyway, I couldn't understand just what she said.

"It isn't that I want work, you understand, Miss Crawford." I really didn't want her to think that I was jeopardizing her career. "Now that I have this contract to play in Mr. Cecil B. DeMille's next picture, I want to make the best of the social opportunities the part affords. I want to know whether I should hire a press agent and present the dancing cup at Montmartre on Wednesday nights, or buy a membership at the Gables Beach Club and meet the producers and directors there.

"YOU used to dance and play a lot when you first came to Hollywood. I read in one of those fan magazines all about the cups you won."

"Eighty-two," Miss Crawford whispered, reverently.

"Should I go to the Grove, then, on Friday nights, and to Montmartre on Wednesday nights and Saturday noons and to the Legion Fights and to the Ambassador Hotel and Hotel Roosevelt teas?"

And Miss Crawford said: "I did. I went every night in the week, including Sundays."

Miss Crawford continued: "I used to wonder what it was all about. I'd come home dead tired, after dancing all night. Finally I gave up all party-ing. Nowadays, Saturday night is play night. Doug Jr. and I go to a theater and dance afterwards."

That's what I decided when I went up to see Mr. James Fidler, who is a director of public relations, or publicity representative, for some motion picture persons. It happened that he was having a conference with Misses Marian Nixon, Sue Carol and Jobyna Ralston. They were trying to decide which one would furnish the wienies for their next surprise party.

Sue Carol was chosen, finally, as she comes from Chicago and knows a couple of big meat-packers, whose wives have charge accounts at Mandel's, a store in which Sue's mother has quite a share of stock.

"What should a poor girl do?" I asked Marian Nixon, when quiet was restored and Jimmy had righted the desk. And then I repeated all I had asked Miss Crawford.

"I was very conservative when I started in pictures," she answered. "I never went anywhere. My social life was practically nil. Occasionally I would go to a picture show. Usually I went to bed at nine o'clock. I knew no picture people."

Then Jobyna Ralston spoke. "That's the way I was. When I left the Harold Lloyd studio after being Harold's leading lady for several pictures, and that means several years, because he makes so few, I knew about five or six picture people."

Joby Ralston is the athletic type of girl. All sunburned and full of vitamines. And vim. Beautiful vim.

So it seems that Marian dances quite a bit now, and Joan Crawford does not.

Sue Carol has a lisp that makes her in demand at all the parties. "S's" that cling to the teeth are a thothial atthet. But Sue doesn't always go stepping. She and Nickie Stuart swim or play bridge.

What should a poor girl do?

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This Little Star Went to Market

(*Continued from page 79*)

come known as Kathryn McGuire, but he insisted. I tried the new name for a little while, but it didn't work. So I went back to the old name. George was disappointed but he makes up for it by introducing me socially as Mrs. Landy—never as Miss McGuire.

Carrots for Careers

"A HAPPY marriage makes a lot of difference in a girl's attitude toward the screen, don't you think? I've known a lot of girls who were terribly ambitious to do bigger and better things in the movies until they got married, and then they lost interest. Do you remember Florence Gilbert who used to be over at Fox? Well, Florence and I started out full of starring ideals and we weren't going to be satisfied until we had given Gloria Swanson a run for her honors. But the other day I met Florence in the market and we both laughed over our bundles of peas and carrots at the things we *were* to have accomplished. Our marriages certainly made a big difference in our attitude. We both admitted that we were much more concerned now over getting up a good table of bridge than landing a big part on the screen.

"Of course, I'm not planning to give up my screen work altogether. If you've once been on the screen, you can't help hoping that some day you will get that magic break that will mean stardom. But if it doesn't come along—"

Well, there's the marketing to do. And people to call up to come over. And places to go. And doorbells to ring. And George to call her Mrs. Landy. And things to buy for the house.

So, what does it matter?

The Menacin' Man

(*Continued from page 63*)

of course, a darned good movie actor.

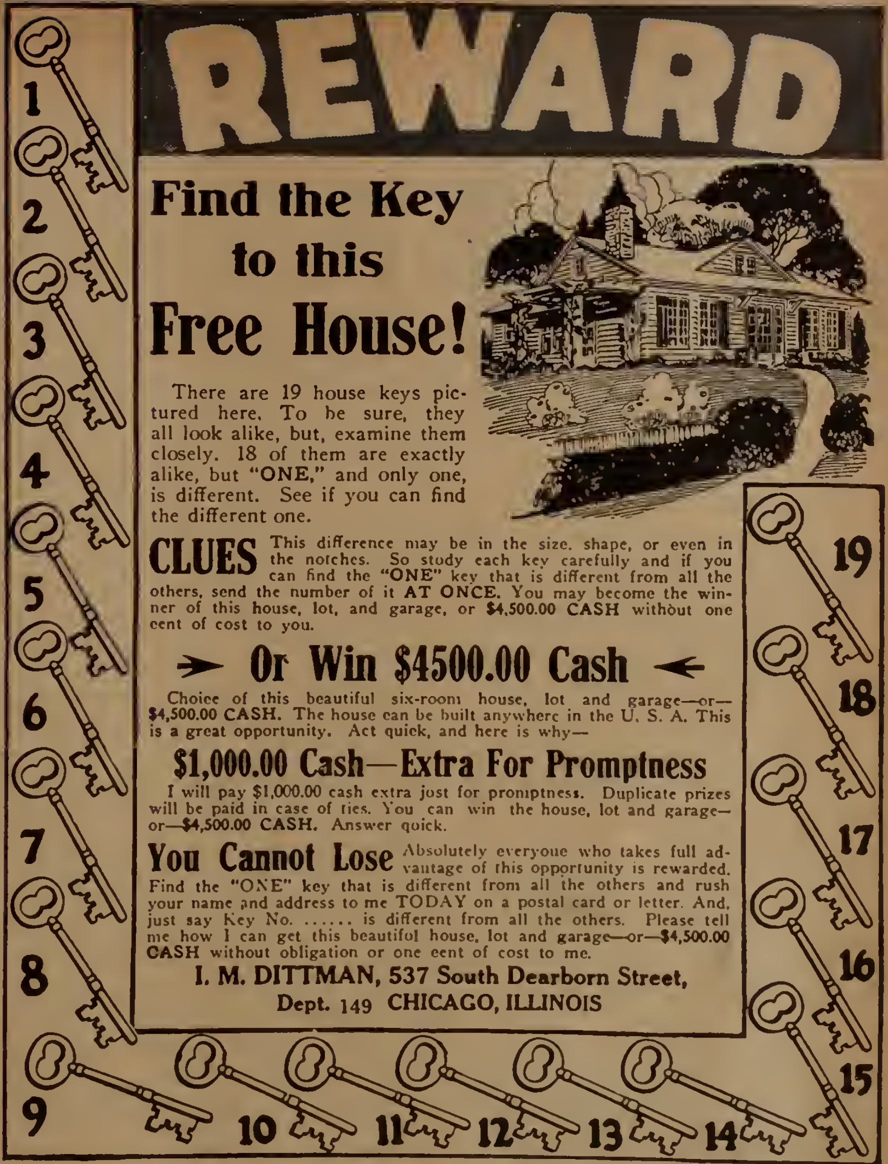
Earle fooled around the home grounds until he was about sixteen. Then he went away to college in Zinzinnatty, the town that helped make Lew Fields famous. Or was it Sam Bernard? And perhaps this was the genesis of that destiny which finally carried him to Hollywood. In any event, Earle waved an early adieu to Euclid and the boys, and at eighteen made his debut as a professional thespian with William Hawtrey. He played a character rôle, that of an aged man. And in this part toured England and Canada.

But you know how tours are, and Earle wound up on the banks of the more or less beautiful Ohio, answering the calliope call of the "Island Queen." Not the modern stick-in-the-mud scow, but the glorious show boat whose rakish ribs have long since been blanched by ancient suns.

In her glamourous hulk Foxe was the backbone of that part of the show which followed the dramatic effort, and which might be seen by the wide-eyed yokelry at the slight additional cost of a dime, ten cents, the tenth part of a dollah. Earle rattled the snares, sang illustrated songs, went into his dance, and also did a black-face repertoire that knocked 'em off their chairs at Gallipolis.

After all, this was not the red dramatic meat into which our hero wished to sink his histrionic teeth. So we next fade in on him completing sixty-eight weeks of one night stands, and rescuing the gal at each one of them. Shortly thereafter his atten-

(*Continued on page 88*)



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You Cannot Lose Absolutely everyone who takes full advantage of this opportunity is rewarded. Find the "ONE" key that is different from all the others and rush your name and address to me TODAY on a postal card or letter. And, just say Key No. ...... is different from all the others. Please tell me how I can get this beautiful house, lot and garage—or—**$4,500.00 CASH** without obligation or one cent of cost to me.

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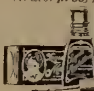

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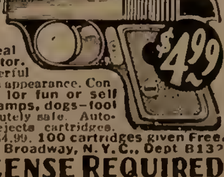

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Uncle Carl's Gabbin'

(Continued from page 40)

Of course, you have to understand that there are some people who just *have* to be cynics, and they are the mens and womens who write what you read in the newspapers. Well, Hollywood's two First Ladies of the Fourth Estate, Louella Parsons of the *Examiner* and Grace Kingsley of the *Times*, who are absolute *pets* even if they are a bit daring and cynical, each got an eye on what they thought was the main chance and stuck to their selection until proved wrong by the casting of darling unknown Laura. Precious Louella rooted like "nobody's business" (a Hollywood vulgarism) for Mary Philbin, who, as she happened to have noticed, had always been rather an apple of Uncle Carl's eye, and was all the apples in the world in the eyes of Paul Kohner, a Universal executive. At a point in the selection activities when enough film had been used in tests to strangle her three times a day before meals for the rest of her life, Louella remarked in her column: "I said and I still say at the eleventh hour that probably when all this fuss has calmed down Mary Philbin will be brought forward and crowned *Magnolia* with due ceremony."

As for the glamourous Grace Kingsley, who records all the Hollywood pranks in the *Los Angeles Times*, she was onto almost as good a proposition in Alice Day. Grace had every reason to know that Carl Laemmle, Jr., the most eligible bachelor at Universal City bar none, was much pleased with lovely Alice, and what more natural, she pondered, than that Alice should be *Magnolia*? This, too, was just a lot of wicked cynicism, but as I explained, these newspaper ladies can't get *along* without a touch of the cynic in their blood. Grace's calculations went wrong because young Junior Laemmle, even if he did think Alice was rather a lamb, retained throughout the proceedings a morbid interest in finding the best actress that could be found for *Magnolia*. Poor Grace announced with a flourish of trumpets that Alice Day was elected; and later she had to contradict her darling self. Which is a lesson to *all* of you, my loves, *never* to let yourselves be mastered by the horrible demon cynicism.

All this time tests were being made with the most *wonderful* speed, and it was being said by those who ought to *know* that more film had been used to find a *Magnolia* than had been necessary to film the whole of "Ben-Hur." This only goes to show what marvelous *progress* the film industry is making, for a few years ago it would have been necessary to give the part right away to one of the stars under contract at the studio, instead of going ahead as they *now* do and sifting the whole field until they find some unheard-of young embryo genius like Laura La Plante. You have no idea what a lot of girls were tested. Extra girls and stars alike went under the grilling ordeal of Harry Pollard's camera. In some cases it was said that in order to prevent the girls collapsing from strain they took the film out of the camera to make it easier for them. This is an instance of modern Hollywood's *kindliness*.

After Harry Pollard had tested just *everybody* he could think of in Hollywood, he couldn't bear the idea of leaving *any* actresses in America out in the cold, so he gritted his teeth and set out for the big city of New York, which you have probably heard of. Here he nobly set up his camera again and started going through the whole *shemozel* of young girls who were trying to make a living on the funny old-fashioned *speaking* stage. He found a pip of a young thing called Zita Johan, and there was lots of idle talk about the part being given to

(Continued on page 87)

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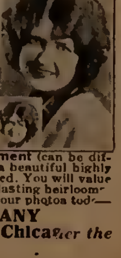

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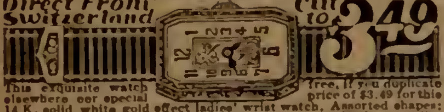

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Confessions of a Star

(Continued from page 70)

suburban life. A life of bridge and babies and gossip.

"I know what would have happened: my life would have eventually become *exactly what it is.* I don't believe that changes of circumstance matter. I believe that changes of character do. And had I changed my character, everything might have been different. Had only circumstances varied, things would have turned out pretty much as they have. Being the me I am, I don't believe I would ever have been content with a settled, domestic life. I would have broken loose. I would have wrecked other lives. My own would have been the same.

"Nor am I one who says, 'If I only could do it over again!' I haven't any regrets. For I am, in the main, what I was destined to be. Not by reason of supernatural agencies. I don't believe in them. *I don't believe in anything.* But by reason of the kind of person I am. The person I didn't change.

"There is one exception here: I have changed from a confirmed pessimist to an embryonic optimist. I have changed from suicidal depressions to philosophic depressions. I've done it consciously. Deliberately. Before this change, when I felt an attack of acute blues coming on, I girded up my loins and went forth to do battle with it. I worked or read or went out—tried in every way to distract myself and so ward off the dark hours. I don't do that now. I let myself sink into the slough of despond. *I help* myself to sink. I go down, down, down, as far down into the murky, suicidal depths as I can get. On purpose. I know that when I strike rock bottom, when I wallow in the sink to its depths, the inevitable rebound will take place. It always does. It's a simple curative and I recommend it. Simply take a day or two off, get as wretchedly indigo as possible and then recover. This happens to me with clock-like regularity every so often.

"I can't tell of any great or numerous romances in my life. *Micky is the only one.*

"I can't say what I am going to do about my work because I am superstitious about making announcements. The fatal fiasco of 'The Green Hat' has taught me that. I was heart-broken about it. I've had to rally. You always have to rally from defeat—that's life. When you cease to rally—that's death."

This is the story of Blanche Sweet. The true story. The new story. The confession never made public before.

Uncle Carl's Gabbin'

(Continued from page 86)

her, but of course this was just a lot more rumor, as *nobody* in their senses could possibly think of giving such an important movie part to someone who had nothing but *speaking* stage experience, and that with such a bunch of *hicks* as the Theatre Guild. So brave Harry set out again, back to Hollywood, set up his camera and recommenced testing honest-to-God *movie* actresses.

After a bit there simply weren't any *left* to test, so all the pretty executives decided to have one *grand* game of pinochle and call it a day. From all accounts one of them looked out of the window and saw this *utterly* obscure little waif called Laura La Plante wandering along. With the *uncanny* vision of his kind he saw that *all* they had to do was put her in a black wig and alter the contours of her face and she would be as *near* an approach to *Magnolia* as any girl with *naturally* black hair and right features.

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Looking Them Over Out Hollywood Way

(*Continued from page 61*)

How is Reginald Denny going to play a typical young American rôle with that broad English accent?

And won't Greta Garbo make a cute French adventuress with her Swedish dialogue?

Those are the little difficulties that will have to be ironed out, and in the meantime Anita Page and several of the other ingenues have enrolled in the summer session of dramatic speaking at the University of Southern California.

Holland Will Be Home-Made

JANET GAYNOR'S next picture is to be a little Dutch story with a background of canals and wooden shoes and geese and other typical Holland atmosphere. William K. Howard will direct it, and for some reason they aren't going to Europe for authentic background. This is surprising. Movie companies usually go to Europe on the slightest provocation.

Fatty Arbuckle's Night Club

FATTY ARBUCKLE is on the verge of branching out as a proprietor of a cabaret. He is going to re-open the Plantation Cafe as a night club and he himself will serve as chief entertainer as well as financial backer.

Back and Tan

ESTHER RALSTON is back in Hollywood from Honolulu, and with a slick tan. The rest of the girls who couldn't afford a trip stayed at home and got equally sunburned for less money.

It is quite popular just at present to be a shade or two lighter than a mulatto. Gloria Swanson is a lovely, rich amber and so is Constance Talmadge. Bebe Daniels has gone in for a darker and duskier shade of sunburn and even Norma Talmadge's white skin has gone olive.

The Menacin' Man

(*Continued from page 85*)

tive ear heard the low, sweet call of the big time, and he followed Tom Meighan in "The College Widow," got an engagement in musical comedy "Leave it to Jane," co-starred with Tom Wise in "Cappy Ricks," was the original *Florien Slappey* in the stage version of Octavus Cohen's story, "Come Seven." Then he took a crack at *King Love* in "Everywoman," and with the funds accumulated from these various ventures established his own stock company in Washington, D. C.

But one day in a speakeasy he decided that F Street was too warm to be an ideal summer resort. By the time he had reached another speakeasy he was sure of it, and he wired Henry Duffy to invite him to California for a month. Henry did. And Earle went. That was six years ago. Earle has never been back. And you oughta hear him rave about the climate, and grouch about how they run the movie business.

But even when Earle crossed the desert on the dear old Sante Fe, he wasn't entirely ignorant regarding the celluloid industry. Back as far as 1909 he had played with Florence Lawrence in Victor Pictures, and played in Kalem productions.

His first real important rôle was in Universal's "A Lady of Quality." And then William Fox signed him for *Van Bibber*. *Van* had his birth in the imaginative brain of Richard Harding Davis, and as the character flowed from his talented pen, it was colorful and interesting. But somehow in its transition to the screen some genius decided "ya gotta have a chase." So the *Van Bibber* comedies became arrant nonsense as time went on.

One of those sudden shifts hurled Earle into "Upstream," a feature length effort in which he burlesqued no less an idol than John Barrymore so effectively that director John Ford, one of those second-sight Irishmen, saw beneath the motley of the clown far sterner dramatic fabric.

Thus it happened that Earle became a villainous Prussian what not in "Four Sons," a Ritzy gallows-bird in "Hangman's House." His work in these laid poor *Van Bibber's* ghost for ever and for aye. Perhaps for the reason that there was no one on the lot possessing the temerity to cast a pie in such an evil eye as Earle flashed in these offerings. "The News Parade" followed, and the villain's dirty laugh fairly begged for Movietone accompaniment to make the village lovers hold hands tighter.

"The News Parade" having passed Winnie Sheehan's reviewing stand *cum laude*, "The River Pirate" with its juicy villain rôle was tossed into Foxe's lap, a very sweet bunch of grapes, indeed.

And this as you see brings us back to Mr. McLaglen's neat dispatch, followed as it was by the glass of milk at the "Munchers Club" on the Fox lot.

Foxe might be thirty. He's probably nearer forty. A well-featured chap, tall and slender. His chiefest charm is his smile, as infectious as it is natural. His chiefest asset is his scowl, ferocious as it is affected.

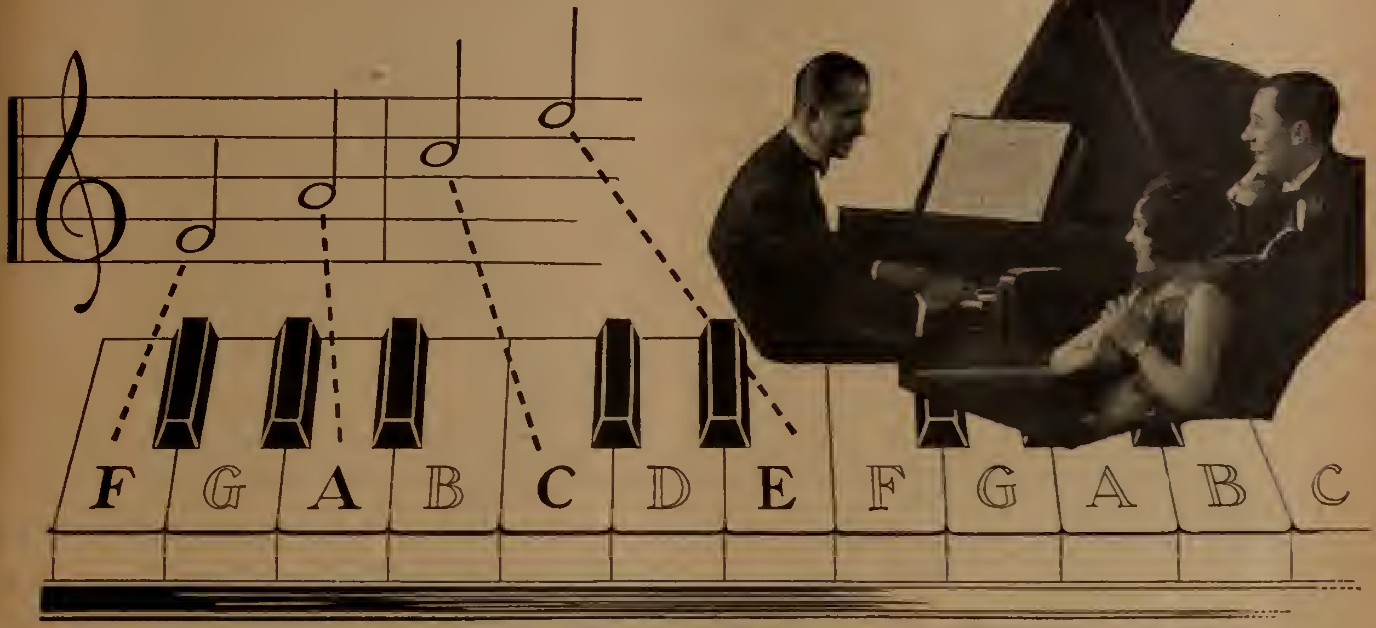
It is his staunch belief that no talent nor ability is required by leading men or comedians, and he'll name you a list long as a Chicago count of doorkeepers, prop boys, truck drivers, and what have you, plucked from their chosen professions and thrown into action as languishing Lotharios, or custardians of comedy.

He doesn't cheer loudly for the importation of alleged talent from the lands beyond the sea. He holds that picture goers should see Americans first, and that there are more than enough good actors in the land of the free, without bringing them from the land of the brie.

One may judge as to just how deeply the mark of the beast has been graven on Earle's brow during his recent cinematic villainies, by his free and unshamed admission that he likes best of all to sneak the toys of his young son and play with them. The boy, little knowing his parent's deep, dark heart, thinks his old man is a regular feller.

But Earle hopes that his future triumphs may not necessitate too ogre-like impersonations, for he swears that already anxious mothers, seeing his approach, call to their offspring: "Here comes Earle Foxe, come right in the house, darling, and bring the dog in with you!"

What could be easier!



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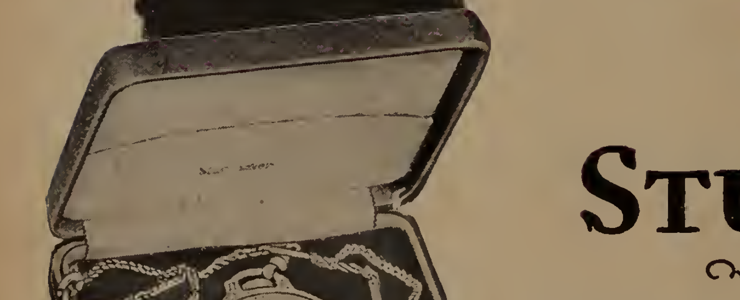

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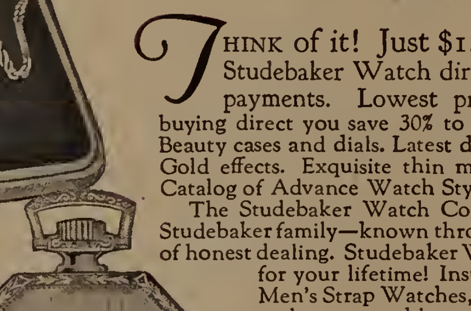

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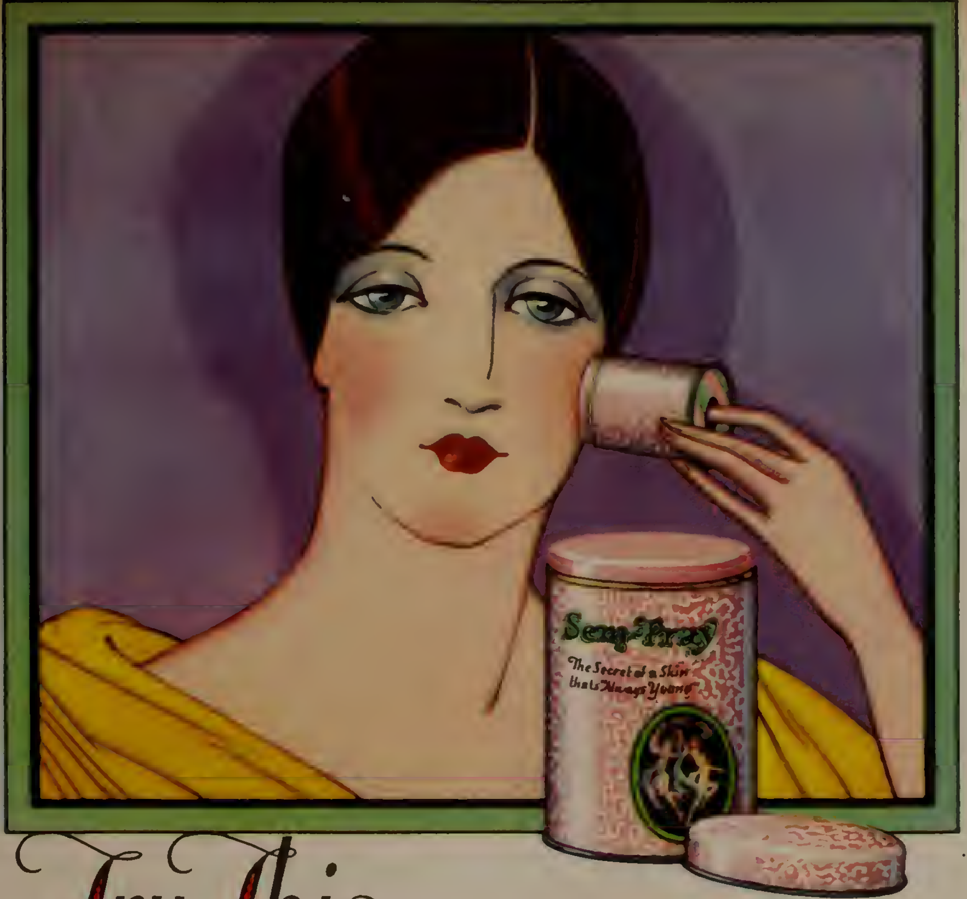
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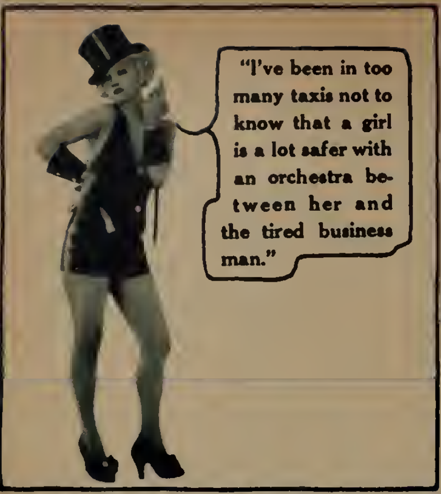
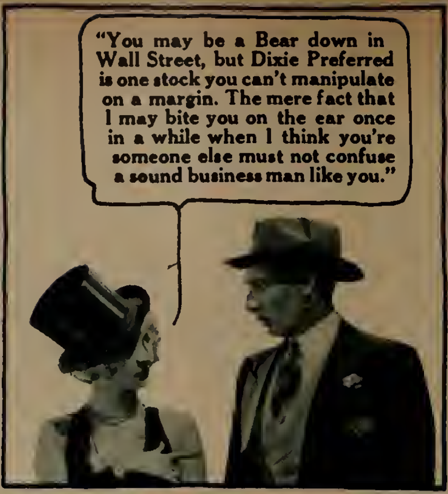
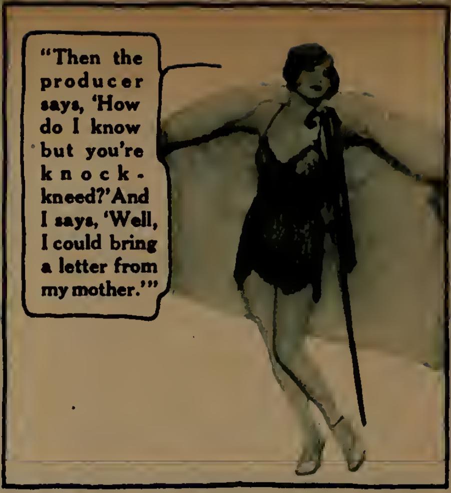
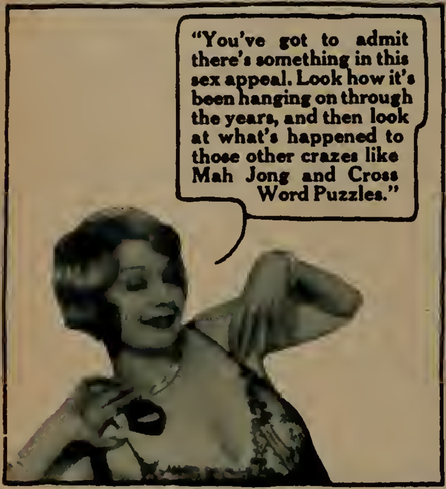
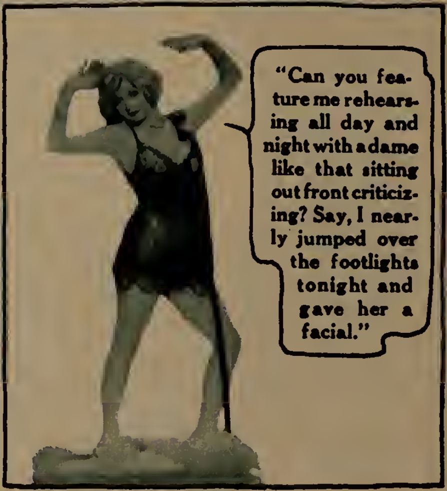
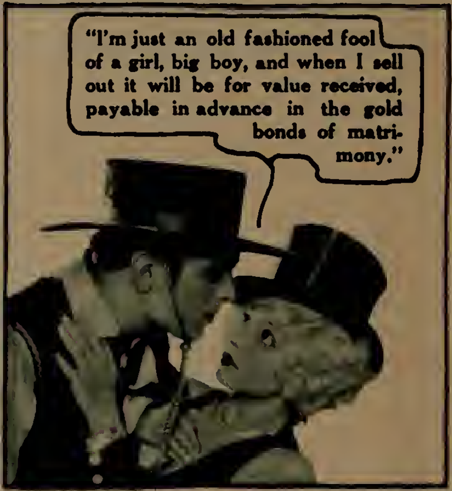

"I've been in too many taxis not to know that a girl is a lot safer with an orchestra between her and the tired business man."

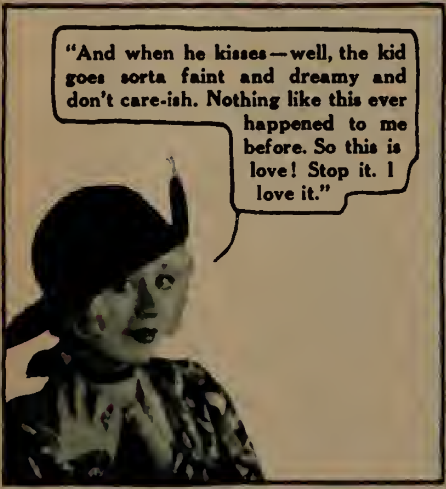

"You may be a Bear down in Wall Street, but Dixie Preferred is one stock you can't manipulate on a margin. The mere fact that I may bite you on the ear once in a while when I think you're someone else must not confuse a sound business man like you."


"Then the producer says, 'How do I know but you're knock-kneed?' And I says, 'Well, I could bring a letter from my mother.'"


"You've got to admit there's something in this sex appeal. Look how it's been hanging on through the years, and then look at what's happened to those other crazes like Mah Jong and Cross Word Puzzles."


"Can you feature me rehearsing all day and night with a dame like that sitting out front criticizing? Say, I nearly jumped over the footlights tonight and gave her a facial."


"I'm just an old fashioned fool of a girl, big boy, and when I sell out it will be for value received, payable in advance in the gold bonds of matrimony."


"And when he kisses—well, the kid goes sorta faint and dreamy and don't care-ish. Nothing like this ever happened to me before. So this is love! Stop it. I love it."

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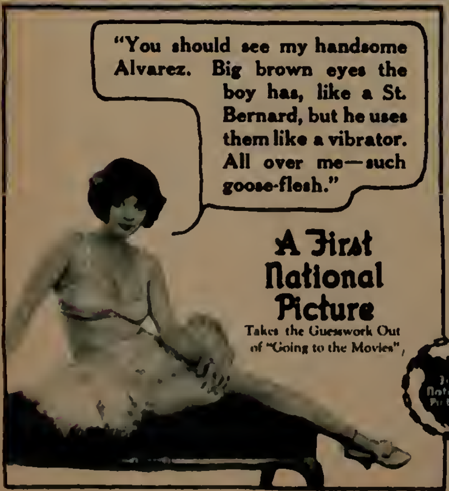
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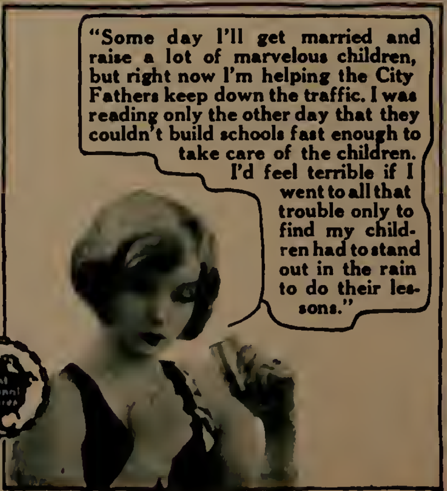
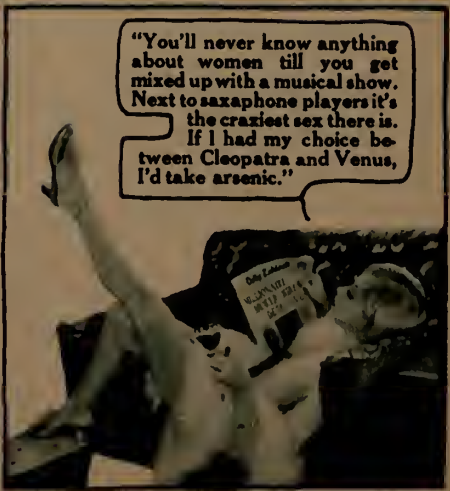

"Some day I'll get married and raise a lot of marvelous children, but right now I'm helping the City Fathers keep down the traffic. I was reading only the other day that they couldn't build schools fast enough to take care of the children. I'd feel terrible if I went to all that trouble only to find my children had to stand out in the rain to do their lessons."


"You'll never know anything about women till you get mixed up with a musical show. Next to saxaphone players it's the craziest sex there is. If I had my choice between Cleopatra and Venus, I'd take arsenic."

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CLASSIC

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Cover portrait of Marie Prevost by Don Reed, especially created by Russell Ball

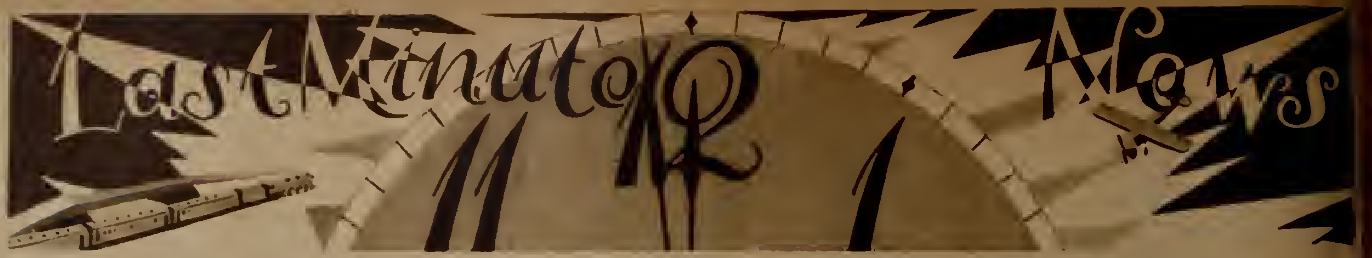
Laurence Reid, Editor

Colin J. Cruickshank, Art Director

Classic comes out on the 10th of every month, Motion Picture Magazine the 28th

Motion Picture Classic *is published monthly at 731 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Ill., by* Motion Picture Publications, Inc. *Entered as second class matter August 31st, 1928, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879; additional entry as second class matter at New York, N.Y. Printed in U.S.A. Editorial and Executive Offices, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N.Y., Copyright 1928 by* Motion Picture Publications, Inc. *Single copy 25c. Subscriptions for U.S., its possessions, and Mexico $2.50 a year, Canada $3.00, Foreign Countries, $3.50. European Agents, Atlas Publishing Company, 18 Bride Lane, London, E.C. 4. George Kent Shuler, Pres. and Treas., Duncan A. Dobie, Jr., Vice Pres., Murray C. Bernays, Sec'y.*

Last Minute News



Mary Pickford is starting production immediately on "Coquette," the Broadway success that Helen Hayes made a hit in last season. This will be the first all-talking picture to be made by one of the "big stars."

William S. Hart will make some records for a talking machine company in New York. Then he will complete arrangements with United Artists to make some pictures, possibly with sound.

Florence Vidor will start work on "Tong War" soon after she returns to the Coast from her honeymoon vacation in New York with Jascha Heifetz, her new violinist husband. Wallace Beery plays opposite.

Karl Dane and Thais Valdemar were married on May 4.

Charlie Chaplin is starting active work on his next picture, to be called "City Lights." Myrna Kennedy is in the cast.

Cedric Belfrage, one of Classic's Coast writers, was married to Virginia Bradford, Pathe star, at Tia Juana, on September 12.

Greta Garbo's next is to be an original screen story of tropical adventure, by John Colton.

Commander Richard E. Byrd is taking along six Hal Roach comedies of "Our Gang" to brighten the Arctic night.

Phyllis Haver is to be "The Shady Lady" instead of appearing in "Office Scandal" next as scheduled.

King Vidor commences production right away on an original story by himself of Negro life in the South. There will be only one white person in the cast. Sound effects will be used for the negro songs and spirituals, many of which will be taken on the actual locale.

Herbert Brenon has visited New York to confer with Fannie Hurst on his new picture, "Lummox," to be released through United Artists.

It is reported that Ignace Jan Paderewski will do three short sound pictures for M-G-M.

Norma Shearer will play in "The Little Angel," an original story of a crook's regeneration. Robert Z. Leonard will direct and Johnny Mack Brown is to play opposite.

Mary Pickford is considering Johnny Mack Brown for her lead in "Coquette."

Kenneth Harlan and Marie Prevost are about to take a try at vaudeville together.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., whom reports say, has married or is about to marry, Joan Crawford, has been chosen, along with Jobyna Ralston, for the leading rôle in Columbus's new production, "The Power of the Press," a newspaper story written by Fred A. Thompson. Robert Edeson is also in the cast.

While New York has awaited with considerable eagerness the first visit of Lupe Velez, it is thankful that she deferred her call until the fall. It wants to experience the novelty of an autumnal heat wave. Lupe is the little girl of whom it has been written: When she was good, she was very, very good; but when she was bad, she was torrid.

William K. Howard is starting work on Janet Gaynor's next picture, as yet untitled. It is to be a story of life in a little island off the Dutch coast. Charles Morton will also be in the cast.

After many rumors and much agony, Gladys Belmont, an unknown extra player, has finally been chosen as lead for Richard Dix's "Redskin."

Tiffany-Stahl announce that their picture starring Belle Bennett, which had the working title. "Patience." has been definitely titled "The Power of Silence."

Dorothy Gish is to appear shortly in a new stage play, "Young Love," with her husband, James Rennie.

Cecil DeMille's first picture under his new connection with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is to be an original story by Jeanie McPherson, and is to be filmed for sound and silent release.

Production has been started on "Ri Rosie," with Alice White in the lead rôle. Jack Mulhall plays opposite, a Thelma Todd has been added to the ca

Marian Nixon has the title rôle Pathe's "Geraldine," adapted fr the Booth Tarkington story.

Pauline Frederick will star in " Trial," her first talking picture. B Lytell plays opposite. Lois Wilson is the cast.

Eva Le Gallienne h been signed by M-G- to make some talking pictur

Ruth Lee Taylor w forced to leave the lea ing rôle in "The Cana Murder Case" on account illness. Jean Arthur is to pl the *Canary* instead.

Sally O'Neill will ha Roland Drew for h leading man in her next pi ture, "Applause," for Tiffan Stahl.

Sally Eilers, Wamp Baby star, has the fem nine lead in "Nize Baby," th picture adaptation of Mi Gross' opus, for Metro-Gol wyn-Mayer.

Betty Compson will be "woman of the ports in Richard Barthelmess' nex picture "Scarlet Seas."

"**Saturday's Childre** will be the title of o of the latest Corinne Griffit pictures.

Florence Vidor and Rich ard Dix are to appear to gether in "Unconquered which Mal St. Clair wi direct.

Milton Sills and Dorothy Mackaill ar shooting scenes in Hawaii for t "Changeling," the story by the late Do Byrne.

"**The** Lady of the Lake" is to be made into a film by Gainsborough Pictures Ltd., of London. It will be a superprodu tion with sound.

Billie Dove is preparing for productio on an, as yet, untitled story of a Russia noblewoman, with the locale laid in Russia and Paris. Frank Lloyd will direct.

Fox's first all Movietone picture will be called "In Old Arizona," and will have Edmund Lowe in the leading rôle. Rao Walsh is to direct.

Harold Lloyd has commenced his fir dialogue picture. The cast has n been chosen yet; he is looking for a ne leading lady.

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IOWA	
Iowa City	Pastime
Mason City	Cecil
Oskaloosa	Rivoli
Red Oak	Beardsley
Shenandoah	Empress
Decorah	Grand
KANSAS	
Topeka	Cosy
Coffeyville	Tackett
Winfield	Regent
Emporia	Strand
Concordia	Whiteway
Leavenworth	Strand
Dodge City	Crown
Newton	Regent
KENTUCKY	
Louisville	Mary Anderson
Lexington	Strand
Henderson	Grand
MAINE	
Augusta	Opera House
Lewiston	Empire
Brunswick	Cumberland
Rumford	Strand
MARYLAND	
Baltimore	Rivoli
Annapolis	Circle Playhouse
Federalsburg	Temple
Salisbury	Opera House
MASSACHUSETTS	
Lawrence	Empire
Lowell	Strand
Brockton	Colonial
Haverhill	Academy
New Bedford	State
Salem	Plaza
Fitchburg	Shea's
Greenfield	Lawler
Malden	Strand
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Milford	State
MICHIGAN	
Detroit	State
Grand Rapids	Regent
Battle Creek	Post
Lansing	Capitol
Kalamazoo	Capitol
Saginaw	Franklin
Bay City	Orpheum
Flint	Regent
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Port Huron	Desmond
Pontiac	Oakland
Ypsilanti	Martha Washington
Alligan	Regent
Albion	Censor
Ironwood	Rex
Calumet	Calumet
Hancock	Kerredge
MISSOURI	
St. Louis	New Grand Central
Kansas City	Globe
Columbia	Columbia
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Clinton	Lee
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Trenton	Hubbell
MONTANA	
Billings	Babcock
Bozeman	Ellen
Miles City	Liberty
Livingston	Orpheum
NEBRASKA	
Beatrice	Ritz
York	Opera House
Holdredge	Sun
Wayne	Crystal
Falls City	Rivoli
Scotts Bluff	Egyptian
NEW HAMPSHIRE	
Rochester	Scenic
Keene	Scenic
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Concord	Capitol
Portsmouth	Colonial

If your favorite picture theatre is not listed here, ask the

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by Jeanie Macpherson

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Picher	Mystic
OREGON	
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Salem	Elsinore
La Grande	Arcade
The Dalles	Empress
Eugene	McDonald
Corvallis	Whiteside
PENNSYLVANIA	
Philadelphia	Stanton
Pittsburgh	Stanley
Erie	Strand
Lancaster	Capitol
Allentown	Cameo
Harrisburg	Loew's Regent
Williamsport	Keystone
Shenandoah	Capitol
Bethlehem	Savoy
Shamokin	Capitol
Lebanon	Jackson
New Castle	Cathedral Auditorium
McKeesport	J.P.Harris
Pottsville	Hollywood
E. Stroudsburg	Plaza
Washington	Harris-State
Greenville	Strand
Lehighton	Park
Milton	Legionaire
Beaver Falls	Rialto
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Pawtucket	Leroy
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Charleston	Academy
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Manager when he is going to show "The King of Kings."

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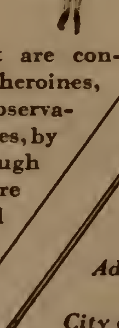

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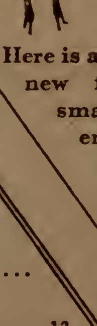

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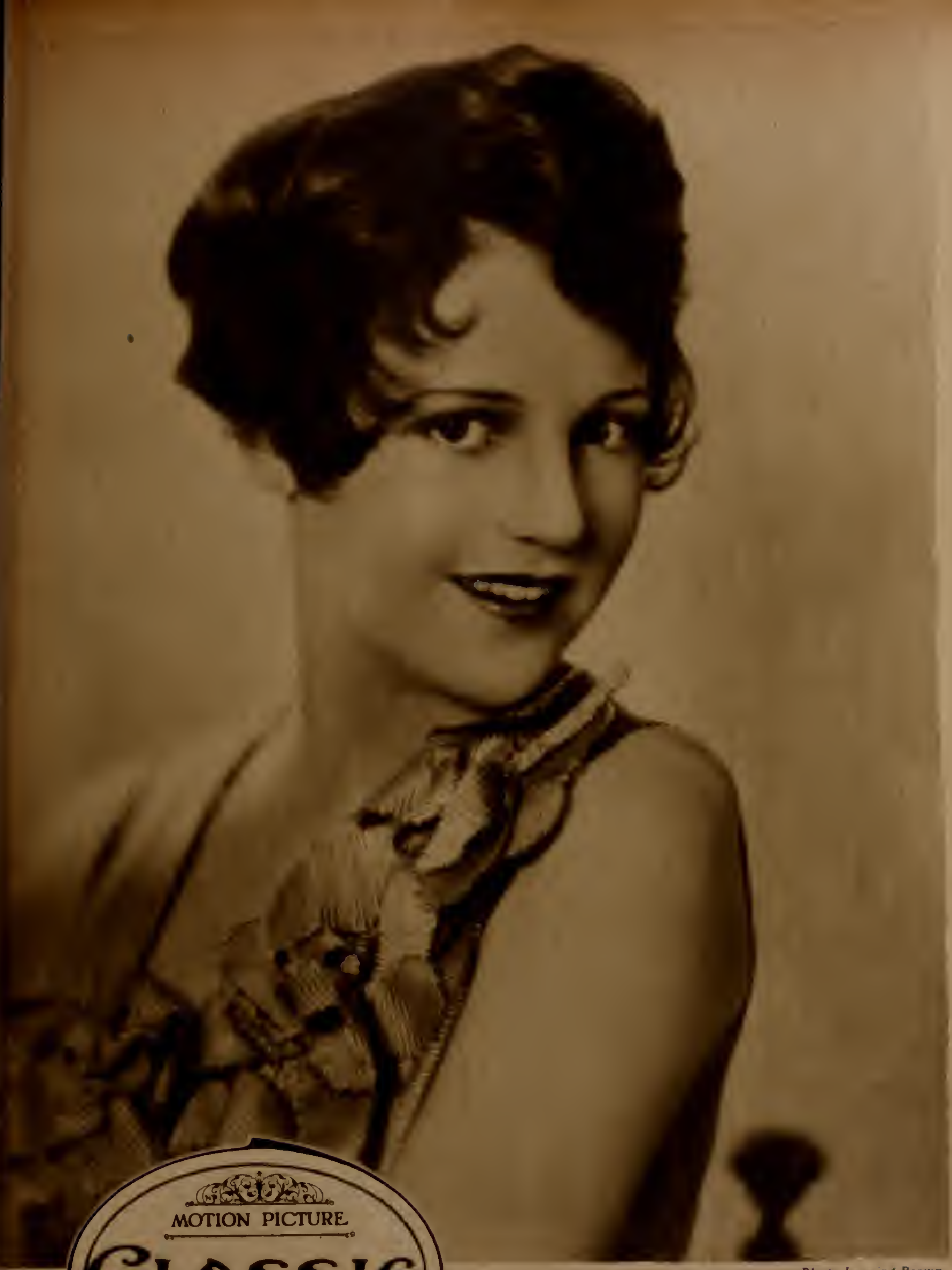


MOTION PICTURE
CLASSIC
November, 1928

Photo Lansing Brown

SUE CAROL

Travel has such a broadening effect—upon the smile. Especially when, as in the case of Sue Carol, a young girl has the opportunity not only to go to Europe but to go there just for the purpose of playing opposite Nick Stuart

Photo Russell Ball

Photo Autrey

MADGE BELLAMY

Her parents told her not to go to Hallowe'en parties and not to eat green peaches. But Madge just would. And now she's sorry. Perhaps hereafter she'll see some real wisdom in the title of her most recent picture, "Mother Knows Best"

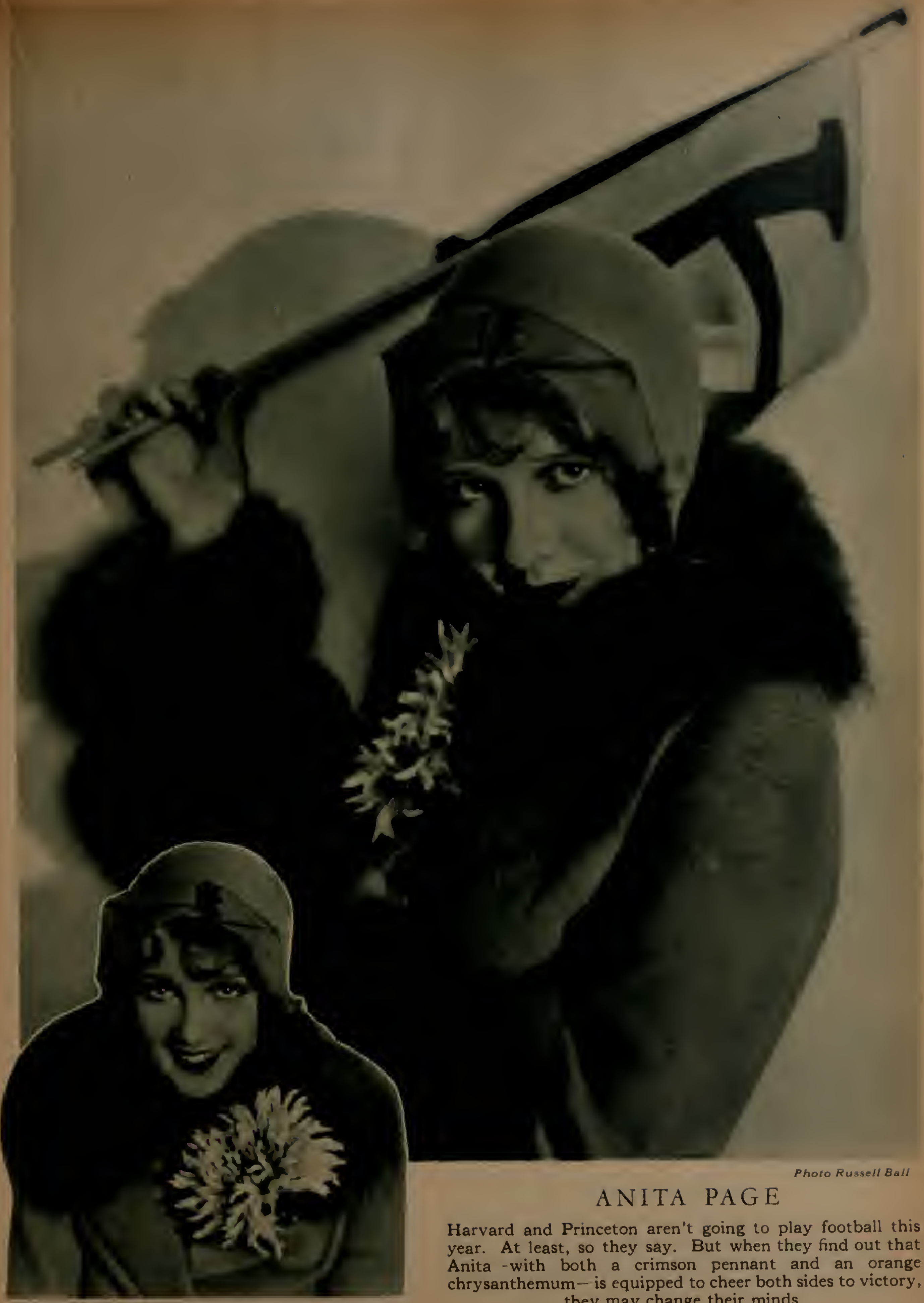


Photo Russell Ball

ANITA PAGE

Harvard and Princeton aren't going to play football this year. At least, so they say. But when they find out that Anita -with both a crimson pennant and an orange chrysanthemum— is equipped to cheer both sides to victory, they may change their minds

Photo Edwin Bower Hesser

WILLIAM BOYD

Maybe the development of his arms is natural. But we suspect him of building them up particularly for making the most of the opportunity he has in "The Love Song" of playing opposite to, but not distant from, Lupe Velez

The Magazine With the Personality
MOTION PICTURE
CLASSIC

Pictures and Personalities

By GEORGE KENT SHULER
PUBLISHER

AMONG the many who have been thrown into a state of panic by the introduction of sound into pictures are the theater musicians, the members of the legion of orchestras which hitherto have been the mainstay of picture presentation.

The number of these artists in the country comes to a figure astonishing to one who has never given the subject speculation. One chain of picture playhouses alone employs at present more than fifty thousand. The total enrolment of these musical corps probably amounts to at least three or four times as many, and perhaps more.

They are, the majority of them, members of unions, and they have already, in several parts of the country, met to discuss ways and means of preserving their livelihood against the encroachment of the talkies into the field until recently all their own. For it is obvious that picture producers, with their mechanically synchronized scores and with their special musical features in celluloid or phonographic form, can cut down the overhead of exhibition to a fraction of what it is today; and that with those devices they intend to do so.

Rivalry and Reasons

INDEED the affair has gone further than intention. It already has been put into practice. One picture-making company alone has some four hundred short subjects available for theater managers: subjects either with dialogue or songs or instrumental music; and another has almost an equal number. When an orchestra costs a thousand dollars and the rental of these tinned attractions runs to hardly more than fifty dollars, it must be admitted that an exhibitor of films will be inclined to see in them many a virtue. And that the musicians themselves will be hard put to bring arguments for their own further employment. They are very genuinely up against it.

This, of course, is a repetition of a phase which innumerable times within the last few hundred years has come about in the practice of human skill. The machine has stepped in again and again to do, for but a fragment of the cost, what up to a certain time only the experienced hand of man could do. In weaving, in farming, in the working of metals—in a thousand and one other occupations, the brains of one man in a machine have supplanted the brains of thousands of men not in a machine.

More Than Enough Is Too Much

EVEN in motion pictures this has been so. The film has gone into a hundred towns at once and done in more finished form and at a smaller cost what before the stock company or the road-show company used to do. And so it is the most natural assumption in the world for those whose fortunes have been made in pictures that the mechanical duplication of music can do what already has been done by the mechanical reproduction of acting.

To a degree—and to a considerable degree—the film-makers are undoubtedly right. The musicians are, as a whole, going to feel sorely the competition of the talkies.

But it is our opinion that a development in this direction, in the direction of completely mechanising entertainment, can easily go too far. Producers of photoplays should bear in mind that until the talkie became a fact the stock company and, with lesser frequency, the road-show company of actors in the flesh, were reappearing on the horizon. For all that such stage productions could not present to audiences the magnificent sets, the gorgeous costumes, the armies of supernumeraries that the movies have at their disposal, theatergoers liked them. And it is not improbable, if the talkies had not been invented, that the movies might have felt more and more steadily this counter-attack of the stage.

The All-Canned Diet Palls

SO, too, it is likely that patrons of theatrical entertainment may easily get too much of the all-machine talkie. They have enough of the sound of the phonograph and the radio at home. Many of them go to the movies purely for the pleasure of hearing music made right before their ears. And those who serve these theatergoers will do well not to be radical in their substitution of canned for fresh music. People will stand for it for a while. But not forever. The theater will ever need the living presence; it should, and if it is wise it will, maintain at least a part of its human orchestra. For people will no more accept forever a diet of entertainment that is all-mechanical, all canned, than they will a diet of food of the same sort. The sandwich of tinned chicken is always the better for a leaf of green lettuce.

PRESIDENT

HERBERT HOOVER ....REPUBLICAN

HERB

BY DOROTHY DONNELL

FOR the first time in Hollywood history, picture people are talking politics. For the first time since the Montmartre began serving creamed chicken, its famous noonday lunchers are discussing affairs taking place beyond the farthest city limits of Beverly Hills.

It was the dashing Jimmie Walker, friend and emissary of Al Smith, who first brought it to our attention that the national elections might have an effect on Hollywood by the startling charge that "one of the big parties"—guess which—seemed to be trying to swing the power of the screen to its candidate, and dropping a dire hint that the picture houses in New York City might be closed if the attempt succeeded. Sunday closing of the movies in the biggest amusement market in the world would mean a severe loss to producers and a drop in salaries.

Was Jimmie right? Has one of the big political parties swung the movie vote to Alfred Smith or Herbert Hoover?

Actors have never been particularly interested in politics. Their profession—together with their landladies—has kept them on the move too fast for them to qualify as registered voters. William Powell admits that he has never been able to cast a vote yet. Many members of the movie colony were away on location trips this year and missed the chance to register. It is improbable, I should say, from a hasty survey of the situation in our town that the election of either Al Smith or Herbert Hoover will be swung in Hollywood. Yet although the number of votes the movie colony will cast is small, almost every player has made a choice of candidates. Only Mal St. Clair, the director, when I asked him if he would be willing to tell me how he was going to vote, responded amiably, "Certainly. Now let's see—who's running?"

Talk of Herb et Al

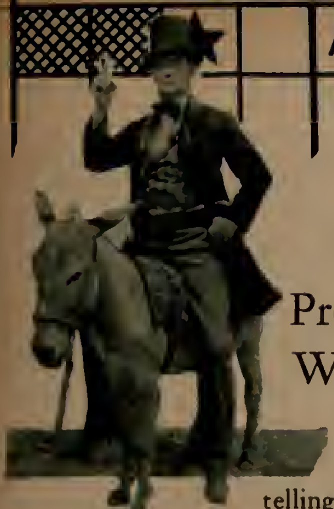
FOR the first time other portions of the newspaper than the theatrical page are read and discussed, and the conversations on the studio stages include outsiders such as Al and Herb.

Haven't we two actual delegates to the Republican National Convention, Joe Schenck and Louis B. Mayer, both fairly well known in movie circles? Isn't our own Will Rogers writing for the papers every day,

On the elephant, Marian Nixon; then, Mack Swain, Corinne Griffith, Clive Brook, Belle Bennett, Clarence Brown, Jean Hersholt, Monte Blue, Raquel Torres, Laura La Plante, Doris Kenyon, Norma Talmadge, Milton Sills, Betty Blythe, Hobart Bosworth, Marian Nixon, and William Seiter

PRESIDENT

ALFRED E. SMITH.......... DEMO



or AL?

Prophesying How Hollywood Will Vote Is A Politicklish Proposition

telling the folks why they should vote Democratic and kidding the Hoover boys? And hasn't the Little Father of the movies himself, Will Hays, a throne which might be overturned by a Smith victory this fall? No wonder we are interested in politics—not to mention the question of prohibition.

"No matter which one is elected," as one star put this issue with remarkable clarity, "I don't think it will make any difference about liquor. We'll be able to get it just the same, whether it's Al or Herb."

From questioning several hundred directors and players I have found that they are interested not so much in the issues and the planks of the platforms as in the men themselves. The personalities of the two candidates this fall appeal to their taste for the dramatic. The movie colony as a whole is neither Democratic nor Republican; it is composed of Smith supporters and Hoover admirers. I promised them to make this very clear in gathering a straw vote of Hollywood, for—as Conrad Nagel pointed out—"any comment by an actor on politics or religion is bad publicity."

"You see it's like this," a cautious leading man objected. "I'm a New Yorker, and if I said I was for Hoover nobody would go to see my pictures when they get to Broadway. But if I say I'm for Al Smith, that's not so good either. I'm making a detective picture right now, and the newspapers say that Hoover reads nothing but detective tales. So, you see, I'd lose fans either way."

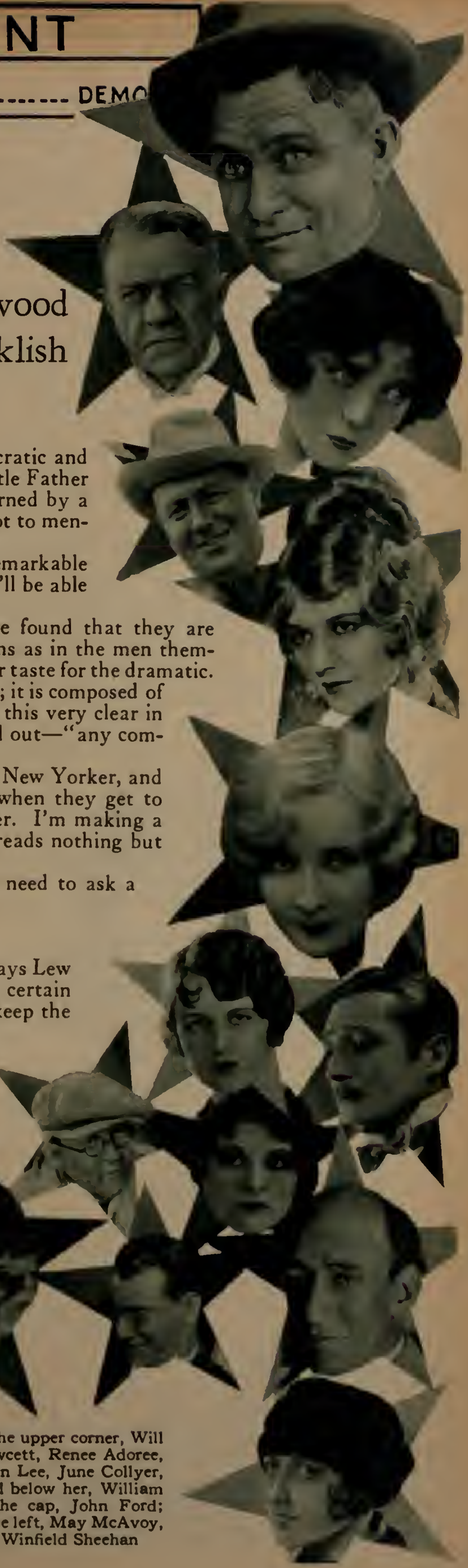
Adolphe Menjou likewise refused to commit himself. "I might need to ask a favor of the government some day," he remarked drily.

Big Hearted Lew

FEW of the players are as broadminded as Lew Cody. "I feel," says Lew earnestly, "from a deep study of the situation that it is pretty certain that either Al Smith or Herbert Hoover will win. And if they will keep the polls open till midnight, I will promise to vote for both of them."

One interesting factor of the political situation in Hollywood is the enthusiasm of the foreign players, most of whom have no vote, for Hoover. "The English people like Hoover immensely," says

(*Continued on page 82*)

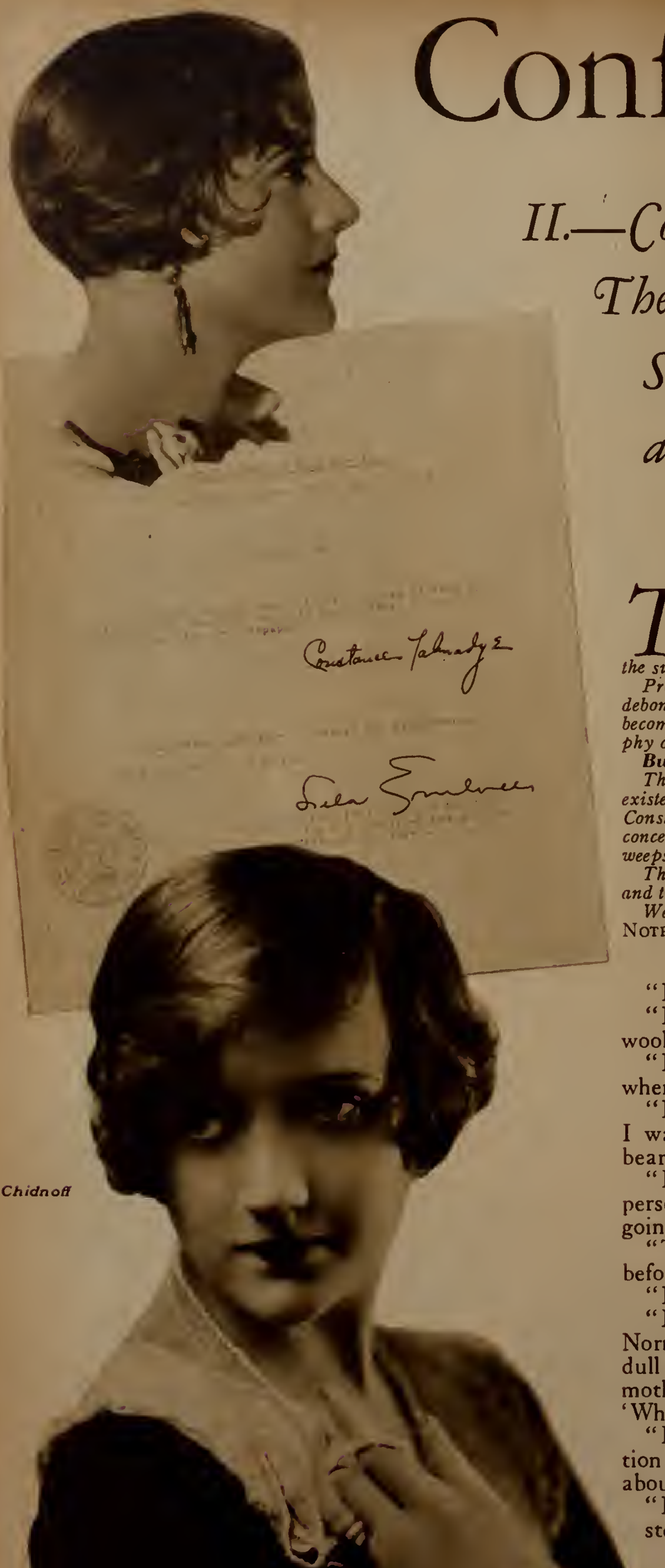


On the donkey, Eddie Gribbin; in the upper corner, Will Rogers; then, in order, George Fawcett, Renee Adoree, Emil Jannings, Mary Philbin, Gwen Lee, June Collyer, Edmund Lowe, Lina Basquette, and below her, William de Mille and Aileen Pringle; in the cap, John Ford; below him, Johnny Hines; then, to the left, May McAvoy, Lilyan Tashman, Tom Mix and Winfield Sheehan

Confessions *of*

II.—Constance Talmadge Reveals The Untold Truth About What She Has Been, What She Is, and What She Wants to Be

By GLADYS HALL



Chidnoff

THIS is the second article of a series called CONFESSIONS OF THE MOVIE STARS. ***Stories they have never told before.*** *Facts never before divulged.*

It constitutes proof positive that there **is** *something new under the sun, former opinion to the contrary.*

Probably no one has been more extensively publicized than the debonair Constance Talmadge. Her views on men and marriage have become frayed with rewriting. Her love affairs. Her day-to-day philosophy of life. A casual, careless Constance, reckless and devil-may-care.

But there is another Constance Talmadge.

There is a Constance you have never met before, never read about, the existence of whom you have never been even vaguely suspicious. A Constance who has donned the cap and bells, the merry motley, to conceal a tender heart, a passionate profundity. A Constance who weeps as well as laughs, who prays as well as plays.

This Constance represents new and incontestable proof that comedy and tragedy are blood-kin.

We introduce you to this new Constance Talmadge.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

"I was the stupidest child ever born.

"I spent my school days learning nothing and pulling wool over the teacher's eyes.

"I was kidnaped, and all but headed for a life of sin when I was seven.

"I had the most hectic First Love in the world, bar none. I was nearly murdered and the gentleman in question bears a scar to this day.

"I'm tired of being 'The Life of the Party.' I'm not the person people think I am. I have another face and I'm going to show it—for the first time.

"These are the five factors in my life I've never revealed before. *Never.*

"I'll begin at the beginning:

"I was, actually, the stupidest child ever born. Where Norma and Natalie had been bright and precocious, I was dull and slow. When I was eighteen months old, my mother, Peg, would wring her hands dramatically and wail 'What have I here?'

"I neither walked nor talked, nor did I show any intention of ever doing either. I paid no attention to the world about me. I didn't sit and think: I simply sat.

"I was nearly two years old before I took one single step.

"Until I was six or seven I never played with other children. I made up endless games with paper dolls. These flimsy make-believes were my sole companions. I created families of them and was absorbed in the imaginary lives of these bits of paper for days and weeks at a time. If it had not been for Natalie, who constituted herself my slave and admirer from the

the Stars

THE SECOND
OF A SERIES OF REAL LIFE STORIES

moment of my birth, I should have been a female hermit. Incidentally, our more-than-sisterly devotion has never wavered.

A Passion for People

"WHEN I was seven, the Great Change took place. I've been going ever since. My indifference to people changed to a passion for people. I would grab at them in the streets, shout at them from the windows. I would have brought just anyone home with me to stay if I could have got away with it.

"It was my confidence in people that precipitated the first great dramatic event in my life.

"*I was kidnaped.*

"It happened like this: I was about seven and I was going to Jersey to stay with an aunt. Peg put me on the ferry-boat on the New York side and my aunt was to meet me in Hoboken. I received explicit instructions to speak to no one en route and to stand quietly on the pier until my aunt salvaged me.

"On the way over a nicely dressed, middle-aged woman came up and began to talk to me. Of course I talked back. I told her the entire story of our lives—with considerable embroidery. I threw in little bits about the family mansion in Brooklyn. I omitted to say that it had been loaned to Peg by a friend who was familiar with our straitened circumstances. Nor did I say that they were always straitened. The friend owned the house and could neither sell it nor rent it. While it was on the market, she let us occupy it. Neither did I see fit to tell my ferry-boat friend that we only occupied three or four rooms of it and were hard put to it to heat them.

"She admired my new shoes and I told her, grandly, that my sisters and I each had several pairs. It didn't seem necessary to say that Peg had found a sample shoe shop where shoes were to be had for seventy-five cents and a dollar a pair. Norma and Natalie and Anita Stewart and I shopped there for years. Only recently did Peg find out that Joe Schenck used to be playing cards with the owner of the sample shoes—in a back room—at the very time 'us girls' were shopping there.

Fast Work, Fast Friends

"WELL, by the time we reached Hoboken I was gratified to see a veritable blaze of admiration—and something else—in my new friend's eyes. I had managed to convince her that she had a che-ild of wealth in her

(*Continued on page 70*)

Ball

Bulloch

Disguising The Ruth

That's what someone's trying to do to the very sophisticated Miss Taylor. But you can't fool us. Take off them—pardon us—anyway, we know you

Hendrickson

He'd Like To Be A BUM

But Mr. Fairbanks the Elder Keeps on Working With *Dougged* Determination

By DOROTHY MANNERS

Although he has more energy than an All-American football team, Douglas Fairbanks insists that he is—or would be, if he could—the laziest man in the world

Lynch

THE day's work was practically over at the Fairbanks studio. Here and there a carpenter wandered along with his last slab of timber and art directors laid away their sketches of the revived *D'Artagnan*. Stenographers, up in the front office, and bookkeepers filed their final clerical note for the day. Even the quota of visiting English nobility had come—spread their broad vowels of enthusiasm on the new palace set—teaed with Doug (strong tea with a bit of lemon, please) and departed. For a moment the activity of launching a new and very special movie was suspended. Doug is going to do *D'Artagnan* again. Big sets. Big plans. Hammers, hammers, hammers. Click of typewriters. Hurry up. The big ship is to be launched in a week. Everything must be ready for the further exploits of "The Three Musketeers," this time to be called "The Iron Mask." Everything must be ready for Fairbanks, zephyr of the screen, symbol of all that is swashbuckling, idol of Boy Scouts. All right. But for the moment we rest.

"I could be the best bum in the world—if they'd let me," said Fairbanks. He slumped down a little lower in his chair. His cigarette burned lazily between his fingers. On the wall of his dressing-room hung the blue chart of his coming activities. But his back was to it. In front of him was his favorite pep machine guaranteed to take the soreness out of any muscle. But its juice was turned off. A door was opened into the elaborate office that adjoins his suite. But his desk was unoccupied.

Carefully Careless

BELIEVE it or not, this was a portrait of Fairbanks that early fall afternoon one week before he went into production. This was a portrait of Doug, whoopee artist de luxe of the screen, who for ten years or more has been putting the action in acting, the dynamite in drama.

He wore his working clothes—white shirt opened at the throat, duck pants carelessly belted up, a Barrett cap perched jauntily on one side of his head. All day long the flash of his white clothes and sun-blackened body had lead the workers to the fray as he called orders from chinning bars; and O-K'd contracts as he slid down banisters.

But for the moment the great Jump-God, Doug, was resting too, slumped way down in his chair, conversationally playing with the idea of being a bum—the world's best bum.

Was this another suppressed desire of the great? Chaplin wants to do *Hamlet*. Gilbert wants to do comedy. Pickford wants to grow up. Doug wants to be a royal bum. Well, why not? So far as money goes, he need never work another day of his life. If he chose, he could be a happy vagabond, drifting here and there, wherever his fancy might lead him.

"But I can't," he protested. "I have my obligations to my partners—Mary, Charlie, Griffith, United Artists. I must make pictures to keep up my part of the obligation I assumed when we organized."

He pushed the Barrett cap to an even more hazardous position over his ear.

"I'm a very lazy man," he insisted. "I don't like work any better than the next fellow. There seems to be an

(*Continued on page 75*)

Hollywood *Gives* Texas Guinan *A Great Big Foot*

A Surging Crowd of Six People Welcomes Her Back to the Coast

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

P. & A.

P. & A.

At the top: Texas Guinan and, to the left of her, Laura Wilkinson, a cabaret entertainer, attending one of Aimee Semple McPherson's revival meetings. Just above, Miss Guinan arriving in Los Angeles

INGRATITUDE, that ugly spectre of the motion picture industry, has raised its head again in Hollywood, and right-thinking men and women of the celluloid metropolis bow theirs in shame.

A coy, dimpling little pixie of a girl left our midst many years ago, and set her face bravely for the perils of great big New York City. Just a sweet darling she was, unspotted by the lower elements of life—a brave adventurer on the world's highway. She had graduated from the high school of burlesque somewhere in the less pretentious section of Los Angeles. Struggling up, ever up toward the light, she had reached one of the lower pinnacles of success in the movies, as a Western star—a two-gun woman they called her: she who was so clean, so fresh, so girlish that they had to show her which end of the deadly weapons was the proper one to hold.

New York could not daunt her. Determined to be of service to her fellow-men in a big way, cost her what it might in struggles, she fought herself into an unchallenged position as the city's premier remover of wrinkles from the brows of exhausted business men. No one questioned her eminence in ironing out wrinkles and pocket-books except a few low-minded revenue men, who sought on five different occasions to stop her wonderful humanitarian work on some trumpery charge of using alcohol to smooth out her clients' massive foreheads. Needless to say, their unworthy efforts were fruitless, and, by the mere payment of a $10,000 bond and a promise to take a long journey, the Florence Nightingale of the Jazz Age kept her freedom.

No Mayor, No Music

AND whither should this noble lady take a journey but to the little Western burg of Los Angeles, where she got her start in life? The fact that she had in her pocket a contract worth $40,000 more than the amount of the bond should not inspire cynical doubts about her visit being prompted purely by a gush of praiseworthy sentiment. Texas Guinan was coming back to California—right back, as the songster of old time phrased it, where she started from.

Yet, incredible as it may seem, when Texas stepped off the train simply adorned with two pearl ropes, two diamond pendants and sixteen assorted bracelets, there was no Mayor to shake her by the hand—in fact, it was the first train in years that the Mayor had not met to welcome somebody to the city. There was a band, certainly, but the local Musicians' Union was so dead to all decent feeling that it sent a messenger forbidding one note to be played on peril of excommunication. There were no notables of the motion picture world to tell the little, modestly adorned lady how proud they were of their colleague who had made good in the great big world. Two pretty young things who had been assistant wrinkle-removers at Texas' New York establishments; the man who was to direct the film mentioned in

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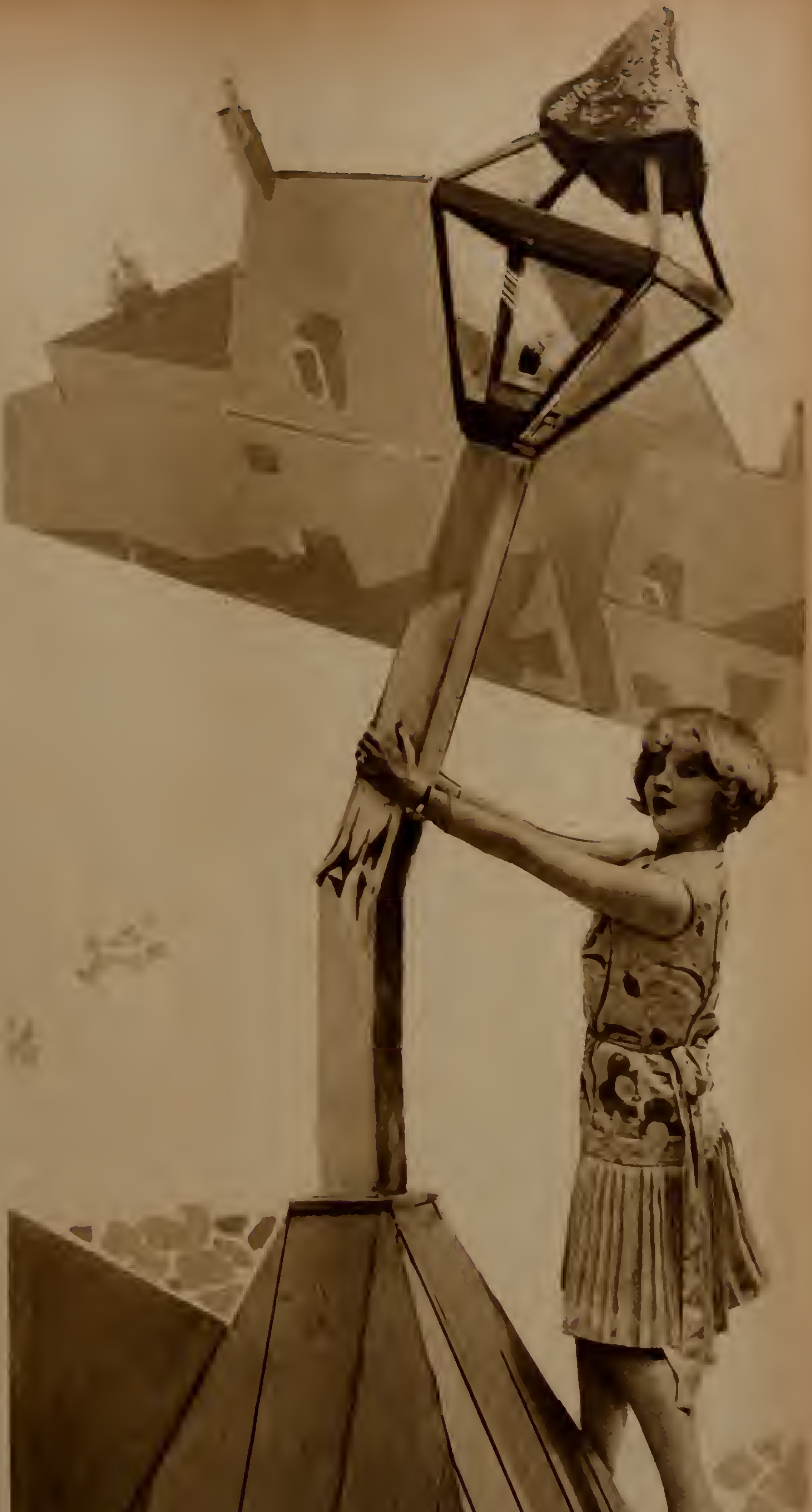
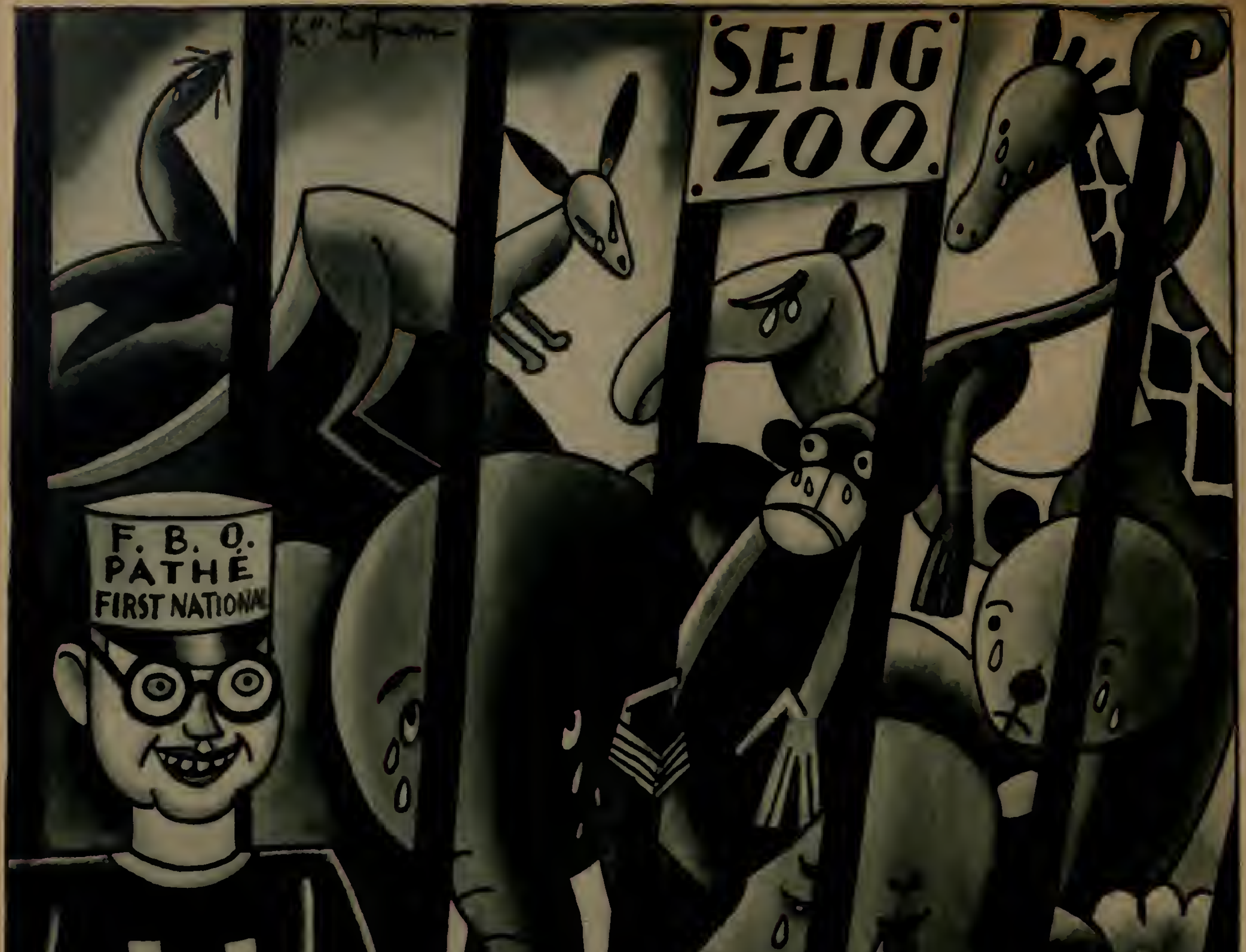
Still Lit



Alice White gives her impression of how a man-about-town must feel, trying to find his way about town about four in the morning and clinging doggedly to his Saturday evening post. Whatever the joys of the rounder's existence, Alice is certain that the life of a lamp-post, although apparently serene and secure, is not what it's cracked up to be

Don Gillum


SELIG
ZOO
F. B. O.
PATHÉ
FIRST NATIONAL
H

Hollywood Horrors:

The animals think, because they're the only things in Hollywood he hasn't bought, that Joe Kennedy doesn't love them

Stop Me, If You've Heard This One—

These Are the Favorite Irish Stories of The Stars---and They're Well Worth Erin

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

OUIS WOLHEIM: Pat had a habit of coming home intoxicated almost every night, and invariably his wife met him at the door with a rolling-pin or some equally effective article. On a neighbor's advice, Mrs. Pat decided to change her tactics and be kind to him, instead.

That evening Pat came home, inebriated as usual. Instead of beating him, Mrs. Pat began lavishing him with affection. She took him into the living room, administered cold towels to his aching head, kissed him, and Pat sighed rapturously.

At last Mrs. Pat said: "And how do you feel now, Pat darling?"

"And I feel gorgeous," replied Pat. "It's just like Hevvin, my dear."

"Well, sweetheart," continued Mrs. Pat, "let's go upstairs."

Pat hesitated a moment, and then said:

"Begorry, and I guess I might just as well, because I'm going to catch hell when I get home anyway."

WILLIAM BOYD: Mr. Murphy and Mr. Flannigan on the porch of a summer resort.

"Do you see thim sparrows?" asked Murphy.

"I do," said Flannigan.

"Well," continued Murphy, "they were brought to this country to eat up the worms. There was a long dude from London who brought out two in a box and bred and inbred thim until now they are thicker than worms. Flannigan, which would you rather have, the worms or the sparrows?"

"Well, by Gad, Murphy, I've niver had sparrows!"

ESTELLE TAYLOR: A young Irish lad was on his first trip to New York City. He met with a lady who invited him to her apartment, and then slipped into a beguiling negligée.

The scene changes, and the young Irish lad is home in Killarney telling of it:

"And, begorra, do ye know that I think I could have kissed that gir-rl?"

LUCIAN PRIVAL: Mike and Pat were already pretty much under the weather when they lined up in front of Kelly's bar.

Said Kelly: "And phwat will yez have?"

Mike was about to state his preference when Pat, glaring at Kelly with animosity written all over his rum-blown face, interrupted:

"Shet yer mouth, Mike, don't yez tell him—make the damned omahoun guess." And then the fight started.

Scandalized? Of course, Colleen Moore is. Never in the world did she dream that Charlie Murray's story actually would be the one that, from the very start, she was afraid it might

CHARLES MURRAY: It was a wintry night but the moon was shining and the snow had ceased to fall. Pat and Mary, thirty years married, sat together.

"Mary, what a night for a sleigh ride if we only had a sleigh?" said Pat.

"Murphy has a sleigh," suggested Mary.

"Let's go an' ax him for the loan of it." So they started to Murphy's house. Fifty feet from home, Pat stopped:

"I hope Murphy doesn't refuse us the loan of that sleigh," he said.

"Phwy should he?" asked Mary. "Come on—don't be silly."

In another hundred feet, Pat again stopped.

"Mary," he said, "you know that if Murphy refused to lend us the sleigh and harses, I'd feel very much hurt—seein' we're such old friends."

"Don't be foolish, Pat—phwy should he refuse? Come on and forget it."

As they came up to the door, Pat paused. "Mary," he declared, "if Murphy declines to lend me that sleigh, I'll be tempted to give him a punch in the nose."

"For Hivin's sake, Pat—ring the bell."

Trembling with anger, Pat rang. Murphy came to the door:

"Phwat will ye have, Pat?

"Ye kin keep yer damn sleigh!" cried Pat, "I don't want it!"

WILLIAM S. HART: "Good mornin', Pat."

"Good mornin', Mike."

"How's the wife?"

"She's in bed with sciatica."

"And why don't you shoot the dago?"

LOIS WILSON: Pat called Mike's attention to the daily accident column in the newspapers. "Phwat with motorists, airplanes, trolley cars," he opined, "there's no telling when you'll go home dead."

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Haughty! Haughty!

Mr. and Mrs. Heifetz May Be Romantic But, Remember, They're Refined

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

Hommel

HOLLYWOOD is feeling both resentful and boastful.

Resentful, because Florence Vidor didn't confide to its gossip-loving ears the fact that she was going to be married, and because when she and her Jascha arrived in town, they got off at a water tank on the outskirts instead of allowing themselves to be met at the station with camera and reporters and other time-honored ballyhoo.

Boastful, because at last a movie star has made a distinguished marriage and has chosen a man whose fame is greater than her own. A home-town girl has made good.

As a recent writer for the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE pointed out, our screen women—gorgeous, beautiful, with the world apparently at their jeweled slipper-toes—have most of them made curiously unimportant marriages, when they went outside of their own profession for a husband. None of them has won the heart of a world-wide celebrity—until a year ago Jascha Heifetz, one of the greatest of violinists, confided to a newspaper woman in San Francisco that he had fallen in love with a picture star who "was not like many others in Hollywood, but a very charming and cultured lady."

He did not reveal the name of the very charming lady who had stolen his heart, but in the weeks that followed the strains of a violin played by a master's hand sometimes stole out in the evenings from the low-eaved English house on the quiet street where Florence Vidor lives. It is a house where music is revered. There is a fine grand piano, but no phonograph or radio. And the neighbors murmured, "That's Heifetz."

Gossip Never Touched Her

THERE was little gossip. Somehow, our best gossips have never talked much about Florence Vidor, perhaps because there is a fineness about her, a dignity that they do not understand in a screen star; and that abashes them. And she has never taken Hollywood into her confidence. Even at the time of her divorce from King Vidor, she held her head high, smiled gallantly, and said nothing. An enigma, this "little Firenze" as her friends call her. She came from a small backwoods Texas town and made of herself precisely what she was determined to be: a poised and self-possessed woman of the world, well-read, and with a cultured taste in music. Her accent falls, with its hint of preciousness, oddly on Hollywood ears. It is, they say, a deliberate thing. Not more than seven years ago a New York critic, meeting Florence Vidor for the first time, wrote of the "disappointment one felt when she spoke." From that moment, it is said, Florence set about cultivating a low voice and losing her prairie pronunciation.

Jascha Heifetz has been a celebrity ever since, as a boy-prodigy, he toured America twenty years ago. He has traveled the world over and seen and been fêted by beautiful women everywhere—and he has come to Hollywood to choose his wife. Therefore Hollywood is proud. But he and Florence Vidor chose to keep their wedding plans secret, and managed to be clever enough to throw reporters off the track as to their train, and so Hollywood is a little resentful, too.

(Continued on page 73)

There seems to be little doubt now that every man in the country will soon be studying buccaneering in his spare time. And perhaps besides in time that he really can't spare. All, of course, due to final confirmation of the fact that Mary Duncan will play in the leading feminine rôle in "The River Pirate"

Autrey

COLLEGE

Bah! Bah! Bah! The
At the Way the

Rah! Rah! Rah! Sis boom bah!
Yale crabs the movies
'Cause they're blah! blah! blah!

WITH apologies to both Yale and the movies the above little ditty gets over pretty well the current sentiment of the colleges throughout the country toward our popular Hollywood collegiate movies. So decided is the antagonism toward the college stories that Yale pointedly refused to allow the Paramount company to film a picture on their campus and declined the honor of perpetuating their traditions in celluloid. Frank Tuttle, a former Yale man, and his company, headed by Buddy Rogers, were no more surprised than all Hollywood at their unlooked-for attitude and after many wires from Yale back and forth to the Coast the company moved down to Princeton. The Tiger accorded them a slightly more gracious welcome. Very slight. They permitted the company to set up their cameras on the campus, but the Hollywood troupe was not long in discovering that the Princeton students had been responsible for an effort to ban collegiate movies in all the local theaters.

The college magazines and papers are abounding in complaints against college life as depicted by Bebe Daniels, Richard Dix, Marion Davies and Rod LaRocque. The deans are indignant. The students scornful. The movie producers, slightly puzzled at the vehement attitude, sit back and wonder "Why?" In other words—what's all the shooting for? Hadn't the movies tried to make college a gay, romping place where everybody had a good time without any censorable situations? Hadn't they always shown the college girls as pretty, peppy creatures and all the college boys as handsome football players? Didn't the right team invariably win the football game and weren't the sorority houses cute?

You bet!

That was just the trouble.

All Photos by P. & A.

At the top: Yale students attending Class Day exercises; just below, Morley Drury, University of Southern California football star; and on either side of him, two girl cheer-leaders from George Washington High School, New York. With their megaphones, the Naval Academy cheer-leaders; next below, the Maryland University girls' rifle team; and at the bottom, the Princeton football squad

YELLS!

Universities Are Mad Movies Picture Them

By DOROTHY MANNERS

Shame on the movies—was the slogan of the universities! Shame, for painting so false a picture. If the editorial writers of the various college journals are to be believed, college isn't like that at all. The movies, they claim, show us college girls that look like chorus girls of about eighteen or nineteen years of age. The real colleges point with pride to their co-eds of twenty-five or twenty-six who are serious-minded young women learning serious-minded professions. The movies depict sport as the central point around which all college life revolves. The colleges are there to remind you that no handsome boy ever won a football game whose class marks weren't up to, and above, the average. This may seem like much of an ado about nothing, but the colleges feel that this false impression is creating great harm in our Great American Family Life where the problem as to whether or not Bud will go to college is a big one.

A Growl from the Brain

"TO parents who have saved up money all their life to send a boy through college, this giddy movie impression must be discouraging, to say the least," commented J. Brewer Avery, columnist of "The Bruin," a paper published daily at the University of California at Los Angeles. "Movie plots abound with snappy roadsters and an elaborate change of the hero's costume in every other scene. Where are the average parents to get the money for such advantages for their boy? And suppose he isn't invited into the school's best fraternity. That's a fate worse than death—according to the movies.

"Another thing—this attracts the wrong type of student to the universities," Mr. Avery continued. "The silly, wasteful type of boy sees in college a great chance to play away four years of his own time and his father's money in one great, big splurge of gaiety and drunkenness. I have seen pictures in which it is 'cute' for the hero to stagger into his classes slightly tipsy. But in any college that is worth its name this is no light offense. In presenting this style of entertainment I do not think the movies intend to be detrimental. They consider merely the amusement value. But harm *is* done!"

Continuing along somewhat the same line, Mr. James M. Neville in an article on "What's Wrong With College Movies?" printed in the March issue of "College Life," is even less charitable with the movies. In commenting on Princeton's protest against the showing of collegiate pictures, Mr. Neville feels that it was no more than the movies deserved. He wrote, in part:

"*Hollywood, unfortunately, has created its own ideas of campus life. The directors, in their youth, heard of colleges and read about them in the thrilling tales of Frank Merriwell at Yale.*"

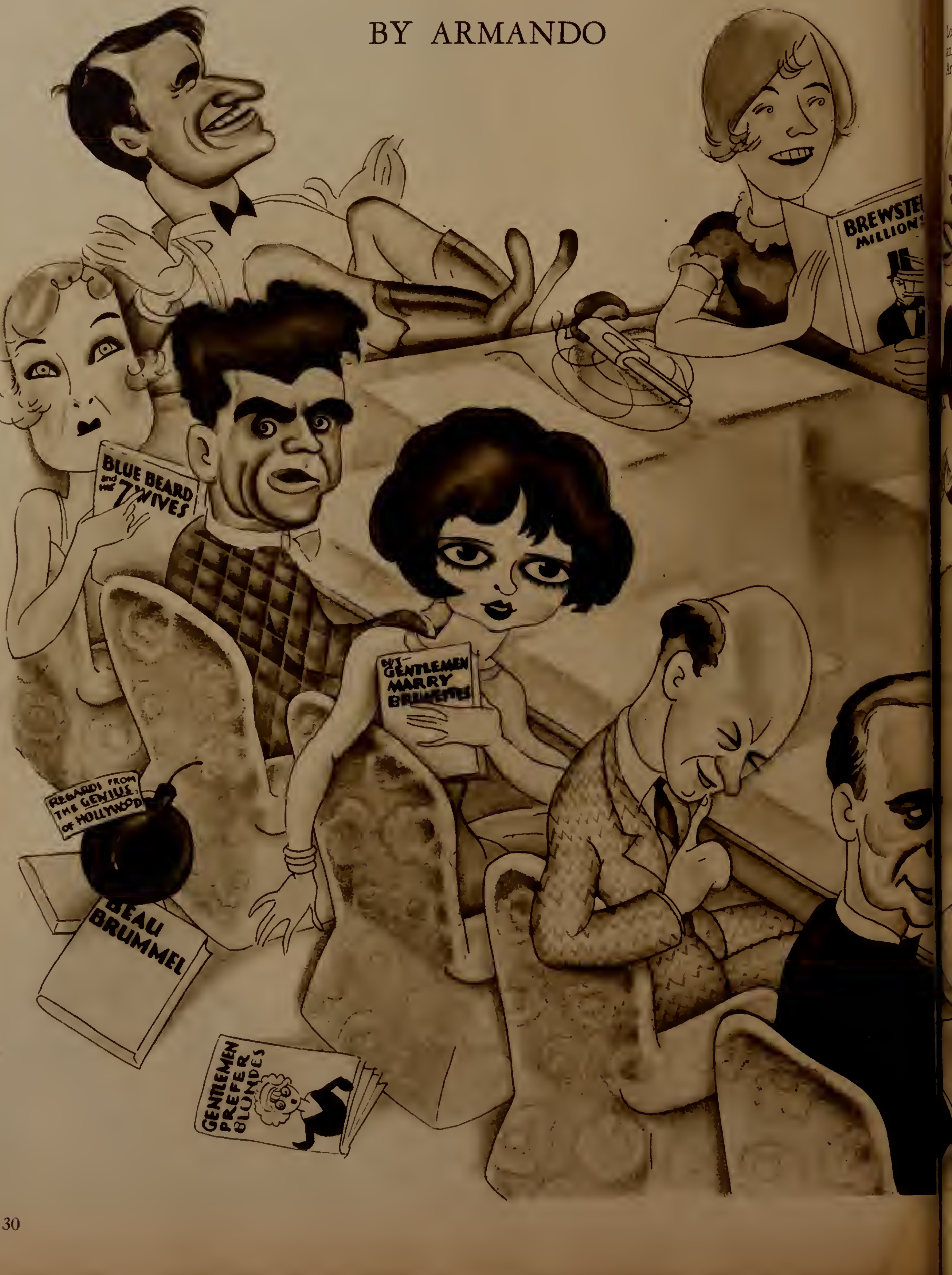
And as for the actresses—words fail Mr. Neville. Just look:

(*Continued on page 78*)

An assortment of kinema kollegians: at the top, chorus girl co-eds in "The Campus Flirt"; below them, Richard Dix in moleskins and mud as "The Quarterback"; lower down, at the left, Red Grange, after making his Pyle; and to the right of him, Marion Davies, in "The Fair Co-ed." At the bottom, Rod La Rocque, acting athletic for "Hold 'Em, Yale"

Classic's Candidate

BY ARMANDO


BREWSTER'S MILLIONS
BLUE BEARD and his 7 WIVES
BUT—GENTLEMEN MARRY BRUNETTES
REGARDS FROM THE GENIUS OF HOLLYWOOD
BEAU BRUMMEL
GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES

And His *Cabinet*

Long before *Life* espoused his cause, Motion Picture CLASSIC announced as its candidate for the presidency WILL ROGERS. And for this reason, as *Life* also has since given: because Mr. Rogers chews to run.

CLASSIC wishes now to suggest to its nominee when he is elected—for in our bright lexicon there is no such word as if—that he appoint this cabinet, and for the reasons detailed beneath their names.

Beginning on the President's right, and so around the table, they are:

Secretary of State: Peggy Hopkins Joyce
  Because her foreign relationships have proven so profitable

Secretary of War: Jim Tully
  Because he has thrown more bombs than any other man in Hollywood

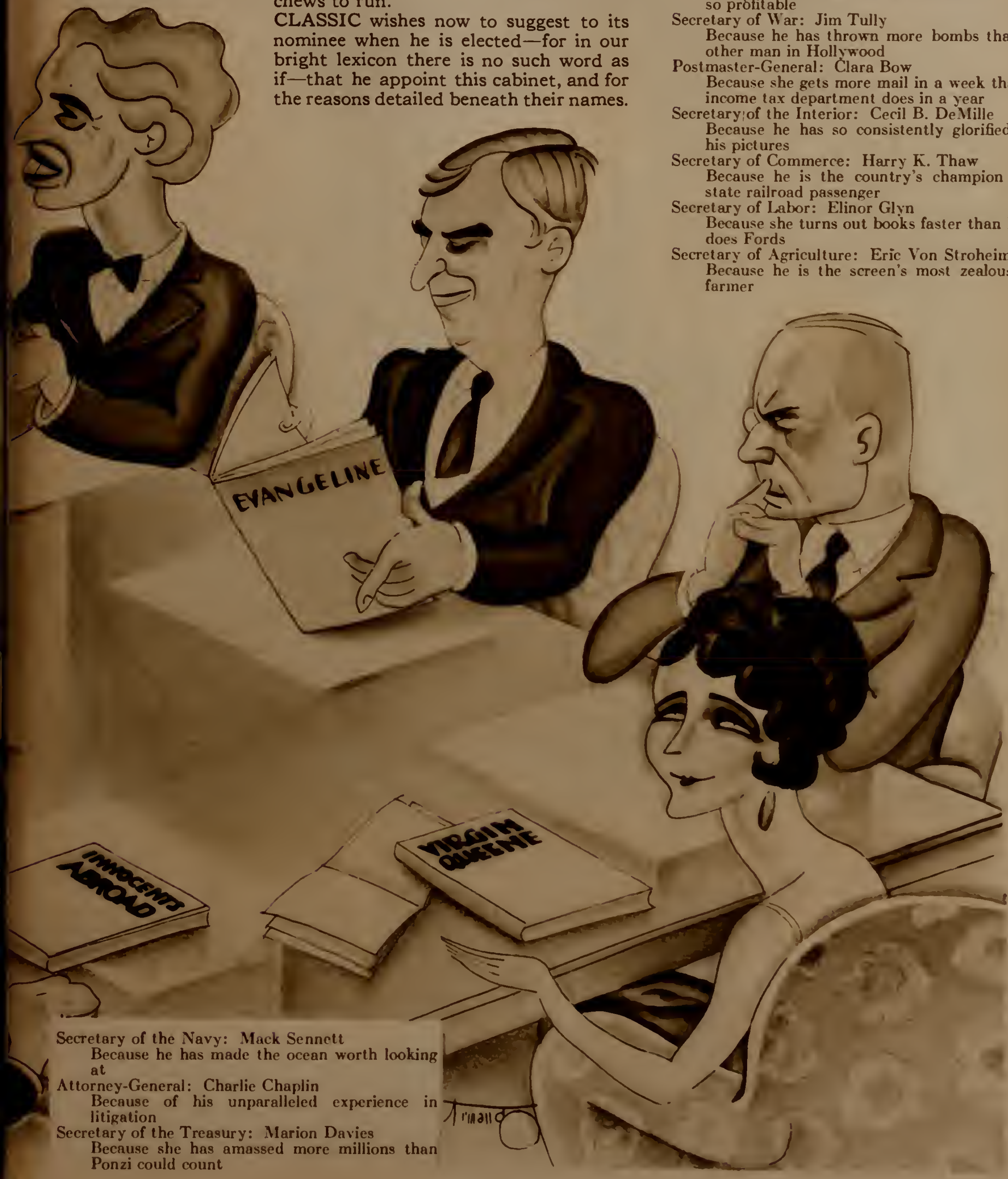
Postmaster-General: Clara Bow
  Because she gets more mail in a week than the income tax department does in a year

Secretary of the Interior: Cecil B. DeMille
  Because he has so consistently glorified it in his pictures

Secretary of Commerce: Harry K. Thaw
  Because he is the country's champion interstate railroad passenger

Secretary of Labor: Elinor Glyn
  Because she turns out books faster than Henry does Fords

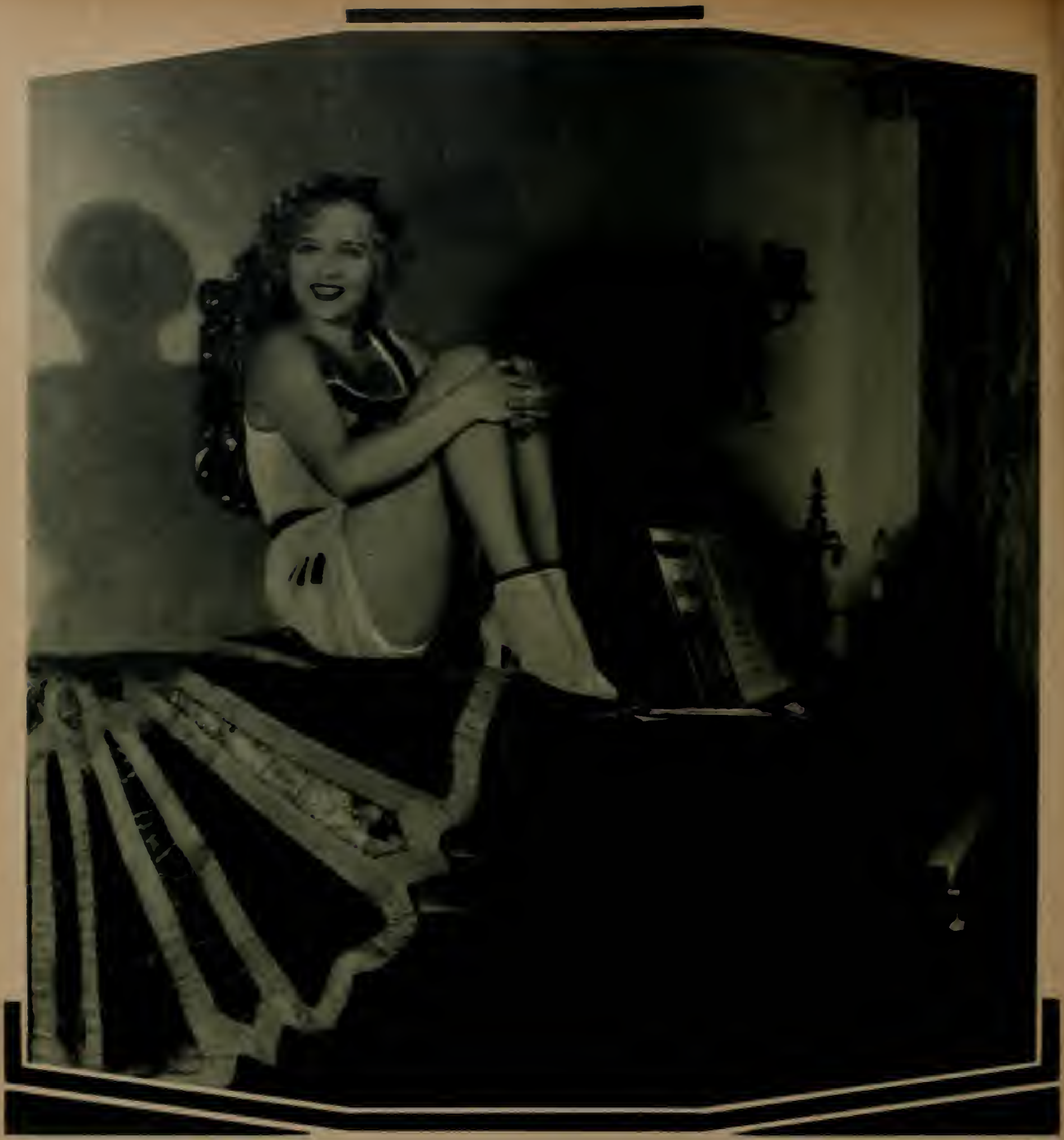
Secretary of Agriculture: Eric Von Stroheim
  Because he is the screen's most zealous dirt-farmer



Secretary of the Navy: Mack Sennett
  Because he has made the ocean worth looking at

Attorney-General: Charlie Chaplin
  Because of his unparalleled experience in litigation

Secretary of the Treasury: Marion Davies
  Because she has amassed more millions than Ponzi could count



Russell Ball

A Grand Position

Not only in this photograph, but also on the screen, Phyllis Haver has established herself in exactly that. She has come to typify the kind of girl that the police can't forget, but the tougher she is, the tenderer become the affections of moviegoers for her. In "Singapore Sal" and "The Shady Lady" she creates two new characterizations as distinctive as herself

From Fad *To* Worse

That's What Herbert Brenon Thinks Of The Trend The Talkies Signify

By HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

JUST what *is* to be done about the Irish? Herbert Brenon, for instance. He tells movie moguls to go to hell, calls bankers names their mothers never christened them, and speaks right out in meetin.' No matter a damn the presence of a discreet and diplomatic press-agent. And divvle take the one who doesn't like it.

Of course, they might run him out of the picture business. But they've tried that. And it didn't seem to work. In fact, some of those who essayed his exile are now themselves forgotten as a dead love. Some one might write a letter to the *London Times* about it. But even that hasn't proved effective where these wild Irish are concerned. Dear, oh dear, it's something of a problem.

And you wouldn't think it to look at him. At least, not unless you've loafed along the Liffey, climbed the Hill of Howth, ridden a side-car to Donnybrook, and called dear, dirty Dublin home. But if you've been about the Curragh and listened to their talk of faeries and of freedom, you'd know that Brenon's "just the type."

Freedom was what he sought. And he declared his independence when he landed at Ellis Island on a certain Fourth of July. He has maintained it ever since. And that's been thirty years. These have blanched his leonine mane. But his eyes, blue—a dangerous blue—snap and sparkle like the fireworks which he so often starts. And his firm, unlined face remains ruddy with the health of sunshine and the true temperance of a gentleman's libations. It's a real Irishman's complexion.

"Let's walk over to Ronnie's and make him give us a couple of cheers," he suggested.

"Why walk?" I asked. "Let's run."

So in the liberal hospitality of that very charming chap, Ronald Colman, I learned about pictures from Brenon.

Pach

The ever-present press-agent, faithfully policing the premises, uttered little clucking noises like a worried hen, and his face bore a "Herbert, how could you!" expression as the director from doughty Dublin talked about the talkies.

The Unsoundness of Sound

"LIKE the Eden Musee," he said, "they're freakish. They're a fad. Now they've aroused curiosity, like a five-legged calf. But the best pictures of this year and next and the year after that, will be silent pictures."

And he went on to say that sound has no place in the silent drama. That it destroys illusions, places pictures in competition with the stage, and will work harm even as the business of prologues has done. Moreover, the advent of talkies further alienates the industry, which he wishes he might call an art, from its blood-brothers: painting, sculpture and music. And hampers the struggles of the industry to become an art by burdening it with further mechanics.

Because of the sound furore which has hurled itself over Hollywood, Brenon has had to inject sound into his latest achievement, "The Rescue." He's done this to the best of his ability, as he does everything. But he's done it "with heart bowed down."

And what a scathing indictment he phrases against the writers, producers, directors and actors—whose incompetence he claims is responsible for the creation of this *Frankenstein*. For it is Brenon's belief that the squeakies came because of the poor product offered in the realm of silence. And the poor pictures came because of writers poor in imagination, producers poor in spirit, directors poor in vision, actors poor in inspiration.

Of these the manufacturers, as Brenon calls producers, are least to blame. Because they are just that. They are in business for a profit, and art for art's sake may go hang. But there is a day at hand which

(*Continued on page 76*)

SECRET HISTORY

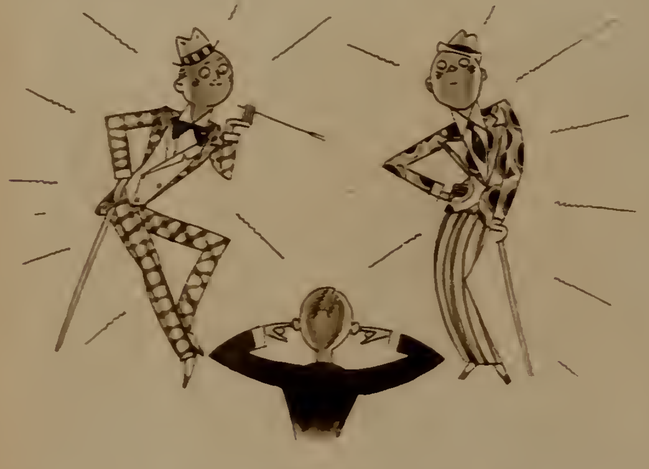
LATEST ADVICES FROM THE HOLLYWOOD PRESS GANGS

Tribute to Hollywood's world-famed enthusiasm for the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment, from First National:

"The badges worn by the revenue officers in 'Oh Kay' were so real that they had to be destroyed after they were used, for fear someone would take them."

Another impending horror of the sound pictures, from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer:

"Lew Cody and Edward Nugent are trying to outdo each other to see who can wear the loudest clothes in 'A Single Man.'"



Positive proof that the motion picture players are ladies and gentlemen, kindly volunteered by the Tiffany-Stahl watchdogs:

"The family of H. B. Warner, who is co-starring with Eve Southern in 'The Naughty Duchess,' were interested spectators of several scenes being shot under the direction of Tom Terriss. One of the scenes called for Miss Southern to threaten to slap Warner's face. During the rehearsal of the scene, one of the Warner kiddies was heard to remark, 'Mamma wouldn't do that to my Daddy.'"

More inspirational heroism on the United Artists front, modestly reported by the Artists' own boosters:

"During the filming of an additional scene for 'The Woman Disputed,' Norma Talmadge was called upon to squeeze lemon juice over a fish frying in a pan. The lemon slipped into the hot grease and Miss Talmadge, in order not to cause a retake, calmly picked it out."

Item from Tiffany-Stahl illustrating the manner in which Art permeates all animal and vegetable life in Hollywood:

"An Aesthetic Bull Pup

"Belle Bennett has a bull pup that has an aesthetic sense. He is very much affected by the gowns that his mistress wears in her various rôles and plainly shows his displeasure at things that are drab and colorless, going off and sulking when Miss Bennett is attired in out-of-the-ordinary clothes. While playing 'The Devil's Skipper,' Miss Bennett could not coax the pup to approach her and he even pouted to the extent of not eating for a few days. Now as *Maimie Stone* in 'Patience,' in which she wears a mourning dress, the pup was again in sulking mood and Miss Bennett had to slip on her prettiest negligée on her return home from the studio at night so that the little dog would frisk about and play with his mistress again."

Disgustingly unladylike democratic gesture by a movie star, set down with repressed horror by her press agent, the refined Margaret Ettinger:

"Betty Bronson at present is engaged in dual occupations. The star is appearing regularly in motion pictures and besides has turned interior decorator. She recently moved into a new home in Beverly Hills and decided she would plan the furnishings for her own suite without the aid of any expert."

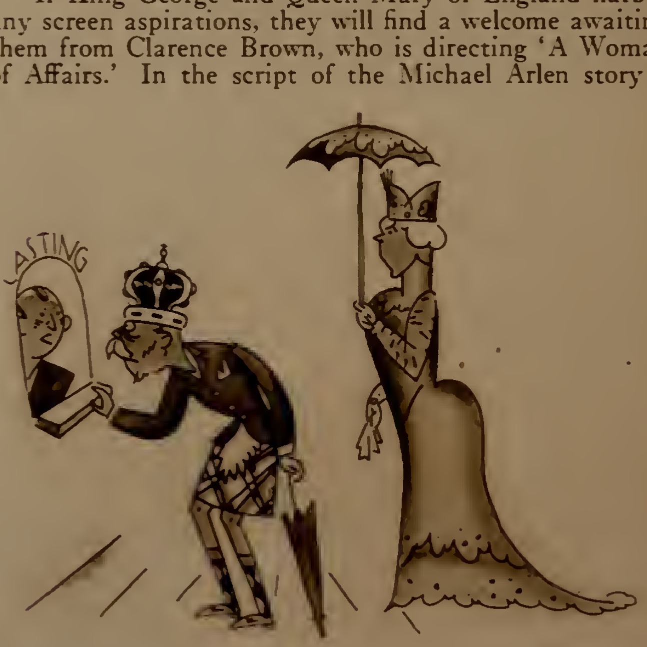
Hollywood's self-styled "master showman," Signor Sidney Grauman, shows the proper scorn for Webster and similar pedants by re-interpreting for the benefit of the dollar-paying public with telling effect:

"What you will see in this amazing film! Intimate love ceremonials of the Tapau, or village virgin." (From newspaper ad. for "White Shadows in the South Seas" at Grauman's Chinese Theatre).

"Taboo (Tapau):—A political prohibition and religious interdict among the inhabitants of the islands of the Pacific." (From Standard Dictionary).

Modest attitude of a Hollywood Wazir toward comparatively unimportant "royalty" of darkest Europe, told in the publicity sagas of Joe Polonsky of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer:

"If King George and Queen Mary of England harbor any screen aspirations, they will find a welcome awaiting them from Clarence Brown, who is directing 'A Woman of Affairs.' In the script of the Michael Arlen story a sequence showing a boat race on the Thames River calls for a view of the royal couple watching the proceedings from the veranda of a barge. How this scene is to be made, Brown as yet has very little idea. He is quite certain, however, that neither King George nor Queen Mary could be induced to play the parts for the regular 'atmos-



OF THE MONTH

BY CEDRIC BELFRAGE

Illustrations By Eldon Kelley

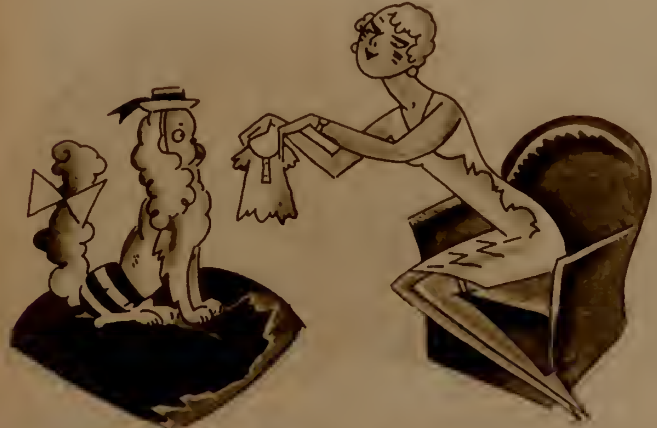
phere' wage, or, for that matter, any other financial consideration . . . .The new Gilbert-Garbo vehicle is thoroughly British in locale, and Brown declares a willingness to compromise on the Prince of Wales if he will 'sub' for his distinguished parents."

Harry Burns, Hollywood's literary marathon champ, beats his own record and passes the 180-word mark in a sentence in honor of Mayor Walker, in his erudite weekly, the "Hollywood Filmograph":

"One of the happiest men who walked the First National lot Tuesday about 1 p.m. was John McCormick, and one who shared this pleasure with him was his charming wife, Colleen Moore, for Mayor Walker of New York City had promised not only to come out to First National, but to act as Master of Ceremonies at Colleen's 'Lilac Time' picture opening at Carthay Circle Theatre as their guest, and his lifetime friend, Ned Martin, and the studio (through Watterson Rothacker and Al Rockett) arranged a reception and luncheon for Mayor Walker that would have been a credit to the President of the United States were he to drop in as 'His Honor' did and was greeted by roaring cannon and shouts of welcome and joy by stars, executives and laborers alike, and as he stood there and talked to the great crowd he looked and acted like he enjoyed every moment of it, and before he had gone very far everyone was voting him one of the finest 'Sports and Good Fellows' that they had ever come in contact with."

Wonderful new phase of Hollywood's never-ceasing crusade against nudity, reported by the pious George Ullman office:

"'Every actress should have a hobby,' declares Gertrude Short, whose personally designed clothes are attracting the eyes and attention of every celebrity in the Southland. . . She also has a hobby of designing collars and clothes for her dog."



Yet No Lack of Bromides

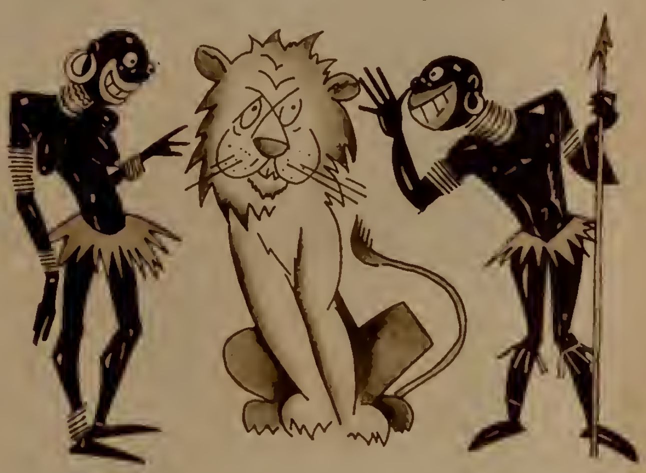
"According to British producers, however, there is a great lack of screen heroes in this country (England), and almost a total absence of heroins." (Extract from Hollywood's most originally spelled weekly, the "Film Mercury").

Just a Fish Story

"Thrilling scenes showing pearl diving, battles with octopii and other sea beasts under water, navies in combat with sharks, and an accurate picture of real native life are among the details of the new production." (Another one from Joe Polonsky, M-G-M publicity salesman).

How the missionary work of spreading the Gospel according to Hollywood is going ahead to include such unbelieving jungle monsters as are still old-fashioned enough not to be working in pictures; from the weekly bulletin of the Men-About-Metro:

"'Leo,' the famous Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lion, has embarked on his much heralded tour of personal appearances. . . The origin of the famous movie trademark will include the United States in his globe circling tour in a special Pullman cage, and when the tour is over, will proceed to Africa in his motorized caravan. There he will be turned loose again in his native jungles."

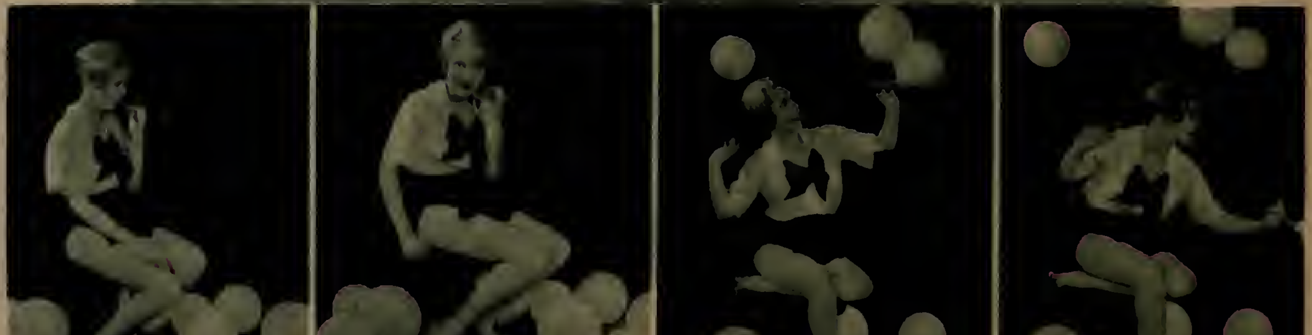


Long-awaited light thrown by the Metro-Goldwyn publicists on how the red blood coursing through the veins of our virile stars is produced:

"Official candy-taster to the stars—that is the job of W. W. Spencer, assistant purchasing agent at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. He knows just what each star likes—that Joan Crawford likes peppermints and William Haines chocolate coated raisins; that John Gilbert likes chocolate chips and Polly Moran marshmallows."

A suggestion of the appalling privations which the movie stars must suffer for their Art when conscienceless Governments swoop down on the paltry few thousands they are able to earn; from the highly sympathetic Charles Dunning, publicist extraordinary:

"Carmel Myers is not going to England to make two pictures, or one picture . . . . She will make more pictures in Hollywood for other producers, but will never make a picture in England, she says. 'They take about six hundred dollars of every thousand dollars a week you earn for income tax,' she points out. 'Then there is the American income tax and home expenses to be paid, if there is any money left.'"



R. H. Louise

Full-Blown

Both the bubbles and the beauty of Anita Page. And her success promises soon to be likewise, for in spite of discouragement, Anita has always exemplified the proverb that soap springs eternal. Which is perhaps why today she's finding things such a pipe

The Forbidden Friendship

Even the Public Took Part in the Parting of Claire Windsor and Buddy Rogers

By
RUTH BIERY

CLAIRE WINDSOR and Charles, Buddy, Rogers have stopped going together. Which does not mean that they have stopped liking one another. It just means that newspaper reporters, magazine writers, friends who make other people's business *their* business, and even certain film officials have had *their* way in the matter.

This is the third time they have put the brakes on the wheels of their romance and this time both say it's final.

"It's because the world made us feel like models parading new gowns or illustrating some hair lotion behind a plate-glass window on Broadway with the public crowding around on the street to see how we do it," Claire told me. "What we did was not our affair; it belonged to the public. We just couldn't stand it any longer."

Yet, for a while they were so contented and happy. "We were the best pals, had such good times together." Claire's voice had a wistful note of regret as she talked about it.

Of course, there's no denying that Claire was quite a bit older.

They met when Claire was still married to Berty Lytell—on the set, in that casual manner so well known to screen people. Six months later when Claire was a *Miss* instead of a *Mrs.*, they met again—chance partners at a Hollywood party. Buddy had been cast in "Wings." He was *so* excited—just a small boy tasting the first really big plum from life's pudding. He told Claire about it.

She understood. She remembered her first big production. They grew enthusiastic together over Buddy's luck in sticking in his thumb and pulling out such a juicy plum from the pudding.

Both Kame from Kansas

THEN they discovered that both began life in Kansas. Oloethe and Kawker City—not so many miles from one another. They compared notes of their first trips to Kansas City. And *then* discovered that only four blocks separated them in this city. They were even closer neighbors *here* than they were in Kansas.

Claire told Buddy that she lived with her mother and her father and her ten-year old youngster. Buddy talked of the old family friends with whom he was stationed. It developed that the two families knew one another.

"Drop in and see me," Claire remarked in a neighborly fashion.

So dropping in to see Claire became one of Buddy's daily habits. As regular as combing his hair, cleaning his teeth or asking how his fan mail was progressing.

At first, it was just that kind of thing—neighbors who chanced to have the all-absorbing movies as their mutual profession, a potently interesting subject for never-ending discussions.

Then Buddy discovered that Claire had an excellent piano. And Claire found that Buddy was an excellent musician. Then there were the new books to be read—parts to be picked out which *they* felt one or the other could play in the movies.

Gradually they started going to see pictures together. Claire had played in them for ten years; Buddy was a newcomer. There were so many things she could tell him about them.

The Mayfair came next, then other Hollywood parties.

Out went the word that Claire Windsor and Buddy Rogers were 'keeping company' together. It was hinted they were going to be married.

Rumors Run Rampant

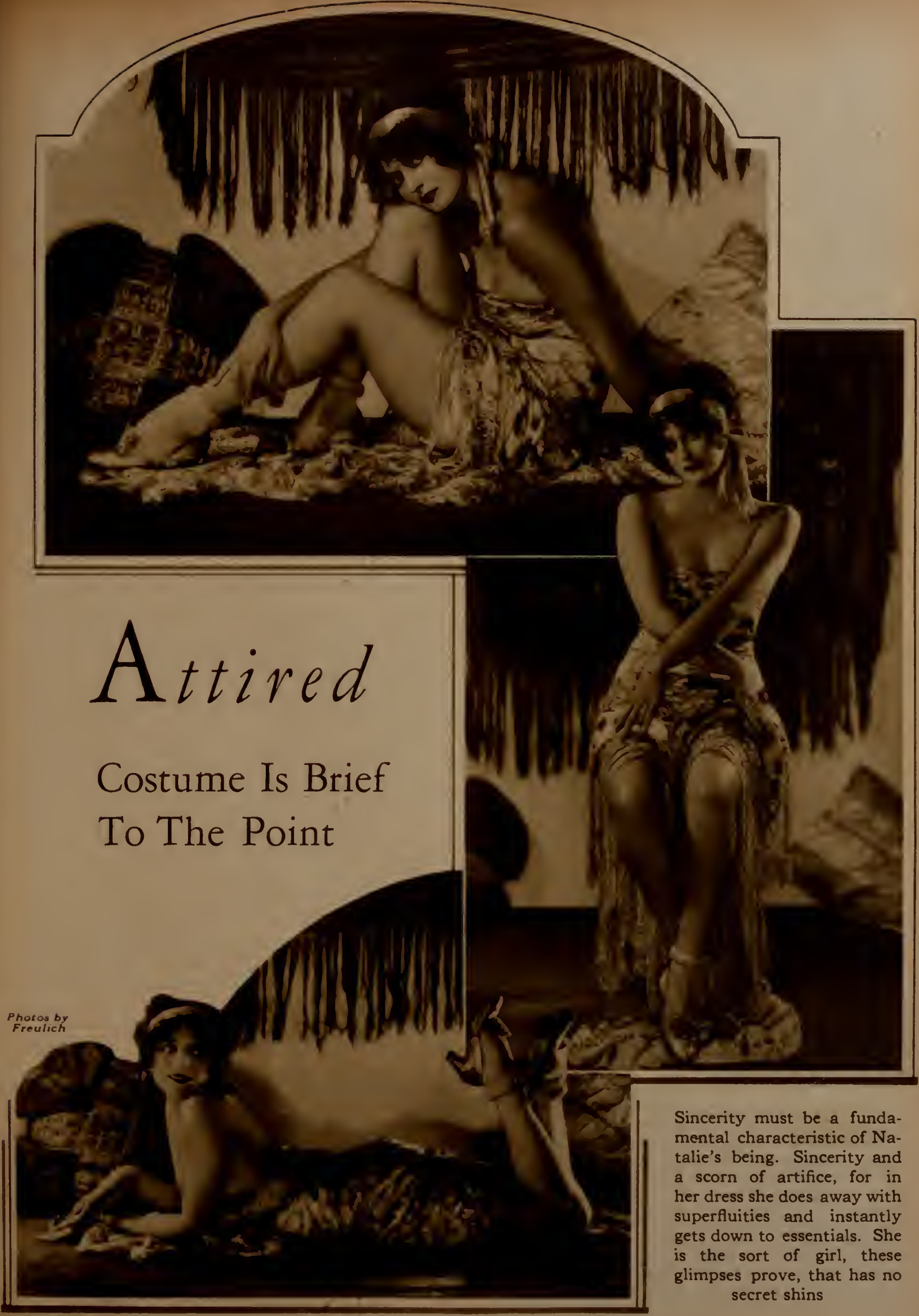
NOW, such a hint never goes unchallenged in this city. Whether it's Clara Bow and Victor Fleming, Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Lina Basquette and Pev Morley, Virginia Valli and Charles Farrell, Marian Nixon and Ben Lyon—whomever you want to name—it's

(*Continued on page 80*)

Very Natalie

Miss Kingston's And Always

For the perplexed shopper, looking for something in a shawl, we can recommend nothing more enthusiastically than Natalie Kingston herself. And we should say the same to the seeker of a rather conservative interpretation of the mode in undressed kid



Attired

Costume Is Brief To The Point

Photos by Freulich

Sincerity must be a fundamental characteristic of Natalie's being. Sincerity and a scorn of artifice, for in her dress she does away with superfluities and instantly gets down to essentials. She is the sort of girl, these glimpses prove, that has no secret shins

Are Vampires *Children?*

Colleen Moore Believes That For the Wild Women of the World, Love Springs Paternal

By GLADYS HALL

"IT is the *child appeal* in women that keeps them famous," said Colleen Moore to me. "Look at Mary Pickford, who has been the eternal child and so has remained enshrined in the hearts of all people who will love and be loyal to childhood where they will be fickle to anything else. Look at Pompadour and Cleopatra and Emma Hamilton and most of the greatly beloved women of history—they have been possessed of the child appeal, every one of them. Perhaps not so much childish as wistful, whimsical.

"Seems a funny thing to say, but Greta Garbo has it, too. Really. She romps and plays and is less that worn-out term, a vamp, than anyone I know. In its way, *it gets across*."

I looked—and I saw another such in Colleen herself. It is the explanation of her, and she gave it herself. An elfin child with a pointed, plain, little face: bangs, socks, adolescent figure, immature hands, gracefully awkward, always just the least bit uncertain, as if about to make a mistake and beg pardon for it. Another "child appeal."

Colleen, the day I talked with her, had just been through her very first opening. In all these years she has never had an Opening before. And "Lilac Time" was an opening indeed. Not to any premiere on the West coast have come so many glittering ones of fame and fortune. Even Mary and Doug descended from Parnassus; and that is a rarity indeed.

Colleen and her John went with Mayor Walker and a party. The mayor dined with Colleen, before the event, at her home on Rossmore Place.

The Moore-McCormick butler was enchanted. He said to Colleen afterward: "Me hear about Mayor dancee sidewalks of New York, me never think see Mayor dancee carpets Rossmore Place."

Which might lead one to suppose that Jimmy had been tripping the light fantastic in the mansion of a movie queen.

A Colleening Toward Children

COLLEEN has had "all the material things" all her life long—or short.

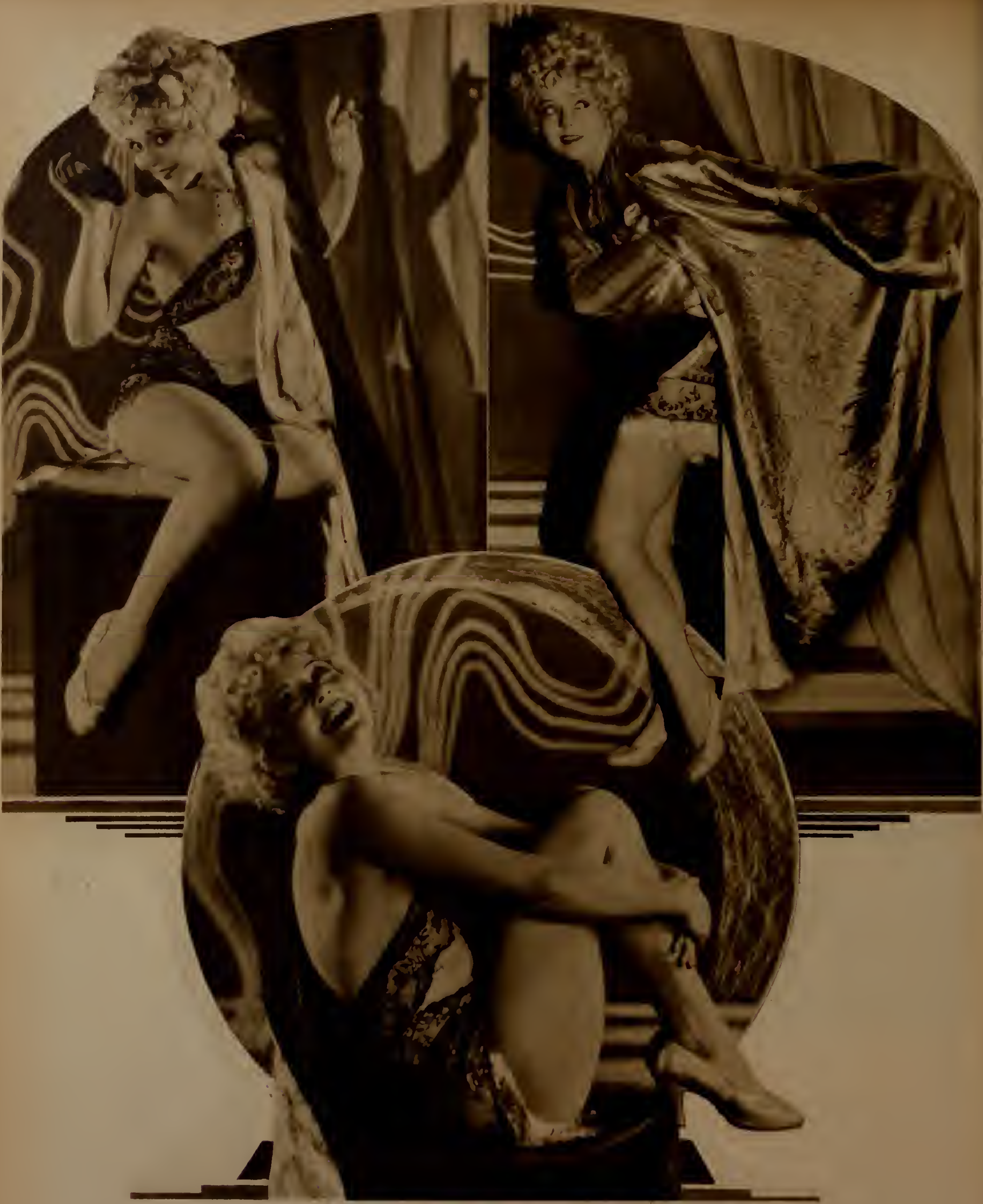
She has never known the pathetic need of pretty clothes, toys, trinkets, and amusements. There are those wise ones who say that her passion for her doll's-house comes from a frustrated childhood. It doesn't. Colleen says she had doll's-houses ever since she was *two*. She has never expressed a wish—for a material thing—that it has not been granted her. She had fond, indulgent parents and, in that respect, life has continued to be equally fond and indulgent.

It may come—this doll's-house mania—from a desire for

(*Continued on page 72*)

Pampad *but* Unspoiled

For all that he has had the good fortune to play opposite Billie Dove; and although he more recently has been chosen as leading man for Alice White and given the opportunity—sartorially—to go South American, Donald Reed shows no signs of having his head turned. Except, perhaps, by the photographer posing him



Richee

Nancy Dress

As the postman takes a walk on his day off, so do screen stars, upon the slightest provocation, go in for costume parties. Here is Nancy Carroll all dressed up for one of the more conservative affairs—conservative, that is, of material

For Men Only

Aileen Pringle's Parties Are the Envy of Every Other Woman in Hollywood

By ELIZABETH GOLDBECK

AILEEN PRINGLE is resented by every woman in Hollywood who knows her, and even more by those who don't know her. The way they prove it is by denying it indignantly the minute her name is mentioned. And the reason is that Aileen has a decided preference for men.

Everyone has heard of Aileen Pringle's salon. It's one of the wonders of Hollywood. But what throws the ladies into despair is that Aileen's parties are, in so far as she can make them so, for men only. Women know too well that if they get into her house at all, it is only on sufferance: because their husbands happen to be attractive enough to be desirable even with the handicap of a wife in attendance.

Whole flocks of our best bachelors and benedicts gather at Madam Pringle's table whenever they're bidden. And if they happen to have had a date with another girl for that night—why, it's just too bad, and she's likely to spend a very lonely evening.

It's really quite a feat. Most hostesses have to bait young men with promises of this girl and that girl in order to get them into the house at all. But Aileen takes on ten or fifteen of them single-handed. Very eligible ones, too. All the best minds as well as the beauties of the town.

When She Beckons, They Obey

THE immediate reason for it is that Aileen has become a tradition. The Pringle myth is so firmly established that men are flattered to become a part of it. They accept her invitations as an honor, without stopping to consider whether it really is one or not. But no myth springs up without something to base it on. And no woman has ever won a reputation for tremendous charm without having some claim to it.

It was Joseph Hergesheimer who started the tradition. He visited Hollywood and proceeded to write six articles for the *Saturday Evening Post*, each one devoted almost exclusively to the fascinations of playing dominoes with Aileen Pringle. The *Post* is widely read. People began to revere the Pringle dogs, the Pringle chauffeur, and the Pringle wit. Then Mr. Hergesheimer told his friend Mr. Mencken that Aileen was the woman to spend his time with when he went to the Coast. The word got around among the *literati* that Pringle was practically synonymous with Hollywood.

And the more often the *literati* played dominoes with Aileen, the higher her stock rose in Hollywood. Because there is no town in the world where education is so revered. It must be the fascination of novelty.

Anyone who can hold the attention of a man of letters or an actor must have charm. Aileen possesses it in a marked degree. Some say it lies in her beauty. But, strictly speaking, she isn't beautiful. And there are many sumptuous, dazzling ladies in Hollywood who spend lots of evenings with only one or two men.

Some say men like her for her vulgarity. But if it were only vulgarity, Hollywood would have a salon on every corner.

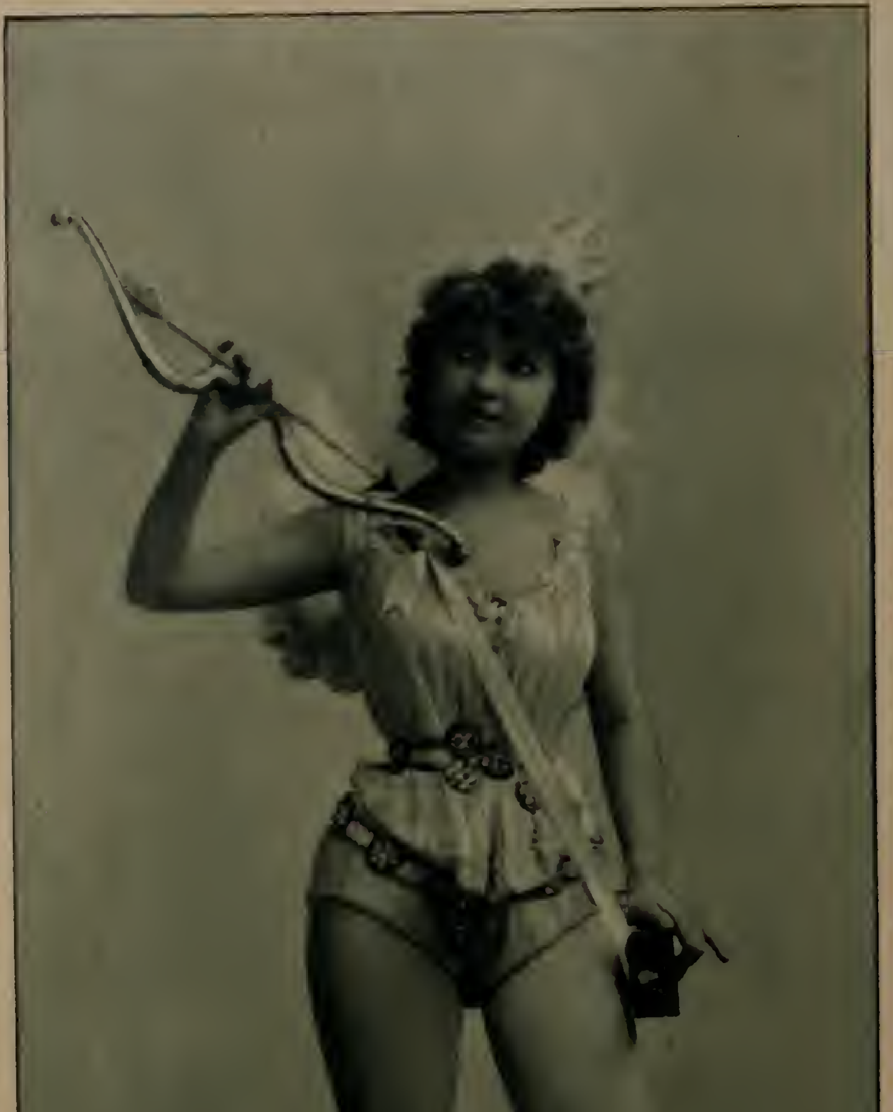
Besides, if Hollywood must have its lady, I think Aileen Pringle is she. She has none of the squeamishness of the usual candidates for that honor. While they are purifying their vocabularies and rigidly observing every law of etiquette in the book, Aileen is comfortably trying out all the forbidden words, and looking about her with a pleased smile. She can, because she is sure of herself. She doesn't have to look up ways of being a lady. She isn't even interested in them. Ladies never are. She has the rare gift of being racy without

(*Continued on page 88*)

R. H. Louise

For three reasons Aileen Pringle is exceptional among the celebrities of Hollywood: she is pretty and witty and itty

Classic's Family Album



One score and eighteen years ago, our forefathers had their hearts badly punctured by the shafts of her beauty—or, if you will be cynical, the beauty of her shafts—when she appeared just like this in "Pippino." And since then you yourself have often seen her. Who is she? Mary Pickford? Alice Joyce? No, no, no. Why, certainly. But you should have known right away that it was Fannie Ward

Harold Seton Collection

Our Own News Camera

Kornman-Bruno

Ben Lyon, above, really should know without Marian Nixon's having to tell him, that in eating peas the knife should never be held in the right hand

Headlines for the headliner: Alice White as *Dixie Dugan*, the hectic heroine of "Show Girl," reads about her own abduction and wonders if it'll come true

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
New York City to Hollywood
MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

Hitching a star to his wagon: Arthur Yaguda, of the circulation staff of Motion Picture Magazine and Classic, agrees to let Mary Brian hang on behind, on condition that she'll give him a new portrait for the periodicals

Spurr

If Pidge Beery, above, ever takes to the commission of celluloid villainies, he can excuse his acts on the score that he had Noah father to guide him

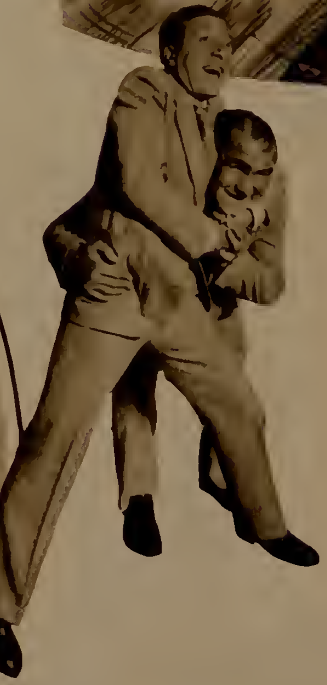
Bartlett

The father of Angella, Claudine and Claudette Mawby, a former British army officer, maintains that it's far easier to make a regiment of grown men toe the mark than three tiny women

CINEMA SHOTS FROM COAST TO

Not literary, but certainly a woman of letters: Anita Page, at the right, hugs an armful of fan mail with an enthusiasm that would make the writers of it verdant with jealousy

Speaking of sharp appetites, here is one, on the left, belonging to Lon Chaney. He performs this knife-swallowing act in his new picture, "West of Zanzibar"



When Lewis meets Lewis, they start not a restaurant but a wrestling match. The one on the left is Ted, the jazz celebrity; the other is Strangler Lewis, the wrestler

A bulldogger who prefers Sealyham terriers: Rex Bell, the new cowboy star, with his pal and most lenient critic, Whitey

Turning a hitherto respectable beach into a gamboling resort: below, James Gleason, author of "Is Zat So?"—in the center—celebrates with Robert Armstrong and Jack Perry. They have all just found out that there is a Santa Claus after all

Autrey

Plaid but true: the Scottish gentleman at the left is not Harry Lauder; it's Madge Bellamy giving a kilt-edge imitation of him

COAST AND BACK TO COAST AGAIN

Two Ethiopiates for the blues: Normal L. Sper and George H. Rogan, authors of the forthcoming talkie, "The Minstrel Man," make up their faces for two characterizations already made up by their minds

Up in arms against her, yet very friendly, is this cub that Mary Astor is petting. It was while visiting a lion farm near Hollywood that she decided thus to brave alone the perils of the big kitty

A famous principal of Ziegfeld's "Follies" decides to make the talkies worth the Brice of admission: Fanny herself—on the right—practices her celebrated travesty upon Greek dancing

For all that Mary Pickford has bobbed her tresses, long hair is still a feature of the Fairbanks family. Here—at the left—is Doug as he will appear in some scenes in "The Iron Mask"

Lynch

When he's not engaged in work at the studios, Charlie Farrell — below — believes in getting, and gets, a beach of a rest

At the right is the first actual photograph of a Hollywood blonde making a rich man shell out. And Phyllis Haver not only wants Cecil B. DeMille to fix her peanuts for her, but insists that he feed them to her as well

Oh, SHAW!

BY HENRY WILLIAM HANEMANN

Illustrated By ELDON KELLEY

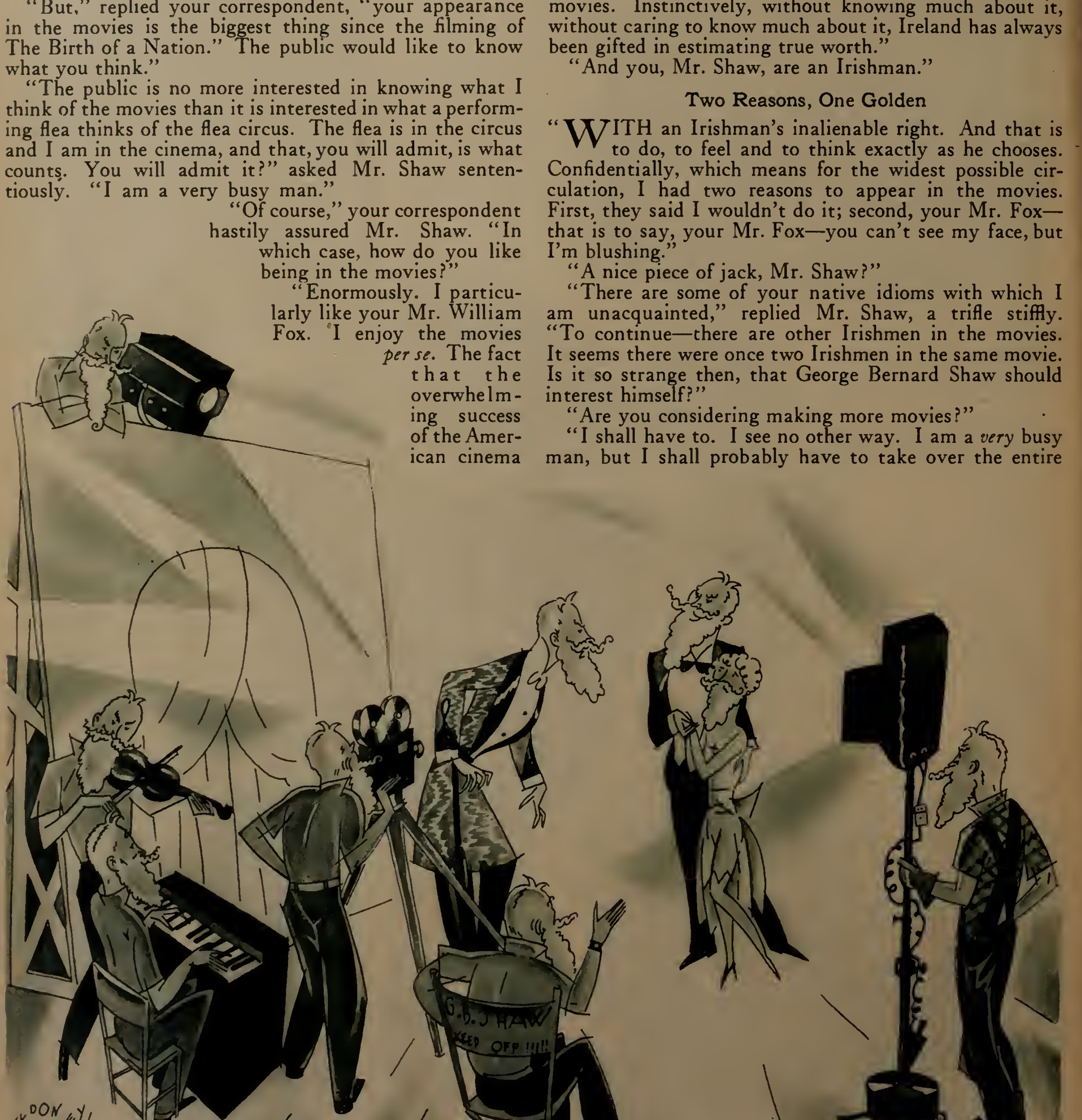
"WELL," remarked George Bernard Shaw with excellently sustained surprise, "can it be possible that you have come all this distance to interview me on the subject of the movies? Well! That is to say, well! I am a very busy man."

"But," replied your correspondent, "your appearance in the movies is the biggest thing since the filming of The Birth of a Nation." The public would like to know what you think."

"The public is no more interested in knowing what I think of the movies than it is interested in what a performing flea thinks of the flea circus. The flea is in the circus and I am in the cinema, and that, you will admit, is what counts. You will admit it?" asked Mr. Shaw sententiously. "I am a very busy man."

"Of course," your correspondent hastily assured Mr. Shaw. "In which case, how do you like being in the movies?"

"Enormously. I particularly like your Mr. William Fox. I enjoy the movies *per se*. The fact that the overwhelming success of the American cinema in England is a constant source of irritation to British producers provides me with a rare pleasure."



"Beyond that?"

"Beyond that, permit me to point out the extremely inimical attitude of the Irish Free State toward the movies. Instinctively, without knowing much about it, without caring to know much about it, Ireland has always been gifted in estimating true worth."

"And you, Mr. Shaw, are an Irishman."

Two Reasons, One Golden

"WITH an Irishman's inalienable right. And that is to do, to feel and to think exactly as he chooses. Confidentially, which means for the widest possible circulation, I had two reasons to appear in the movies. First, they said I wouldn't do it; second, your Mr. Fox—that is to say, your Mr. Fox—you can't see my face, but I'm blushing."

"A nice piece of jack, Mr. Shaw?"

"There are some of your native idioms with which I am unacquainted," replied Mr. Shaw, a trifle stiffly. "To continue—there are other Irishmen in the movies. It seems there were once two Irishmen in the same movie. Is it so strange then, that George Bernard Shaw should interest himself?"

"Are you considering making more movies?"

"I shall have to. I see no other way. I am a *very* busy man, but I shall probably have to take over the entire

The First Names Being George Bernard, and the Interview Being Quite Imaginary

industry. Having made a movie that is universally conceded to be a vast step forward in the advance of the silver screen, I feel the direct responsibility of bringing all future movies up to this new standard—and beyond. If that," added Mr. Shaw as an afterthought, "be conceivable."

Silently your correspondent picked half a dozen of Mr. Shaw's roses that were growing about his garden and presented them to him.

"Yes, I shall begin with the actors, who are not, I understand from the writing of a Mr. James Tully (another Irishman), all they might be. In an early movie, for instance, I shall play the part allotted to Miss Greta Garbo."

"But," your correspondent exclaimed in horror, "your spin—your alfal— your beard!"

He Admits He Has It

"I SHALL play Miss Garbo's part as Miss Garbo should play it if Miss Garbo were wearing a beard. Or Miss Clara Bow, for that matter, or Miss Norma Talmadge, or Miss Marion Davies, or Miss Dolores del Rio. The effect will warrant it. Your Mr. Tunney has competently declared that I have a certain something and I doubt if your Miss Glyn would care to deny it. Or would you? I am a ver..."

"No! No!"

"My imitation of Mussolini should have assured you of my ability at character rôles, and my own personality will easily take care of your Ramon Novarro, John Gilbert, Norman Kerry, Richard Barthelmess, Rod La Rocque, Ronald Colman and Charles Farrell. As for your Adolphe Menjou, we are like that." Mr. Shaw joined his forefingers.

"I have sincerely admired Mr. Menjou for some time and to admire sincerely is to assimilate. I shall regret Mr. Menjou's retirement from the screen, but I understand he is anxious to write for the legitimate theater. Why, I cannot understand."

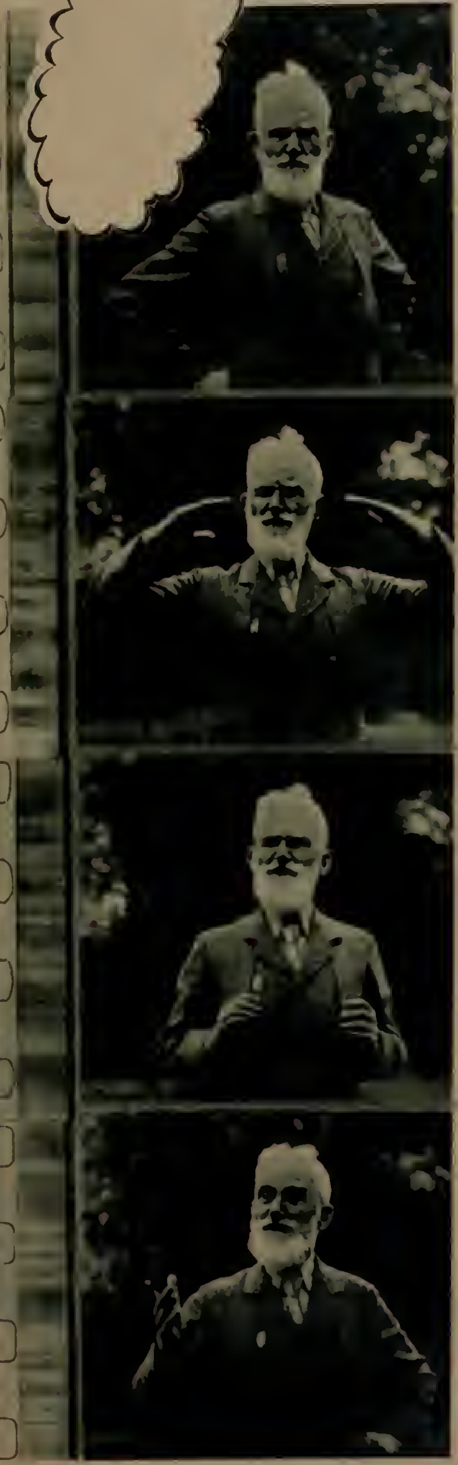
"What about Chaplin and Lloyd and Buster Keaton and Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford?"

"I am a sincere admirer of them all. Please don't pick any more of my roses."

"When is all this to begin, Mr. Shaw?"

"Ah, my dear young sir, you have accidentally stumbled over the blackamoor in the woodheap. There is a clause in the present contract of your Mr. Emil Jannings. It gives him a controlling interest in beards in the movies. He has, to put it another way, the whisker concession of Holly-

(*Continued on page 83*)



By the sort of people who go in for a determination of the last word in everything, it has been said that there is but one thing funnier than George Bernard Shaw's imitation of Mussolini's expression, and that is Mussolini's expression

Dix Bayonets!

You'd think Richard Dix had done sufficient damage to feminine hearts with just his appearance and personality. But apparently he doesn't think so, for he's going at them with cold steel these days—his pretext being his portrayal of the name part of "Moran of the Marines"

Hommel

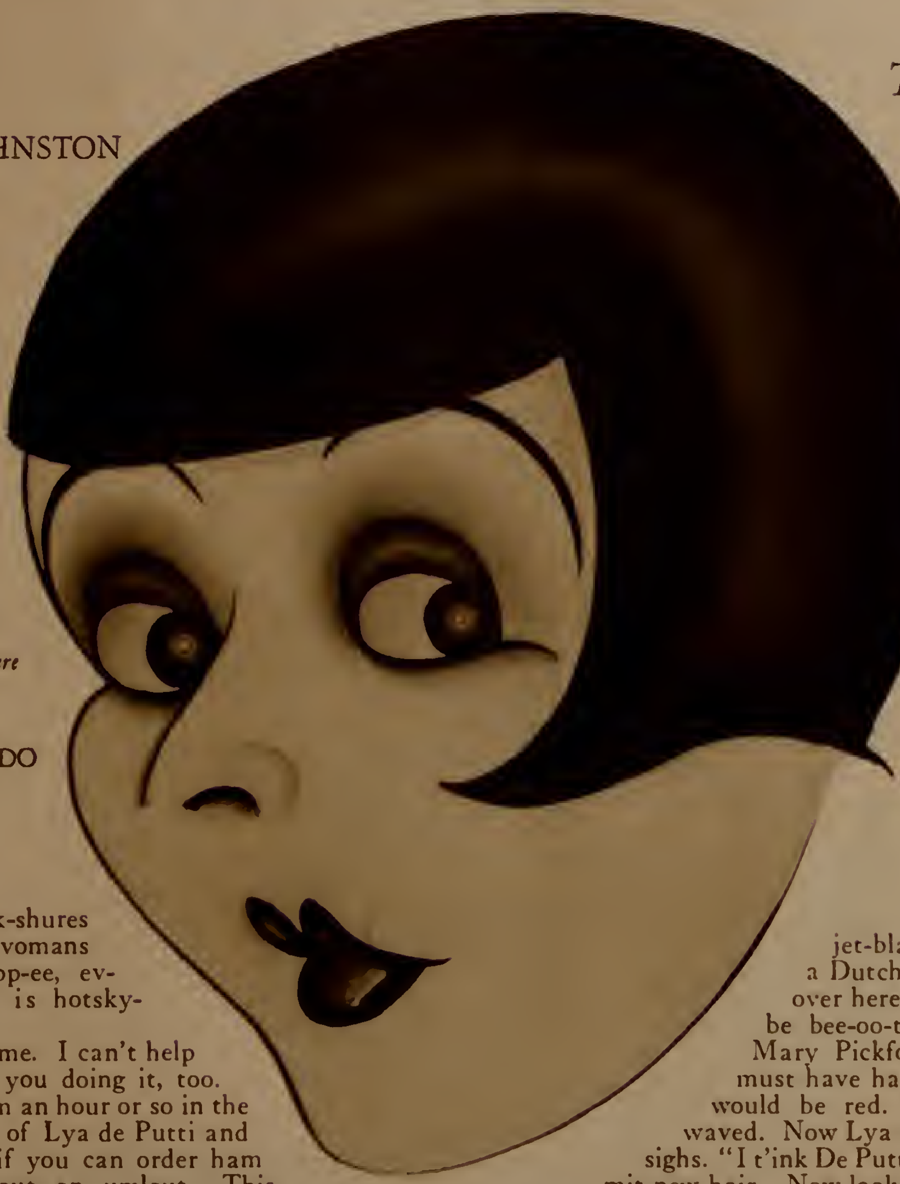
Domesticating De Putti

BY

CAROL JOHNSTON

The Savage Siren
of
Variety
Is More
Tractable
----and
Attractive

Caricature
BY
ARMANDO



VEN pick-shures making vomans are hepp-ee, evrasing is hotsky-totsky, are no?

Don't blame me. I can't help it. She'd have you doing it, too. Come away from an hour or so in the exotic company of Lya de Putti and you are lucky if you can order ham and eggs without an umlaut. This little lady from Hungary, Berlin, Paris, etc., murders the King's English to the Queen's taste and everybody enjoys it. She is as Continental as a champagne cocktail, and as exhilarating. Paramount has not withered nor Universal staled her infinite variety.

But don't expect any very sirenic person in clinging velvet who goes in for heaving bosom. and earring emoting. You won't find her. Instead, a little thing not much over five feet high, who looks for all the world like a naughty child—or perhaps a slightly spoiled leprechawn. Probably the world's largest brown eyes fringed with the longest black lashes; a mouth that looks always as if it has just been smacked; and an ensemble which would do credit and certainly no harm to a very proper sub-debutante. Low-heeled shoes with round toes. Often, bare legs and Hollywood socks. For Lya is as brown and healthy as a camp-fire cutie. She svims—I mean swims; she rides; she flies. Particularly she flies. She will have received her pilot's license by the time you read this—I hope. Once, she says, she looped-the-loop eight times as a passenger. What she'll do at the controls in her own plane is up to her. Oh, for the wings of a bird.

She's a creature of impulse. Tiring of her own pretty jet-black hair which she wore in a Dutch bob when she first came over here, she said: "De Putti vill be bee-oo-ti-ful, mit fine curls like Mary Pickford." But first De Putti must have hair of a different color. It would be red. And then permanently waved. Now Lya shakes that red head and sighs. "I t'ink De Putti vill be more bee-oo-ti-ful mit new hair. Now look! Ven I first see, I t'ink I hide till he grow out vunce more my own. Now I say, iss fonn-ee, no?"

That's that, anyway. But the red hair doesn't show on the screen. And I think she will let Nature take its course and bring back her bonny black hair to her.

She wears white most of the time. Daytimes she goes in for sports things—tricky tailored frocks and suits. In the evening she is apt to blossom out in something rather exciting. She doesn't care about jewels. Furs are her passion; and she has an amazing collection. I don't know how many fur coats she owns, or scarfs, but enough to keep her warm those chilly Hollywood nights.

She has expressive hands with long lean fingers. They gesticulate continually. She wears only one ring—an ultra-modern French affair, especially designed. She is by way of being an authority on modern art.

Variety Is Not Her Spice

SHE has the impish perversity of a bad child at times. You don't know whether you want to kiss her or spank her. When she says with a toss of her head, "De-Putti did ziss or zat," you feel that to her De Putti is a

(*Continued on page 84*)

LAURENCE REID REVIEWS THE NEW PHOTOPLAYS

The Celluloid

IT has taken three Germans to fashion a picture that dwarfs anything which has graced the screen this year. This is a broad statement, but it's my story and I'll stick to it. Superlatives are in order in placing "The Patriot" among the best things that have ever graced the screen. And in paging the Germans, Herr Jannings, Herr Lubitsch and Herr Kraely may come forward and take a bow.

This picturization of Alfred Neumann's play based upon the last days of the mad Czar Paul gives Jannings another opportunity to prove himself the best character actor of the films. His performance is as versatile as it is rich in emotional power. After "The Last Laugh" and "Variety" one would naturally assume that the talented Teuton had registered the last word in delineation of character. Yet I find a *different* Jannings in "The Patriot." The mad ruler is painted in vivid colors, expressed in terms of lust, bestiality, cruelty, viciousness—and a round dozen other despicable traits of character. Jannings catches them all.

As dramatic, moving and graphic as the story is, it is the star himself who dominates it. The mad Paul is genuinely humanized in a study which is unforgetable. The other players, especially Florence Vidor, catch Jannings' inspiration and act with fine feeling and understanding.

So "The Patriot" looms large as a picture that is a distinct credit to the screen. Would that we could have more like it. By all means see it and admire Jannings at his best. The three Germans who made it have achieved a work of art.

Jolson In Good Voice

AL Jolson's voice is well recorded in "The Singing Fool," Warner Brothers' newest Vitaphone picture. Since he sings several songs in his own inimitable manner, one can call the opus a personal triumph for the mammy man. The blackface star rates better and better as a trouper, too. He has a knack for getting into the heart of his characterization and bringing it to the surface with human touches.

I can't hand the story so much. The plot is kind of blah in that it kicks up considerable sentiment of the sticky variety. And it goes along on a single track theme. But it is staged colorfully and surely permits Jolson a chance to demonstrate his personality. Playing a singing waiter in Blackie Joe's, he falls in love and marries a blonde who also sings in the joint. To furnish sympathy for the waiter the little woman deserts him after he has made her famous—and she takes

Upper left, Emil Jannings as the mad Czar Paul has a dramatic moment with Florence Vidor. The picture is "The Patriot." At the left are Victor McLaglen and Nick Stuart who, as crooks and pals, contribute toward making "The River Pirate" interesting. Below is a graphic scene in "Submarine," with Ralph Graves in charge of the oxygen tanks

Critic

THIS MONTH

The Patriot
Submarine
The River Pirate
The Cameraman
The Whip
The Singing Fool

the baby with her. So the mammy man gets some solace by returning to Blackie Joe's and winning the love of a girl attendant.

This is all quite sobby, the story not being anywhere near so genuine as the characters. But it has Jolson—and he's clever enough to attract the crowds. He sings in true Jolson fashion. Other voices heard here are not so good. There's altogether too much roaring.

Old-Fashioned Hokum

SMACKING of the mid-Victorian era of pictures is "The Whip," brought more or less up to date through the costuming of the players, though no amount of smart togs can erase the impression that here is something that doesn't belong.

It is all very *Berthaclayish*—the figures being a lady, his lordship and a bally bounder bent upon mischief-making. The background is an English countryside. The idea revolves around a horse that champs at the bit in doing his bit in clearing up the complications of this extremely old-fashioned number.

Just what inspired its sponsors to screen it in this day when antiques are out of order is beyond me. But there it stands bidding for patronage. If you don't take it too seriously, you'll be amused. Through this hooey hokum Dorothy Mackaill, Lowell Sherman and Anna Q Nilsson try to be convincing, but the assignments are too much for them.

Upper right, Al Jolson plays a singing waiter and falls in love with a fair songbird, portrayed by Josephine Dunn. The picture is "The Singing Fool." At the right is Buster Keaton, who, as a news-reel photographer, is taken in tow by the hospital boys. His newest is "The Cameraman." Below are Dorothy Mackaill and Ralph Forbes about to follow the hounds in "The Whip"

Buster Is Spoofing Again

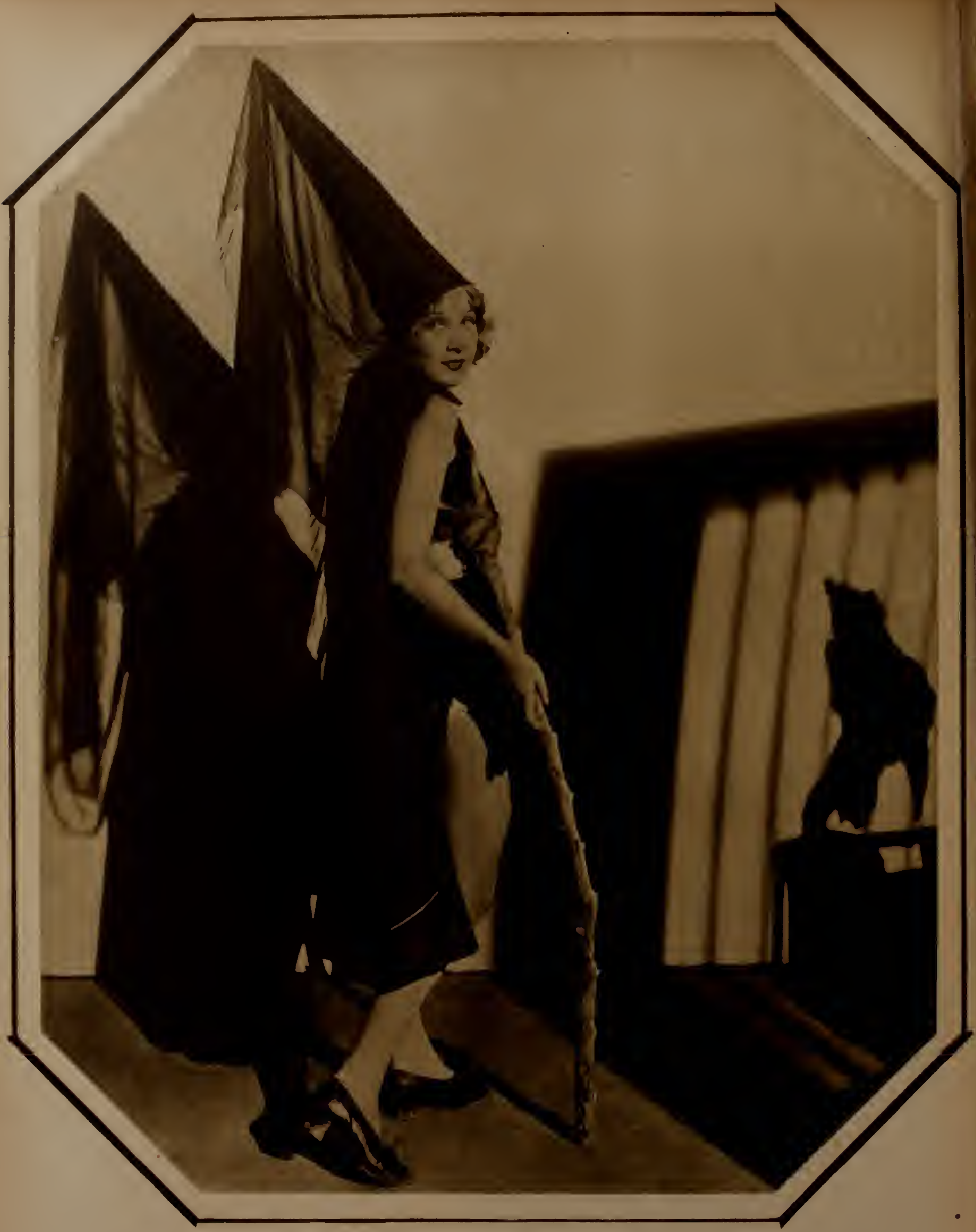
The Keaton man (stoneface himself) hasn't another "General" on his hands here, but he has a fairly boisterous comedy in "The Cameraman," and one calculated to agitate the belly laugh. Buster has checked out his vehicular inventions to make holiday with a camera. Since stories of news-reel photographers have been clicking somewhat of late, the comedian comes across with a burlesque of a cameraman who got that way quite by accident.

The Buster is a tintype expert, but through the confusion of welcoming a returning hero (the locale is New York) he gets all hot and bothered—and before you know it he is grinding the camera. The machine takes him places and gets him into one tight jam after another. It is a first-rate comedy and surely is funny enough. Marceline Day is the girl friend—and, like all of Buster's heroines, is pleasing to the optics.

Realism from the Depths

For sheer realism, nothing has bobbed up in some time to compare with "Submarine," which not only

(*Continued on page 88*)



Witchery is hardly a property for which Gwen Lee requires any special costume; her beauty unassisted exercises it in a degree far too disturbing for comfort. Yet no one can say the dress isn't becoming; on the contrary, arrayed as she is, Gwen spooks extremely attractive

Clarence S. Bull

Just Plane Crazy

Because He Is, Wallace Beery Keeps Everyone He Knows Up In The Air

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

WALLACE BEERY has turned from comedy back to drama. And he is as happy as the struggling extra boy who has just been made a star.

"Y'see, it's like this," says Wallie. "There was an epidemic of comedy. Then there was an epidemic of comedy teams.

"Well—a little lettuce is nice. But two or three bushels of lettuce gets monotonous, besides giving you indigestion. The public is suffering from comedy-team-indigestion right now.

"'Z'a matter of fact, so am I. This comedy business is no sugar. You fall off of things and down things and through things. Life is one long succession of bruises.

"I'd rather do four dramas—heavy ones—than one comedy. Just as a matter of practical comfort."

Wallie has always been one of my favorite people. He is a tremendously big, sprawly man, with a laugh which can be heard for blocks.

I went to tea with him and his very pretty young wife, one time at their home. They showed me a bathtub full of wriggling puppies.

"I didn't know what on earth to do with them," Mrs. Beery explained. "And Wallie thought we could put them in there."

"'S a good place for 'em!" Wallie said and forthwith took me out to the back yard to show me his pet coyote—which strained at its chain and gave vent to loud wails of anguish when he, after scratching its ear, left it.

The Boy Elephant Trainer

WALLIE knows about animals. He started his career as an elephant trainer.

"I ran away to join the circus," he related. "Just a kid, I was. They asked me what I could do and I told 'em I was a good man with elephants. So they hired me.

"What I knew about elephants, of course, I had learned from watching them pass in circus parades.

"'T was a rainy night and they were moving the show. 'Get on one o' them bulls and come along,' the man told me.

"I watched the other birds putting their hooks into the elephants' ears and climbing up to ride. So I picked a little fellow—'way at the end of the line—and put my hook into him as a hint for him to put his head down and let me get up.

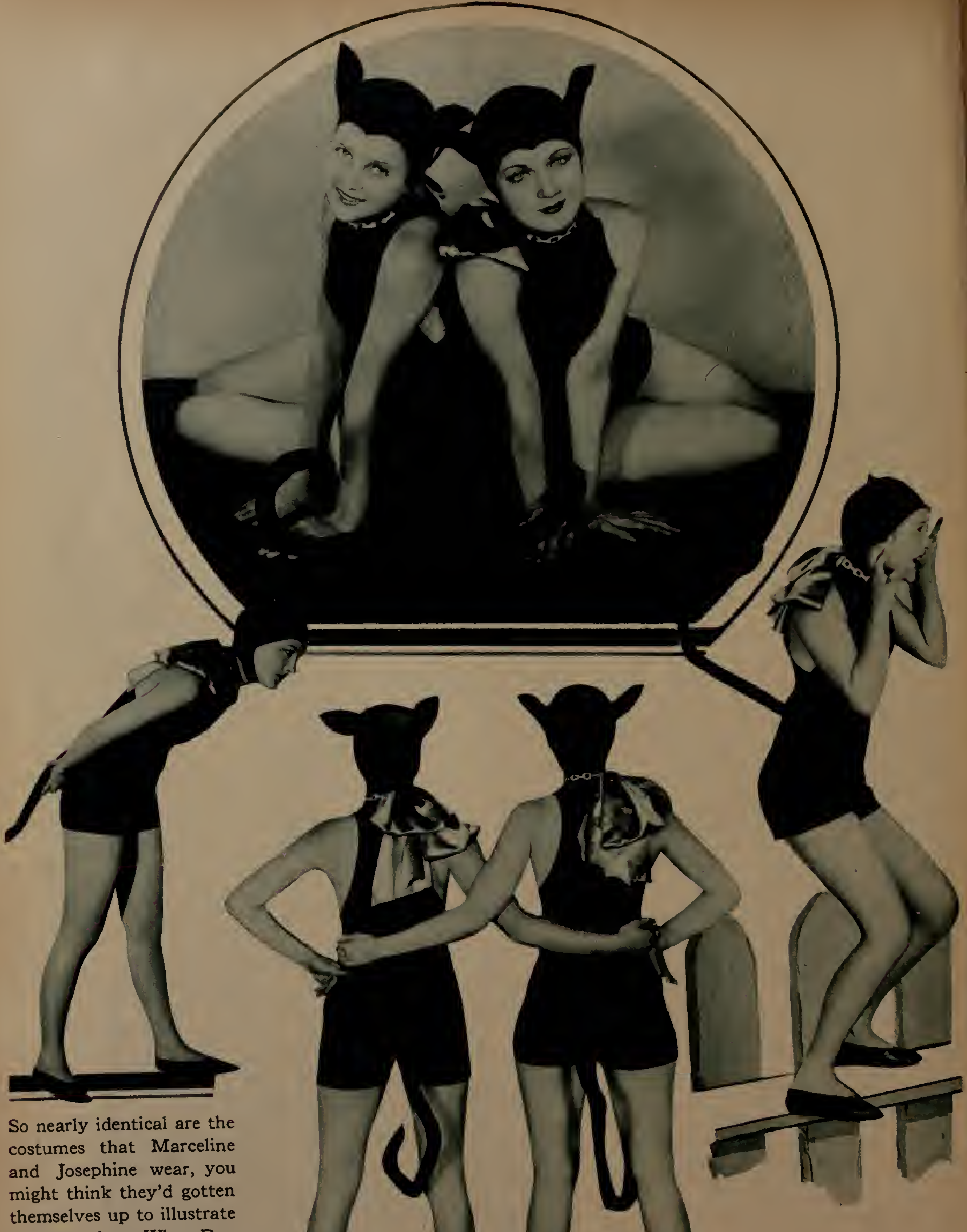
"He finally did. But as soon as I was aboard, he recognized me as a novice, shook his head and dumped me in the mud. I climbed up again and we repeated the performance. He dumped me off in that soupy

(*Continued on page 86*)

Hendrickson

Richee

If ever it should be suspected that some member of the film colony were the man higher up, Wallace Beery should be the first to be sought out

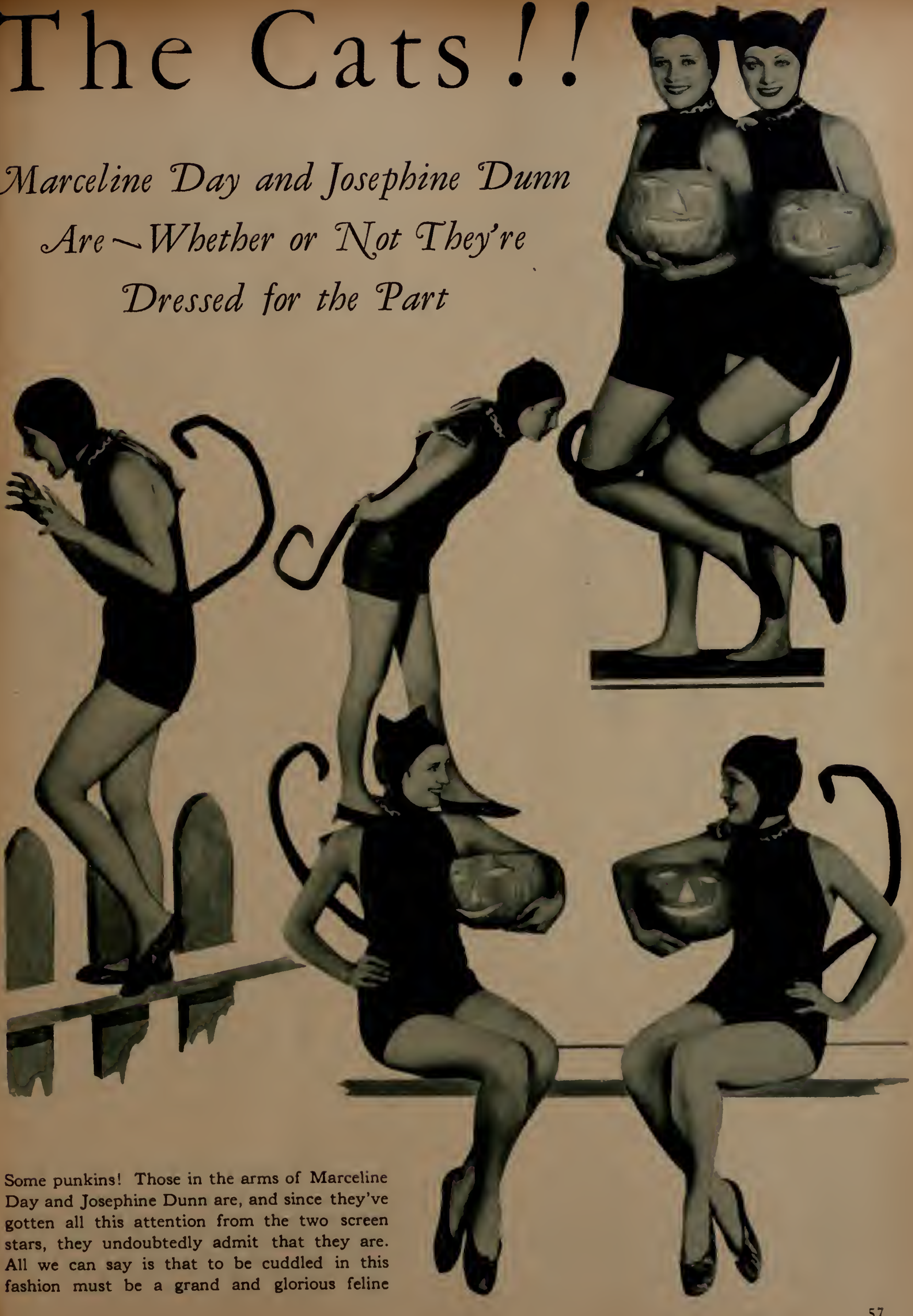


So nearly identical are the costumes that Marceline and Josephine wear, you might think they'd gotten themselves up to illustrate the song about When Day is Dunn. Or perhaps to personify the title of the novel about the Tail of Two Kitties

Photos by
R. H. Louise

The Cats!!

Marceline Day and Josephine Dunn Are—Whether or Not They're Dressed for the Part



Some punkins! Those in the arms of Marceline Day and Josephine Dunn are, and since they've gotten all this attention from the two screen stars, they undoubtedly admit that they are. All we can say is that to be cuddled in this fashion must be a grand and glorious feline

He's In Pictures *for the* Money

Lionel Barrymore is Frankly Uninterested in the *Art* of the Movies

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

R. H. Louise

"THE art of the movies? Pah!" If that isn't what Lionel Barrymore said, he said something else of which it is a tactful paraphrase.

He is a Barrymore—one of *the* Barrymores, y'know—but he is just acting for the money. His opinion of the movies is fifty degrees below zero. He doesn't believe they are getting more intelligent. He doesn't believe they ever will. He denies that the public wants good stuff.

This eldest of the famous Barrymores blames nothing on Hollywood. Hollywood people, he says, are intellectually nothing to write and tell mother about, but it is fashionable there to appear even dumber than one really is. It is the height of bad taste at any Hollywood gathering to talk intelligently, either about the movies or anything else. This, Lionel opines, arises from a general sense of frustration in the film colony. Actors, producers and directors alike realize with varying degrees of vagueness how impossible it is ever to make the movies grow up. If one talks to them about what ought to be done about it, they fall asleep; they haven't the least wish to discuss the matter. Fundamentally they are all interested in nothing but the size of the weekly salary check. And you can't blame them, says Lionel.

Enjoying His Jack

LIONEL gets a check with a delightful row of noughts each week from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and he is perfectly ready to admit that it gives him a lot of satisfaction. In fact, it's about the only thing in Hollywood that does give him satisfaction. He has a lot of highly flavored things to say about other aspects of the place.

"This is the age of insincerity," the elder Barrymore boy declares. "The movies had the misfortune to come along in the twentieth century, and because they appeal to the masses there can be no sincerity in them. The public today does not want sincere art and will not accept it. Hollywood is tied hand and foot to the demands for artificiality of the masses all over the world. It has been proved over and over again that whenever something real is offered the public, with the rarest exceptions, its producers lose their money. This does not apply alone to movies—only the novel and the play, which can be profitable through their appeal to a restricted public alone and do not have to depend on the masses, can be allowed nowadays to portray life as it really is. I don't blame the movie fans. I blame the age in which they live—the age of insincerity.

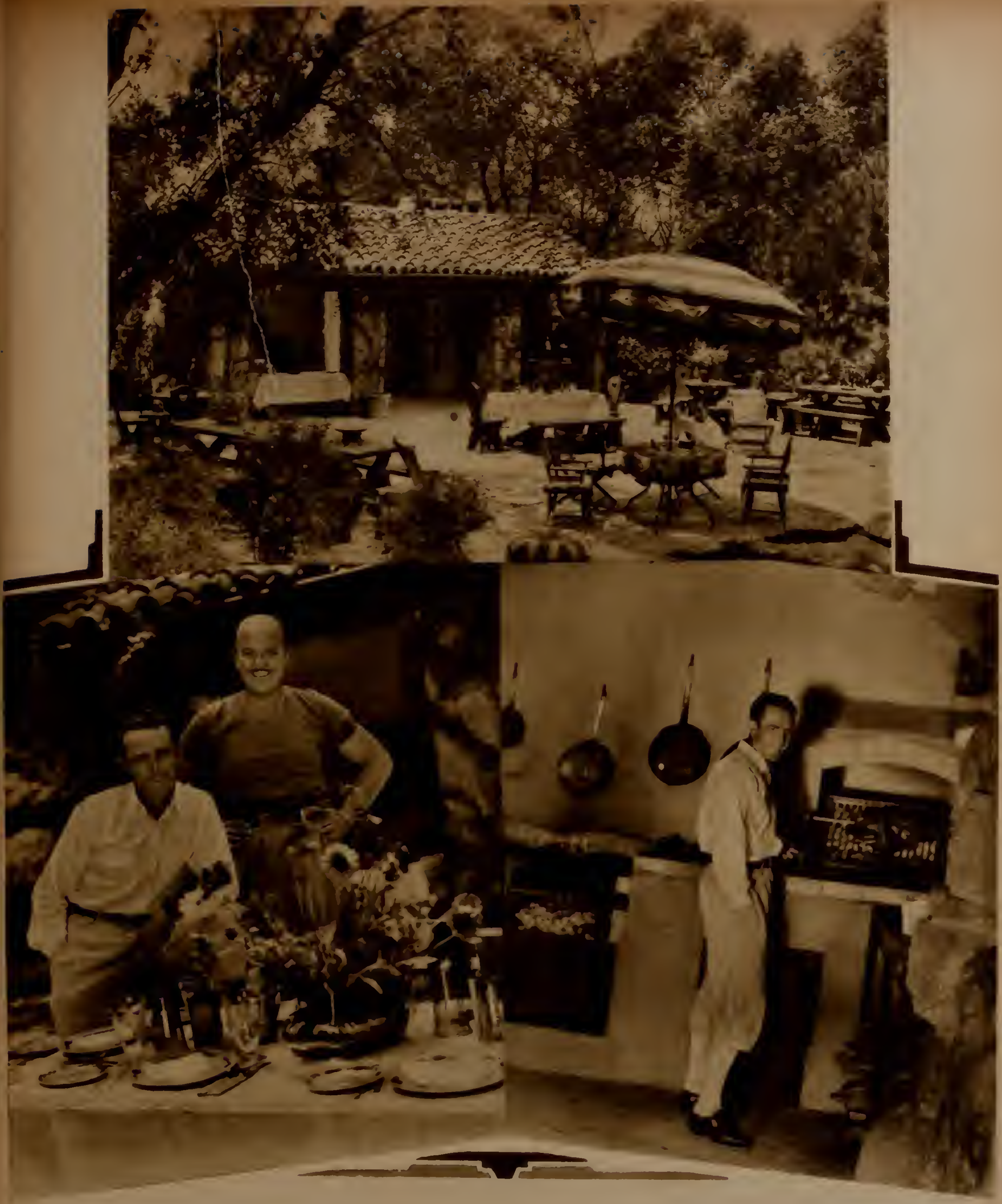
"How can a race which prefers just to skim the surface of life have other than artificial tastes in art?

"The large majority of movies, produced under the censor-everything-real régime of the day, are horribly vicious. The censors apparently work on the theory that moral uplift consists in whitewashing the characters at the final clinch, after allowing them any sort of degrading actions in the earlier part. In picture after picture we are edified with the spectacle of the heroine acting in the most atrocious manner for five and a half reels, then we are informed in the last few hundred feet that she is really a good girl at heart all the time. If she is good, then God help us all. What they refuse to see is that there is only one way of making such stories edifying—by making it clear that she is *not* a good girl. It would be better not to show any evil characters on the screen at all than to whitewash them as they now do."

Dehydrating Life

"DON'T get me going on the subject of censorship. It is a horrible thing, forcing all reality out of pictures because it bans everything that would have any relation to life as it is. But nothing can be done about this, either. In a thousand years you cannot get censors to see that

(*Continued on page 87*)



Lloyd Of All He Surveys

For his own private pleasure, so that he may cook for himself and eat the consequences without the warnings of his wife, Harold Lloyd has built upon his estate an outdoor kitchen and picnic house. At the left is the owner with Roy Brooks, the most fearless eater in Hollywood; and at the right the barbecue grill, with Harold appropriately garbed in picknickerbockers

Lansing Brown

There will be little necessity, after young Mr. Allen's performance in "Annapolis," to inquire "Who's Hugh?" For he carries his part of the picture with a success better far than fair to middying

Carsey

Can it be that Loretta Young, leading woman to Richard Barthelmess, has chosen a bathing suit whose brevity makes the ocean blush?

Looking Them Over

Close-Ups From the West Coast

MARY PICKFORD gave a party. Not for the Countess of Such-In-Such or the Duchess of Do-Dad, but for the new crop of movie kids who have been doing so well on the screen lately. The Younger Generation was properly thrilled right down to the tips of its dancing pumps.

Jobyna Ralston was so excited that she and Dick Arlen had been invited that she thought, at first, it was a mistake. Before she accepted the invitation she checked back to make sure some one hadn't made an error.

Janet Gaynor arrived two hours late for the party and spent the rest of the evening worrying that Mary would think she had made a grand stand entrance. As it happened, Janet was delayed waiting for her fiancé, Lydell Peck, to fly down from San Francisco to escort her to the special event.

Matty Kemp and Buddy Rogers and all the other nice boys stood around getting an eye-full of Pickfair and looking properly impressed. "Let's go out and look at the gardens," said Doug to Matty. "I'm just a guest here tonight, myself."

Only Lupe Velez was completely at ease. It would take more than a party at Pickfair to faze Lupe. She spent most of her time teaching Will Hays the tango.

With this costume, Betty Lorraine can be both voiceless and effective in her forthcoming Christie sound pictures

Lupe's Double Tribute

SHE was very beautiful. She was so beautiful that it didn't matter whether she had a sense of humor or not. She didn't. So she autographed a picture to a girl who resembled her, like this:

"To my 'double,' a very beautiful girl."

A Dangerous Gem

RITA CAREWE was wandering around a beauty parlor all tied up in towels and sheets, but looking very bride-like in spite of it. While Rita was getting a manicure, somebody spotted the new wedding ring Leroy Mason had just recently slipped on her finger. "My Gawd! You ought to see it" whispered the excited voice. "It's gor-jous! *Heart-shaped* diamonds, honest."

And they had to slip Rita out the back way before her booth was stampeded.

Does He Love the Girl?

THE town is divided on the question as to whether or not Ronald Colman is romantically interested in Lili Damita. The sentimentalists say that Lili has jolted Ronald out of his royal indifference to the ladies, while the wise-guys seem to think that it is nothing more than a publicity rumor to create interest in the new co-starring team.

Anyway, Ronald has been spotted a couple of times exchanging words with Lili out of the camera range; and for Ronald, that's an encouraging sign. Known as one of Hollywood's mysteries it may be that Lili has solved the riddle of Colman's carefulness.

Mortensen

After seeing Alma Rubens as a dusky *demoiselle* in "Show Boat" we must admit that our favorite color is the same as Ring Lardner's: mulatto. And perhaps add that our favorite sweet cookies are octoroons

Lansing Brown

No longer the child he was in Griffith's "The Great Love," back in wartime; but Ben Alexander still is what his work in that picture established him as: a prodigy

Out Hollywood Way

By DOROTHY MANNERS

Grace in Disgrace

DICK GRACE, the aviator, has been going around threatening suicide and all sorts of things since Alice White broke off her engagement to him. The other night the police department awakened Alice in the middle of the night to come bail Dick out. The charge was disturbing the peace. Right out loud on Hollywood Boulevard he had been wailing and ranting about Alice.

Now is that any nice way for a jilted young man to act? Suppose all of them carried on that way? A girl couldn't get any fun out of being engaged at all.

Cannons

Lucille Miller, like other Sennett beauties, always takes occasion to be bathing suitably dressed

Æsthetic and Ethiopian

ABOUT every year at this time comes the announcement that some one is going to make an all-negro picture. Last year the DeMille studio was all set to produce a colored comedy written by Irvin Cobb. This year M.-G.-M. makes the announcement that King Vidor will film an all-negro story for them written and directed by himself.

This will be a great chance for some mammy songs via the sound effect.

Bring Your Own Towel

NOW that it is pretty definitely understood that Mrs. Tom Mix has gone to Paris to get a divorce, Tom has broken his prolonged silence about his domestic affairs with a couple of interesting statements to the papers.

"I could not tolerate Mrs. Mix's friends," he said to one reporter. "They came to our house only to use our tennis courts and swimming pools, and eat our food and drink our liquor."

Since Mrs. Mix has been gone, Tom has been doing considerable entertaining for his friends.

But maybe they bring their own liquor. And box lunches.

Another Mix Mix-up

SPEAKING of Tom, he doesn't seem to be able to keep out of the papers. His latest publicity concerns a little fist fight between himself and Will Morrisey, the cabaret entertainer. Will says that Tom beat him up for no reason at all, and Tom says Will called him dirty names and he had to defend himself.

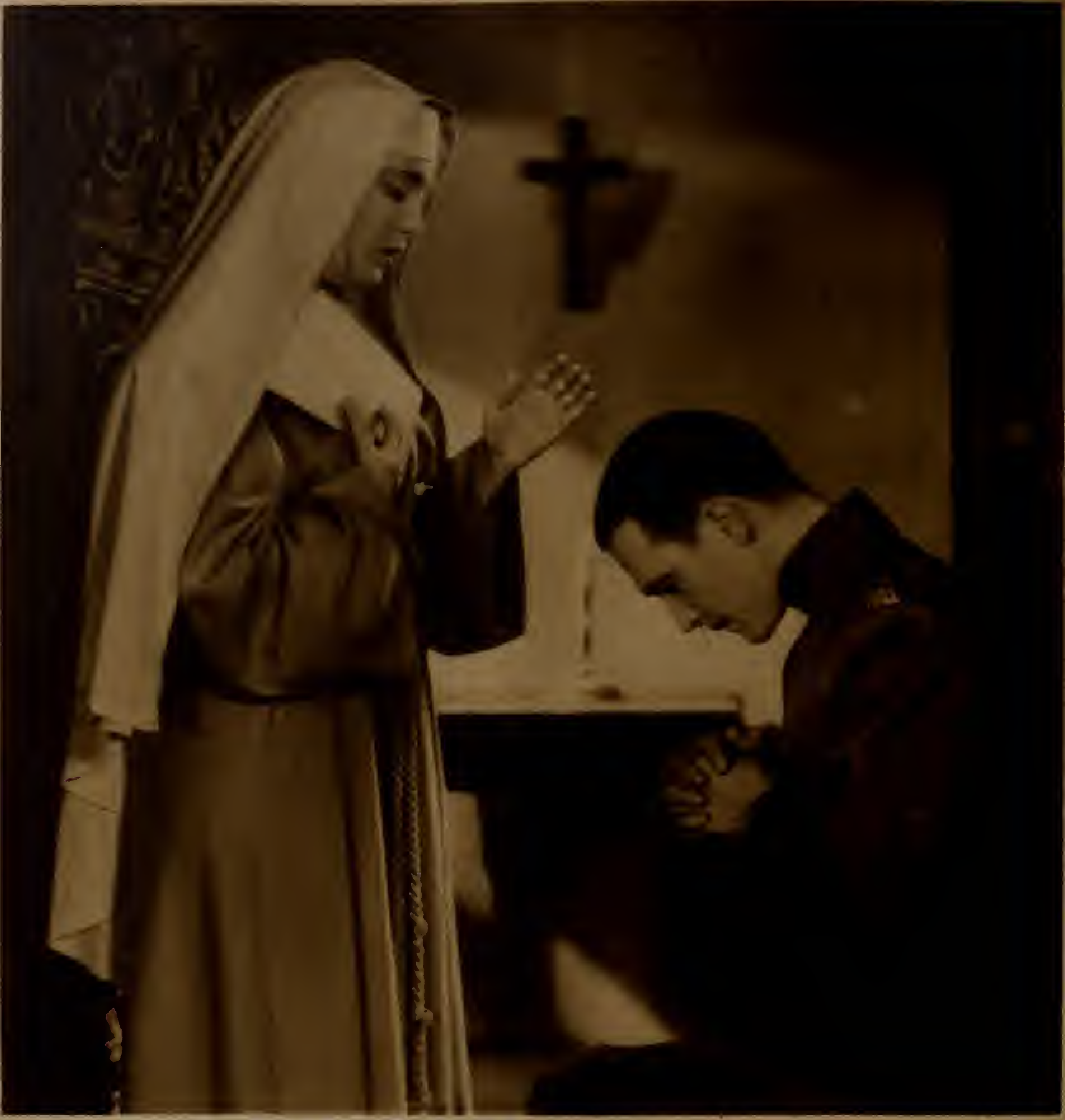
The battle of the century took place at George Beban's house-warming. And anybody who doesn't think that was getting things off to a warm start will please raise his or her hand.

Leading Woman, Thy Name Is—

A CERTAIN young leading man was having a lot of difficulty with his pretty little co-star in a picture. They got along like cats and dogs—only not so friendly.

"Why, that dumbbell's so conceited, she thinks her

(*Continued on page 85*)



Kenneth Alexander

Two Soldiers

Both enlisted in the cause of peace: Vilma Banky, as the nun; and Walter Byron, as the officer, as they appear in the forthcoming photoplay, "The Awakening"

Richee

Wilder and Wilder Women

The Badder The Better, Cries Popular Taste Of Its Celluloid Loves

By HAL K. WELLS

THE screen is no place for a lady. By that I mean the screen itself. I am casting no aspersions whatever on the private life and habits of any feminine player off-screen. Al Jolson tried a wise-crack along that line about a certain popular actress several months ago, and ever since then Al has felt a great deal like the rash individual who once tried to stage a necking party with a porcupine.

I have no desire to be picking figurative quills out of my hide for the next six months, so I am not going to duplicate Mr. Jolson's little error. So far as I'm concerned, they're all ladies off-screen in Hollywood. They go to bed regularly at nine o'clock; they regard a chocolate ice cream soda as the height of dissipation; they divide their reading between *The Literary Digest* and the Elsie books; they never use any profanity stronger than "Oh, fudge!" and they believe that no girl should ever kiss a strange man unless she has been married to him for at least three months.

But on the screen—boy, howdy! A blushing little heroine of the old lavender-and-lace type would be as out of place in the hectic screen fare of today as a butterfly in a hornets' nest. The screen heroine of yesteryear was a dear, demure little soul with soft blue eyes, golden curls hanging down her back, and with a white dove in one hand and a bunch of violets in the other. The screen heroine of today is a hard-boiled little egg with one black eye and one green, a boyish bob that ends about four inches above the nape of her neck, and with a machine-gun in one hand and a bunch of hand-grenades in the other.

We used to like to see them as kittens. Now we want them to be wildcats.

If it were merely a case of one or two screen stars who have forsaken their old-time sweet and innocuous rôles for the more hectic portrayals of Gun-Totin' Sal, it would be nothing to become particularly excited about. But the whole blooming feminine contingent of the screen seems to have gone hard-boiled *en masse*. Take a look at a few examples selected quite at random.

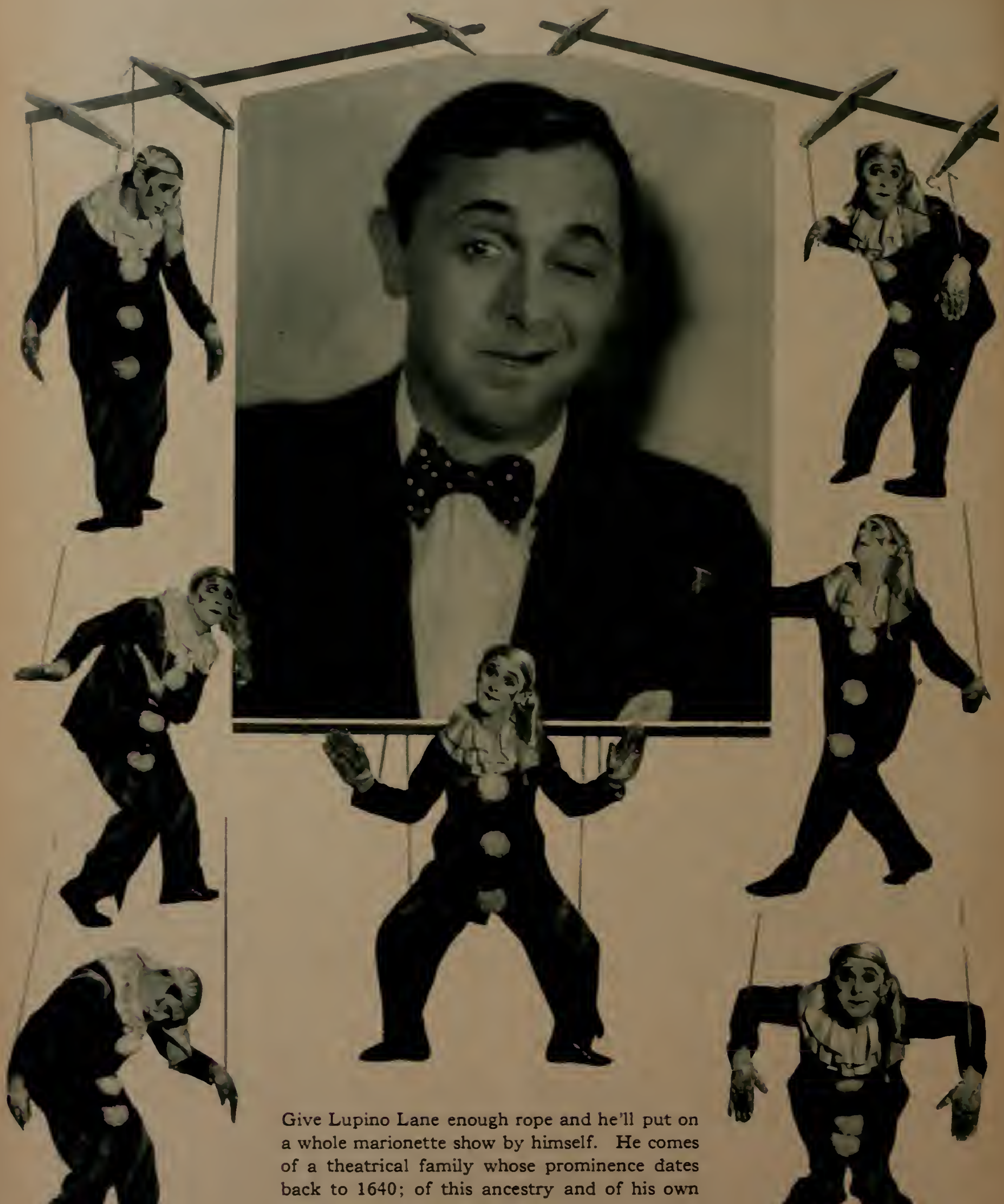
Eleanor Boardman was once just about the most demure and ladylike heroine in pictures. Now, in "Diamond Handcuffs," she blossoms out as a typical gangster's Moll, one who would be no disgrace to the old Bowery itself. Mary Philbin, after years of meekly turning the other cheek, goes vampire with a vengeance in "Drums of Love" and does some high and fancy necking that compares favorably with the best efforts of Greta Garbo.

Esther Ralston, after a couple of years of merely looking sweet and wholesome in her screen rôles, is now portraying the type of modern young Amazon who always gets her man, even if she has to knock him cold to do it. May McAvoy has of late thrown her winsome shyness into the ash can and gone in for *gamine* rôles. The classic beauty of Dolores Costello was seen as a part of the underworld in "Tenderloin," and the fragile Dolores took enough physical punishment in that picture to send half a dozen U. S. Marines to the hospital for repairs. Even Marian Nixon, whose screen work long ago earned her the title of the sweetest girl in Hollywood, went jazz in "Red Lips" and proceeded to wildcat all over the place. The list might be continued indefinitely. And when you add to this list the names of those who have always specialized in more or less hardboiled rôles:

(*Continued on page 77*)

Cushions . . . perfumes . . . mystery . . . the lair of the sorceress . .
Clara Bow . . . in an Oriental mood

Puppetual Motions



Give Lupino Lane enough rope and he'll put on a whole marionette show by himself. He comes of a theatrical family whose prominence dates back to 1640; of this ancestry and of his own maintenance of its prestige he should, in truth, be proud as Punch

Photo by Seely

A Few Months Ago I Couldn't Play a Note

Now I Can Play Anything—Ballads Classical Numbers and Jazz

I ALWAYS liked music.

I envied people who could sit down at the piano and play.

But I never considered taking piano lessons myself. I couldn't afford to pay a teacher and I didn't have much time for practice.

But a few months ago I heard about a system of learning music which *didn't require a teacher*—a system by which you could *teach yourself* to play the piano or the violin or any other musical instrument by note in half the usual time.

I made inquiries. I found out that this system was called the "Print and Picture" method—that it had been successfully used for 28 years by the U. S. School of Music in New York City—that it had taught half a million people to play musical instruments. When I found out that the cost of the lessons averaged *only a few cents a day*, I decided to try the course in Piano Playing.

My Big Surprise

What a revelation that course was! Music isn't difficult! It doesn't take long to learn. The "Print and Picture" method makes it wonderfully easy—wonderfully simple!

I was amazed at my rapid progress! Before I knew it I was playing simple tunes. And now I can play anything I like—stirring marches that make the blood tingle—haunting melodies that hold folks spellbound — snappy, jazzy numbers that start feet shuffling and shoulders swaying.

What fun it is to play! And what good times I have playing at parties and dances! The minute I sit down at the piano I'm the center of a laughing, singing, jolly crowd. I've made scores of new friends. I'm sought after—invited everywhere! Honestly, I'm getting more fun out of life than I ever thought possible!

Choose Your Course

Piano
Organ
Ukulele
Cornet
Trombone
Piccolo
Guitar
Violin
Clarinet
Flute
Saxophone
Harp
Mandolin
'Cello
Hawaiian Steel Guitar
Sight Singing
Piano Accordion
Voice and Speech Culture
Drums and Traps
Automatic Finger Control
Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor)

Also for advanced pianists a special course including 24 famous classics—a distinctive addition to any pianist's repertoire.

What Learning Music Does for You

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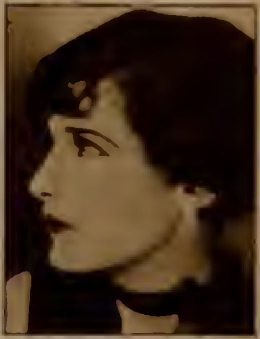

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When she comes to the footlights to acknowledge Broadway's applause of her marvelous dancing in "Sidewalks of New York," theatre-goers sit forward to admire her youthful charms; the fresh crispness of her rose-petal skin and her gleaming black hair. She's Virginia Clark, of 143 Twenty-third St., Jackson Heights, New York City.

"When friends say I'm lucky to have such clear skin and soft, shining hair," says Miss Clark, "I have to tell them it isn't luck at all. In my case, it's the result of care. For my hair, I use the simple method that's all the rage among New York girls now. It's so easy. All you do is put a little Danderine on your brush each time you use it. This makes my scalp feel just grand and keeps away all dandruff. It keeps my hair and scalp so clean I don't have to shampoo nearly as often as I did. It makes my hair soft and easy to dress; holds it in place; and gives it more lustre than brilliantine!"

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Hollywood Gives Texas Guinan A Great Big Foot

(*Continued from page 22*)

her $50,000 contract; and a couple of publicity men, made up the delegation from moviedom. When a cameraman from Warner Brothers' studio started filming the grand reception, with Texas surrounded by a band pretending to play a triumphal welcoming number, a crowd gathered to see what all the shooting was about.

Hollywood simply did not appreciate this little native-nurtured girl who had gone away and made good. An extraordinary feeling of lethargy pervaded the place in regard to the whole matter. Little suspecting that such disgusting lack of appreciation was even possible, the two honest young men employed by Texas to make things comfortable for her on the front pages of the Los Angeles papers went ahead with plans for a monster welcoming dinner. "You are invited," they informed the citizenry of Hollywood and Beverly Hills, "to join with her friends of the motion picture industry in a great welcome-to-California testimonial dinner-reception-party honoring Texas Guinan, Friday, August 31st at the Breakfast Club. Five dollars a plate. Informal. Let's give this little girl a big hand." At the bottom of the invitation was a list of about fifty notables described as "Reception Committee." Of course, totally unsuspecting of Hollywood's potential callousness, they included such names as Mayor Cryer, Gloria Swanson and Conrad Nagel in the list. It did not even occur to the two young men responsible that it was necessary to ask permission of the owners of the names. Picture, then, their chagrin when on mentioning the matter to Mayor Cryer's secretary their invitation was torn up before their eyes, and they were provided with a lucid geographical explanation of the way to reach the street in the shortest possible time. No less succinct, it is gathered, were the directions for leaving the building given by the stars similarly approached.

The last straw came when officials of the Breakfast Club, which had been hired for the "reception," wrote to the two dazed young men regretfully reconsidering their decision to allow their headquarters to be used for this purpose. The only big hand Texas got on what should have been her triumphant local-girl-makes-good return to Hollywood, was a property one made to the order of some inventive genius of Warner Brothers publicity bureau, for use in the photographs taken at the station. What she got from the motion picture industry as a whole was more of a great big foot—with iron knobs on.

But Texas was as unruffled by the unappreciativeness of Hollywood as by the sunshine, which was the first she had seen for eight years. "Hello, suckers," she remarked cheerily, as she arrived at the Montmartre an hour and a half late for a lunch appointment with a few sympathizers.

"I certainly was surprised not to find all the cowboys making whoopee at the station," was all she said of her mild welcome home. "This dump has changed some. When I was here making Westerns ten years ago, we used to go down in a mob to meet returning friends at the station.

"One of the first things I shall do, now I'm here," she went on zestfully, "will be to call on Aimee McPherson. She dropped in at my club when she was in New York and I owe her a return call. But God knows how she'll receive me. I'm afraid she's sore at me because after she came to my club I took a bunch of the girls over to one of her meetings and we all sat in the front row. Half way through the proceedings she leaned down to me and asked in a loud whisper, 'Do you know any hymns?' 'All of 'em that's worth knowing on Broadway,' I told her, but it seems I got her wrong and she looked mad. After the meeting I went up to her and said, 'Listen, Aimee, the only difference between you and me is that you'd rather have a good time hereafter and I'd rather have mine now.' She didn't seem to like that so much either.

"Still, you can say what you like, that Aimee is one smart kid. I understand she's still packing 'em in at every performance, and you can't help respecting a real showman. The only trouble with her is that she took up arithmetic a little too late in life, which is why she can't keep out of lawsuits now. But I'm here to say that anyone who can dive in the Pacific and come up in the middle of the desert deserves one big hand.

"Giving up night clubs?" she continued in answer to a question that somebody managed to get out while she paused for breath. "Say, whaddya think I am—crazy? As long as there's the spirit of youth in the world and people want to have a good time, there'll be night clubs—and just as long as they publish maps of New York, I'll be in the racket. Whenever they close up one of my places, we just pack the tables, chairs, girls and waiters in vans and move around the corner. Keeping business as usual in the night club racket is simply a geographical matter—you have to know your way about. I've been on every street in the Forties and Fifties with one of my clubs. One time we moved out of the El Fay while the padlockers were on the rampage, located under another name on the next street, then as soon as things quieted a bit we moved back to the El Fay and stuck a 'D' on the beginning of the name. It all makes for variety.

"I've got so used to appearing at the Federal Building that now I call it my Alma Mater. I was known to everyone there down to the janitors, and they'd all give me a hand and say 'Come right in, Miss Guinan,' almost as if it was my own club. But I never once got sentenced to so much as a day. They can't get a thing on me—I'm too smart for that. I don't own the clubs I work at and am not responsible for anything that goes on. But I will say that nobody can claim they ever saw anything raw pulled at a club where I was. I've run floor shows in a space the size of a pocket handkerchief and never so much as had a man try and touch one of the kids. If they serve liquor at my clubs, I don't know a thing about it. But it doesn't matter to me what people drink—if they want to take ground glass they're welcome to it. Personally, I never took a drink in my life and nobody can say they saw me."

Sixteen bracelets with assorted jewels on her right wrist, two ropes of pearls and two diamond pendants, together with three rings on each hand, each set with a pea-sized stone, offered mute testimony from Texas' person to the success of prohibition so far as she has been concerned.

And they do say "The Queen of the Night Clubs," her new Warner Brothers picture, is to be 100 per cent sound. Well, since sound is all that matters now in the movies, why not put a stop to all this nonsense of looking at the actors? Just one or two more bracelets and a few lavalieres, and we could hear Texas say "Hello, sucker" without the exertion of using our eyes as well as our ears, as she would be completely walled in by precious stones. Just one more big hand for prohibition.

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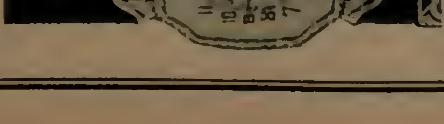

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Confessions of the Stars

(*Continued from page 19*)

clutches, and she was going to keep the clutches.

"When the boat docked, no aunt was in evidence. The crowds milled about us to such an extent that I couldn't have seen her if she had been there. I didn't try very hard. I had my first attentive audience, and I was glue.

"The 'kind lady' told me that she would take me to a waiting-room a few blocks away. People always waited there for little girls, she said. Not being an experienced traveler—this was my first sea trip—I trotted along, firmly held. She also informed me that she would like to have me visit her for a while. She would telephone my aunt all about it. She had a lovely house, she said, where lots of young girls stayed and wore pretty clothes and were visited every evening by handsome young gentlemen. This sounded great.

"She kept piloting me along rather strenuously. Two blocks, three, four. Her grasp tightened, dug into me. I felt that she was changing. She no longer called me honeyed names. She seemed to be in a terrific hurry. *Where were we going?*

"Peg's warnings came back to me. I asked her where we were bound for and she told me to shut up. I began to howl. I kicked and screamed. She tried to act like a worn-out mother subduing a rebellious child. I bit and screamed. People began to stop and stare. It was growing more and more noisy and intense. Finally, abruptly, the woman released her grip and fled. That was the end of her. It might well have been the bitter end of me. I retraced my footsteps and found a frantic aunt. My first faith in human nature had been bruised.

Miscarried Missives

"I WAS kinda dumb in school. Never cared anything about it.

"The teachers made a weekly practice of sending Peg notes of complaint about me. *She never got them.* Norma and Natalie and I put our heads together and concocted a workable scheme. We told the teachers that Peg was dangerously ill. In bed with a trained nurse. The doctors had said that the least shock, the least unpleasantness might prove FATAL. We dared not give her the notes. The teachers, not wishing to be parties to matricide, accepted the story. They may have wondered at Peg's continued invalidism, but they did nothing about it. Thus did I skid through school and into the old Vitagraph studio.

"My first love affair.

"It was red hot. Hectic. Murderous. Dripping with romance and tragedy. One of the clinging, sickening kind that makes trysts and talks about death being better than separation and the possible desirability of double suicide.

"I'd never had any childhood romance. Boys had seemed to prefer to make me a target for mud pies, or an object to be pushed out of trees and off fences.

"When the First Dark Romantic Love came along, we took it violently. I wasn't used to being a goddess, adored and supplicated. We were just horribly in love. I can't imagine why we didn't do some of the lurid things we threatened to do. Sixth sense, perhaps. We're good friends now—and laugh about it together. But First Love is always a little sad, even in retrospect.

All Strangled Up

"ONE dark and stormy night we were coming home from a party in a taxicab. I had smiled once or twice at some other youth. Whatever it was, *he tried to strangle me.* And he very nearly succeeded. It wasn't make-believe. His fingers twisted round my throat and for the first time in my life I saw *the light of the killer in a man's eyes.* I thought my hour had come and I didn't know whether I was more terrified or more thrilled. It was pain and it was pleasure. After all, wasn't I being the heroine of a ten-twent'-thirt' mellerdrammer?

"I was, indeed. I bore the imprints of his fingers for days to come. I finally managed to gasp out an appeal to his Better Nature and after a few more twists of my throat and several muttered threats and curses he decided to let me live.

"Eventually I met Another Man. The answer to that is: I would! I was very young and very inexperienced and a new love affair was, to me, a new book that had to be read. I felt more like a heroine than ever. I had now to tell my First Love that All Was Over. I told him in my dressing-room at the studio and—another tragedy took place.

"He didn't look pale and interesting and fall on his knees to me, as I had fondly imagined. He looked green and sick and he fainted, head on to the glass cover of the dressing-table. His head was gashed open and his blood dripped on my hands and on the floor. I thought I'd killed him. I hadn't, but he bears the scar to this day.

* * *

"I'm tired of being 'The Life of the Party.'

"I'm deathly tired of it.

"It seems to me that the first rôle you play in life is very much like the first rôles you happen to play on the screen. *You're never let off of them.* You never get away from them.

Condemned to Comedy

"I LIKED fun and I started in by playing the clown. I can't stop being the clown now, now that I am weary of it. I started by being a screen comedienne and I can't break away from that, to date. I wanted, desperately, to play *Sadie Thompson.* Jeanne Eagels wanted me to play it. Do you suppose anyone at the studio could see me in that rôle? Don't be hysterical. I was a comedienne, wasn't I? Then how, how, they wanted to know, could I play the devastated *Sadie Thompson?*

"Some of my tears were shed over that. No one wants to laugh all the time. No one can. *No one does.* I don't. But try to make people believe that. Try to stop being the life of the party. If I try to stop it, if I go out and am quiet, people say to me: 'What's the matter. Don't you feel well?'

"Rather than explain my state of health and my state of mind, I get into the step expected of me and let it go.

"It's a painful and a difficult process, this turning of a hidden side to the public. Difficult for me to explain that the self I am has never been known because it has never been revealed. Because, really, it has never been asked for.

"It sounds dramatic to tell of the tears I have shed and the dark hours I have known and the fears and regrets I have endured. But if I must say it, how say it any other way?

"I don't suppose there are many people who worry over things more than I do. Or anyone who has a more shrinking dread of the future. If I had to worry about money, too, I think I would go mad. But thanks to Peg, that ogre is spared me. A year or two ago she created a trust fund for me so that even if I should never work again I could

(*Continued on page 83*)

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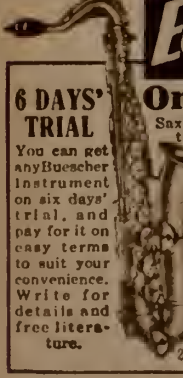

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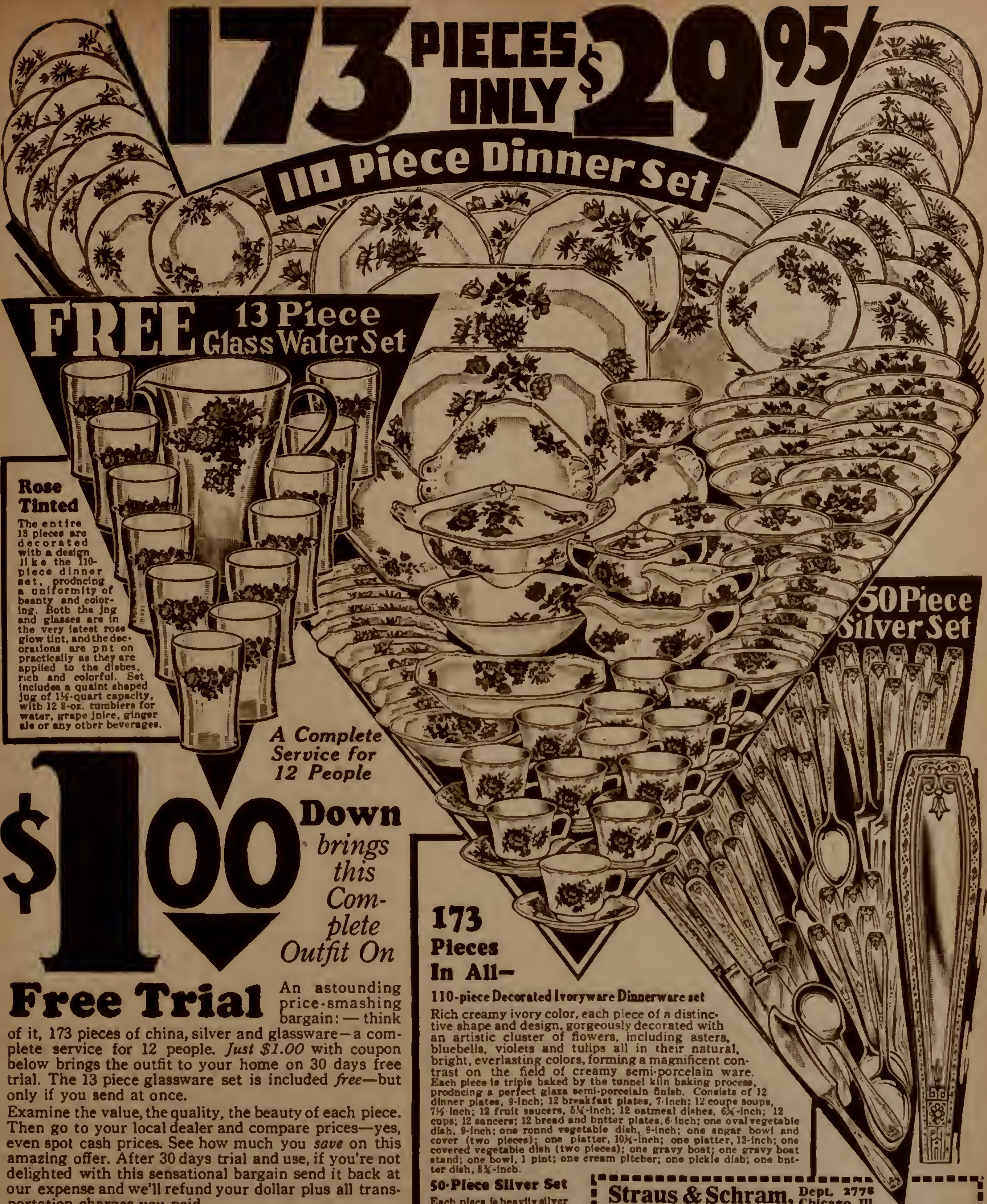

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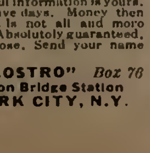

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Are Vampires Children?

(*Continued from page 40*)

children. I mentioned that as a possibility and that look came into Colleen's eyes. The look that plays the heartstrings of her fans as only a daughter of the Celts can play them. The Irish, with mockery on their mouths and old, unhappy, far-off things in their hearts.

When Colleen was ten she thought of Death. She imagined herself dying, rather beautifully, of course. Friends and relatives weeping round the bier of one who had passed on, "so young, so beautiful."

She made out her last will and testament. The doll's-house to her mother. The hound dog to her brother. The locket to her father. Several other treasures to other beneficiaries.

Her younger brother, Clive, was enormously interested in the pleasant possibility of this event. He hung around, hopefully. Colleen continued to keep up her health. It didn't seem to come off and he tried to think up ways to poison her.

Her First Proposal

COLLEEN was fourteen when she had her First Proposal. She was visiting with her family, in Canada, I think. A friend of her father's came to visit them bringing with him his seventeen-year-old son. The seventeen year-old fell in love with Kathleen Morrison. The affair progressed with daisy petals and April sighings.

One day they went to drive. Kathleen knew that the Great Moment of her Life was upon her. He was going to Propose. She didn't know how to behave. She hadn't read What Every Young Girl Should Know. Her sole education in matters of the heart came from the movies. How would Norma Talmadge have acted in such a moment? Blanche Sweet? Alice Joyce? She racked her brains. And so, when an arm slipped about her, she drew coyly away. She cast sidelong glances at him and fluttered her eyelashes violently and athletically. She pursed her mouth into a sibilant O. She had seen the movie queens do just these things. When he Put the Question, she murmured, with more battings of the eyelashes, "Yes—Beloved!"

They went home. She was Engaged.

I wish you might have seen Colleen enact this little comedy for me. It was one of her best performances.

But it was no more than acting, perhaps because the thrill that came of it was that of its being the first proposal, not the most important. For Colleen is no different from anyone else in this respect: that when things mean something serious one can't see them in their proper—and never in a half-humorous—perspective. I know this because I happened to be a witness later to an experience of the same sort which did mean something to Colleen, something which indeed still means something—and everything—to her.

I remember talking with her about five years ago, when she was first married to John McCormick. I didn't do much talking. Neither did Colleen—to me. The phone in her dressing-room kept ringing and when it didn't ring on the average of every five minutes she rang it. Such "Darling doodles" and "Do oo love me's" and "Angel faces" I never sat in at before. I thought, at that time, "This isn't the talk of a bride, it's the talk of a *child*-bride." And then I made the reservation, "A child bride who knows—something."

The child-appeal.

Colleen is still in love with her John. There's never been anyone else. They're not interested in the ways of the Modern Generation. When brother Clive narrates a few of the parked-car, hip-pocket, free-for-all amours of his set, Colleen turns pale and doesn't half believe it.

She doesn't phone her John every five minutes any more. Nor he her. They go on vacations and things alone. She doesn't goo and call him pet names. But she showed me the leathery, homey, booky room where she and John spend their evenings alone. And if it was not a child bride taking pride in this showing, it was a *woman* who loves a man. There are huge framed photographs of him on her dressing-table and desk. And she told me that on the night "Lilac Time" opened he sent her an immense wreath of red roses.

"You know," she said, "the theme of 'Lilac Time' is 'Love Never Dies.' Well, John sent me this mammoth wreath of roses and across it in letters of gold were the words, 'Love Never Dies.' That was the sweetest part of the whole delirious evening to me. That and the flowers sent me by the electricians and carpenters. They are the ones I *work* with, and that meant something.

"I just felt—well, drunk that night, anyway. It was the greatest thrill I have ever known. I didn't actually *see* one foot of the picture. I went back the next night to see it!"

Is Anybody Happy?

WE were sitting most of this time at a perfectly appointed luncheon table. The butler, erstwhile eye-witness of the Mayor's terpsichorean abilities, served us avocados and other delicacies. Colleen does *not* have to diet. On the contrary, she eats potatoes.

Colleen said, in her head-on-one-side, thoughtful, quizzical little way, "I used to say I would retire from the screen very soon. I remember I told you that a year or two ago. Well, I've changed my mind. I won't retire for quite some time. No one ever does and it's silly to say so. And I have grown to feel that perhaps—perhaps my pictures may mean something. Help a little, you know. I often worry, though, about the endings. The happy endings: the 'And they all lived happily ever after' sort. I'm not sure that that is the right idea to emphasize. *Do* people ever live happily ever after? Should they want to? Is that what we are here for—happiness?"

"But you're happy."

"Oh, happy? I don't know. At times. Moments. Content at times. I've always had the material things, as I've said. But the other things. Anyway, I think we are never really happy, because we all *expect too much.* We say 'Now, *now* we have reached the peak, *now* we will have nothing more to worry about; we have reached perfection.' And we haven't. We never do. We are let down because there is no such thing. Disappointed, frustrated, over and over again.

"I think we get out of life *just exactly what we put into it.*

"And I think that life always 'gets' us where it hurts the most. On the vital spot. I think of a certain very well-known director, a dear friend of John's and mine. He hasn't been very—well, nice about the things he has done. Especially to women. He has often said to me in the past, 'I know I'll get mine some day. Some woman will break my heart for me.' Well, no woman ever has to date. That isn't, really, what would hurt him most. His work has fallen down, though. His pride is humbled. And there again life has been infernally clever: it is his pride in his work that is his vital spot.

"It is the child appeal in women that keep them famous," said Colleen Moore to me.

Yes. Yeah. And again, yeah.

Haughty! Haughty!

(*Continued from page 26*)

"Say, how do they get that way?" the newspaper boys muttered, waiting in the hot California noon outside the English manor house for the summons to an interview with the newly married pair. They wise-cracked about "Jash" in a grumbling undertone, and laughed loudly to show that they were quite at ease. "Who do they think they are, anyhow, to shake the press at the train this morning—and all along the line for that matter." But they waited. We all waited. We were going to ask Florence Vidor for all the details of her international romance; we were after heart stuff.

Concocting Queries

A HARASSED publicity boy from the Famous Players studio kept plying back and forth across the clipped English lawn, negotiating the interview. Miss Vidor didn't want any stories about her marriage. That's why they kept it secret. But she had consented to see us. Only—well, not too many questions. After all, people had a right to a honeymoon in peace.

We whiled away the minutes planning what we would ask her. The answer she gave to the license bureau when they asked for her occupation was "None." Was that significant? Did it mean that Miss Vidor felt that a woman's career was of no importance, as compared to her home? Was it a hint at her coming retirement from pictures? How would she adapt her work to Jascha's? What did she think of the chances of happiness in international marriages? Was she happier now than she had ever been before?

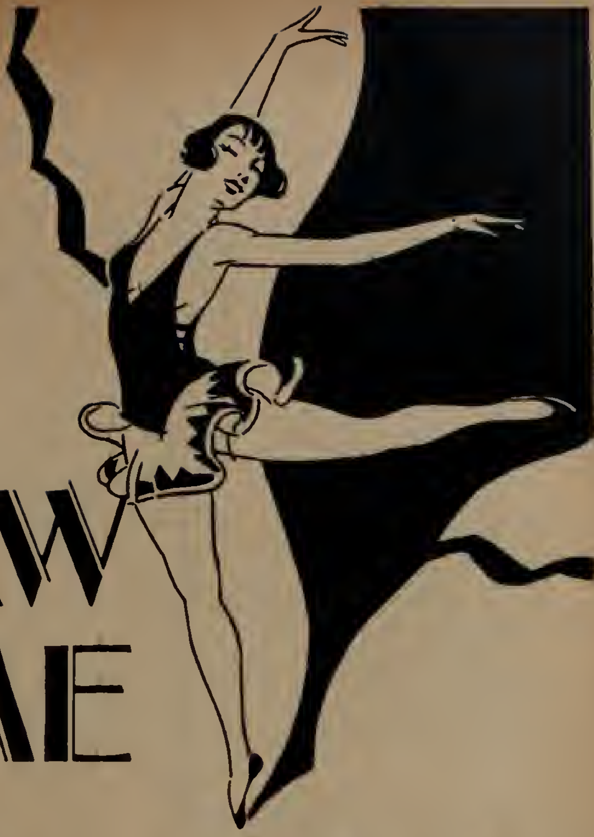
The door of the grey English house opened. The publicity boy herded us in, subdued and sheeplike, and we were shaking hands with Hollywood's latest honeymooners. Heifetz's foreignness was somehow accentuated in that sedate English background. He is a youngish Russian of medium height, with dark eyes and the impersonal smile of the public idol. He was holding a cigar between those beautiful magic fingers. Florence Vidor appeared in a dark blue coat and hat that made every other woman there seem overdressed and blowsy. The wise-cracking newspaper reporters shuffled their feet uneasily like schoolboys. The questions we were going to ask seemed suddenly the grossest impertinences in the long cool dim room with its faded blue Georgian chintzes and dark gleaming wood.

Giving Their Real Names

FLORENCE VIDOR was speaking graciously. It was charming of us to come so early and welcome them. And it was pleasant to be home again, though she had loved her first trip abroad: Paris especially, and Switzerland. She would like to live abroad part of every year. Perhaps she would be able to arrange to make all her pictures from October to May and have the rest of the year free.

"How had they managed to keep their wedding a secret?" someone asked Heifetz. The violinist answered suavely. These things could be managed by special dispensation. They had wanted to escape the publicity of a Hollywood wedding. Miss Vidor had given her maiden name, and he his real name Keifetz. They had been married with only Sophie Breslau, the singer, and his attorney as witnesses, in a hotel room. They kept it a secret for five days; even little Suzanne Vidor had not known.

(*Continued on page 79*)



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Do You Like to Draw?

Copy this dancing girl and send us your drawing—perhaps you'll win first prize. This contest is for amateurs only (17 years of age or more), so do not hesitate to enter, even if you haven't had much practice.

1st Prize	$100.00
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3rd Prize	$25.00
4th Prize	$15.00
5th Prize	$10.00
6th to 15th Prizes,ea.	$5.00

To the Next 50 Best Drawings—A Fountain Pen

FREE! Everyone entering a drawing in this contest may have his or her art ability tested free! When your contest drawing is received, we will mail you our Art Ability Questionnaire. Fill this in and return it, and you will receive our critic's frank report of your natural sense of design, proportion, color, perspective, etc.—and with it our book "YOUR FUTURE," showing work of Federal Students and telling you all about the Federal home-study course. This is free and places you under no obligation whatever.

This interesting analysis has been the start for many Federal students, who through proper training of their ability, are now commercial artists earning $2,000, $4,000, $5,000 and $6,000 yearly—some even more. The Federal School has won a reputation as "the School famous for successful students." Read the rules carefully and enter this contest—see what you can do.

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Rules
For Contestants

This contest open only to amateurs, 17 years old or more. Professional commercial artists and Federal students are not eligible.

Note these rules carefully:

1. Make your drawing of girl and shadow exactly 6 inches high, on paper 5 inches wide by 7 inches high. Draw only the girl and shadow, not the lettering.

2. Use only pencil or pen.

3. No drawings will be returned.

4. Write your name, address, age, and occupation on the back of your drawing.

5. All drawings must be received in Minneapolis by Nov. 10, 1928. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Faculty members of the Federal Schools Inc. All contestants will be notified of the prize winners. Make your drawing of the girl now and send it to the address given in this ad.

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NO HOTEL IN THE WORLD OFFERS MORE VARIED ATTRACTIONS—Superb 27-acre park, with miniature golf course, open-air plunge and tennis courts. Riding, hunting and all sports, including 18-hole Rancho Golf Club. Motion picture theater and 35 smart shops within the hotel. Famous Cocoanut Grove for dancing nightly

Write for Chef's Cook-book of California Recipes

ATTRACTIVE SUMMER RATES

BEN L. FRANK, Manager

29 bx

Stop Me, If You've Heard This One

(*Continued from page 25*)

"You're right, Pat," Mike shook his head sadly. "Nowadays it ain't safe to be livin'."

RICHARD BARTHELMESS: An Irish leader was cheering his men on to battle:

"Min!" he says, "We are on the verge of battle an' I want to ask ye before ye start, will yez fight or will yez run?"

"We will!" says they.

"Which will ye do?" says he.

"We will not," says they.

"Aha! Thank ye, min!" says he. "I thought ye would."

COLLEEN MOORE: The doctor came to see Maloney, who was sick in bed. After talking to him, he came out of the room and met Mrs. Maloney:

"Pat's not so well today," he declared. "Has he been sticking to the simple diet I prescribed?"

"No," replied Mrs. Maloney, "he says he'll not be after starvin' hisself to death just for the sake of livin' a few years more."

MARIE PREVOST: Two men were discussing the pronunciation of the word "neither." One claimed it was "neether" and the other "ny-ther." Presently Pat came along and they decided to leave the matter up to him.

"How is it pronounced, Pat?" they asked the Irishman.

"Nayther," said Pat scornfully.

JACK MULHALL: "Sure, 'tis a fine day, Mr. Mooney."

"It is, Mr. Casey. What's new?"

"Haven't ye heard of Widow Mulcahey's death?"

"No, phwat was the trouble?"

"Well, ye see, she wint out in the yard to the pump with a pail to get a drap av water. She slipped on the ice and struck the back of her head and thin walked into the house a corpse."

ROBERT ARMSTRONG: "Well, poor old Mike finally got married once too often."

"Shure, and I thought he was a bachelor before his marriage."

"He was."

DOROTHY MACKAILL: The brother of an Irishman in the war never wearies of telling how brave Pat was. "Why," said he, "he lost his arm in the very first engagement. But then, when he was well, he came right back for more. And the corporal told me how Pat grabbed two of the enemy, with a hand on each of their necks, an' banged their heads together 'til they was knocked insensible."

"But you just said he had but one arm."

"Oh, so I did. But when Pat got into the thick of the scrap he forgot all about that."

ALICE WHITE: Mistress: "I saw the milkman kiss you this morning, Bridget. Hereafter, I'll take in the milk myself."

Bridget: "Sure, mum, it won't do any good. He promised not to kiss anybody except me."

MILTON SILLS: Mrs. McCarthy: "Pat, what are yez doin' in that tub av water?"

Pat: "Whist, woman, hold yer tongue. Didn't the doctor say Oi should take a spoonful of medicine in a tub av water, three times a day?"

BEN LYON: Terrence Mahoney kept a saloon and Bridget, his wife, helped him tend bar. However, the poor soul died and Terrence gave her a great wake.

Bright and early the following day the bereaved husband was behind the bar receiving the condolences of his customers.

"Shure," said one, "and you'll miss Bridget, God rest her soul, as foine a gurl as ever drawed the breath o' life!"

"Roight, y'are," Pat wiped a furtive tear away with his bar-apron. "Biddie was a grand wife, she sould plenty of beer."

JUNE COLLYER: The Irish conductor was trying to explain to a fussy old maid why the train was late.

"You see, ma'am," he said, "the train before was behind and we were behind before besides."

EARLE FOXE: Terrence was walking along the beach when he heard the cries of a man in the water about a hundred yards from shore.

"Help! Help! I can't swim! I can't swim!" shouted the fellow as he floundered in the water.

"Neither can I, ye damn fool, but I don't go around bragging about it," yelled back Terrence.

JACQUELINE LOGAN: Mike had been detected in a lie.

"Phew!" exclaimed Pat, "and yez has no regarhd for the truth."

"Faith," said Mike calmly, "and I have so much regarhd for the truth that I very rarely use it."

CLARA BOW: O'Brien, on a very hot night, sat listening to a dull lecture on "Foreign Trade." Kelly on his right leaned over and whispered:

"Whew, and ain't the humidity something turrible?"

"That don't bother me as much as the bromidity."

LILA LEE: Once there was an Irishman who was also a commuter. Very carefully he had attempted to raise a garden and had even set in a few trees, but nothing lived except a little sapling.

One night Shamus came home after dark, having imbibed freely while in the city. He drifted off the walk leading to the house and encountered the little tree which knocked him down. He rose, fell against it again, and again picked himself up, only to be felled once more.

Finally he sat at the foot of the tree and burst into tears.

"Losht!" he cried, "losht in an impenetrable foresht!"

BILLIE DOVE: Mr. O'Flaherty undertook to tell how many were at the party:

"The two Crogans was one, meself was two, Mike Finn was three, and—and—who was four? Let me see," counting on his fingers, "the two Crogans was one, Mike Finn was two, meself was three and bedad! there was four of us, but I couldn't tell the name of the other. Now, it's meself that has it. Mike Finn was one, the two Crogans was two, meself was three—and—be me soul, I think there was only three of us after all."

He'd Like to Be a Bum

(*Continued from page 21*)

idea that Mary and I hurry home from our vacations in Europe because we are restless to be about our work again—like a motorman riding a street car on his day off."

Mind you, he said "business" in Hollywood. Not "art." To myself I thought, "Well, well, well," but I didn't say anything.

"I don't mean that I work without enthusiasm. Having finally convinced myself that I must do another picture, I throw every ounce of energy I've got into it. I do everything that way—at top speed. Besides, I would be a very poor executive if I didn't set an example of enthusiasm.

"Each time I start a picture I try to fire the entire unit with the idea that this is the finest picture ever made. I start with the director and tell him it is the finest movie he has ever directed and so on down to the prop boys. I want them to feel that their particular job is as important as mine. Enthusiasm! It's the only way to make a picture, or run a pickle factory.

"For the last three or four years I have been enthusiastic about romantic, costume pictures. I'm particularly enthusiastic about bringing 'The Three Musketeers' to life again. But," he smiled, "it's a lazy man's enthusiasm. They have been successful—they are fun to do.

"Someone asked me the other day why I didn't do a big adventure story on the idea of 'White Shadows in the South Seas.' They said to me, 'Here is a chance for you to do something different and yet as active and virile as the historical characters you've been creating for years. Look at the sweep—the adventure. It's your meat.'"

"Are you going to do one of these big adventure stories?" I put in, scenting a scoop.

"No," said Doug. "They're too much trouble. Look at the grief you bring on yourself. Adventure stories are made thousands of miles away from the studio and you're liable to run into all sorts of trouble."

And outside hundreds of workers on his payroll were filing through the gates. All through the town hundreds of more workers were waiting to be called for his new production that will take months to film. Hardly a job for a lazy man, either.

"Yes," he agreed, "but I got the idea for this one on the back seat of a limousine—not hanging from a tree limb in the South Seas."

I guess that *does* make a difference.

"I think there is a beautiful theme idea in 'The Three Musketeers,'" he said switching over to the story he is about to do, "and that is, friendship. In 'The Iron Mask' I am going to play up the comradeship of these men over the romantic angle."

He got to his feet here. Once more the old Fairbanks enthusiasm was swinging him along as he outlined his picture.

"It's an inspiration-ending. As D'Artagnan falls fatally wounded to the ground, the vision of 'The Three Musketeers' appears in the sky—beckoning him on and on to further adventure—"

A secretary entered with a paper to be O-K'd. Quickly Doug scanned it.

"And so at the end of the picture we see them as gay and gallant as ever, marching away into the very spirit of adventure."

An art director ventured in with a sketch of a set. "All right," said Doug, and added "Great!" He said: "You know I think this is going to be the *best and the biggest picture I have ever made.*"

The strange interlude was apparently over. The moment of rest was complete.

Hurry, hurry, hurry, for we start in a week!

Parents Keep Slender

Youthful figures at all ages now

Science Fights Fat

Through an important gland

People used to think that excess fat all came from over-eating or under-exercise. Some people starved, but with slight effect. Some became very active, still the fat remained.

Then medical research began the study of obesity. It was found that the thyroid gland largely controlled nutrition. One of its purposes is to turn food into fuel and energy.

Fat people, it was found, generally suffered from an under-active thyroid.

Then experiments were made on animals—on thousands of them. Over-fat animals were fed thyroid in small amounts. Countless reports showed that excess fat quite promptly disappeared.

Then thyroid, taken from cattle and sheep, was fed to human beings, with like results. Science than realized that a way had been found to combat a great cause of obesity. Since then, this method has been employed by doctors, the world over, in a very extensive way.

Next came Marmola

Then a great medical laboratory perfected a tablet based on this principle. It was called the Marmola prescription.

Marmola was perfected 21 years ago. Since then it has been used in an enormous way—millions of boxes of it. Users told others about it. They told how it not only banished fat but increased health and vigor.

That is one great reason—perhaps a major reason—why excess fat is nowhere near as common as it was.

No Secrecy

Marmola is not a secret prescription. The complete formula appears in every box. Also an explanation of results which so delight its users.

No abnormal exercise or diet is required, but moderation helps. One simply takes four tablets daily until weight comes down to normal. Correct the cause. With lessened weight comes new vitality and many other benefits.

Do the Right Thing

This is to people whose excess fat robs them of beauty, youth, health and vitality. Reduce that fat—combat the cause—in this scientific way. Do what so many people, for 21 years, have found amazingly effective.

Try a couple of boxes and be convinced. Watch the results. Then, if you like the results, complete them. Get a box of Marmola today.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1.00 per box. Any druggist who is out will get them from his jobber.

MARMOLA

PRESCRIPTION TABLETS—*The Pleasant Way to Reduce*

From Fad to Worse

(*Continued from page 33*)

will warm to the dawn of emancipation. Men possessing all the qualities now listed on the minus side, will dash to the rescue like the proverbial boys in blue. And Brenon mentions Otto Kahn and Adolph Zukor as two who will in some way endow the feeble art with sinews essential to its strengthening.

In the meantime, for a while at least, the movies will stutter along, neither fish nor fowl nor good red herring.

Our International Nation

HE strongly stresses the international appeal of pictures and lauds them as a medium through which the barriers of race and creed may be destroyed. And he feels that because America contains a little of the blood of all the world, our film-tales carry something for England, for France, for Germany. While their own pictures are provincial, ours are universal, all-embracing.

No, the screen has developed no great actors. Then he thinks of Chaplin. And takes this back. He divides acting into two schools: the inspirational and the technical. Chaplin is inspired. Jannings a technician. He raises his voice in denoting his vast preference of the inspirational school.

The publicist dips his oar to cite Sir Henry Irving as a technician who was a great actor, and meets with vehement denial. Brenon names Mansfield as the paragon. And surely the great Richard was inspired. From this stage interlude, back again to pictures.

Favors *Sorrell and Son*

THE mission of the movies is to entertain and elevate. The picture that counts is that which creates a spiritual exaltation. "Sorrell and Son" is his favorite. The Irish eyes of the man are moist with emotion, as he tells an instance of a son's letter to a father upon seeing the picture. And listens to another.

"Peter Pan" and its message of youth was produced to satisfy an ancient yearning. But he isn't pleased with it, because it can be done better. And he'd like to be the one to do it. "Beau Geste"? No, it wasn't bad, he admits. But there were obvious flaws. It creaked. Surely the public is intelligent. It likes his pictures.

He is strong in his approval of costume stories for screen translation, and agrees—with Griffith—that Dickens and the rest will one day come into their movie heritage. Accused of being temperamental, he confesses temper. But this, he smiles, was in the bad old days when he used to fly off the handle. Of course, he never does that now. Of course not. But, he admits, stupidity and bad acting do irk him. Even to the point of wishing he might shoot a few of the offenders before luncheon. But a good actor! How Brenon worships him!

And this leads into a little eulogy of H. B. Warner, who, says Brenon, is in the way of being a mighty pantomimist. Just a wee, leetle bit temperamental at times. But they understood one another, did "Sorrell" and his screen-father. And that understanding brought respect and admiration.

Chaplin, Amateur Peacock

THE acquisition of ego is the downfall of the player, so he says. And, for once paying heed to the purring publicist, he amends the statement so that the conceit must be in regard to histrionic prowess. *Par example*, Chaplin, mild and modest as a babe while laboring in that art of which he is the master, becomes something of peacock *poseur* when impressing the yessers with the attempted turn of an epigram, or floundering in a philosophical morass. But isn't Tunney? And, aren't we all?

"We" Stuff

THE director who takes credit for his pictures is an ass. The "I" is out. It's "we" who make pictures. It's the assistant director, the cameraman, the electrician, props. That is the secret. Team-work. Despite the fact that he may fire his entire force in the morning, they all adore him. And they know full well that they'll all be re-hired in the afternoon.

One actor who plays in almost every Brenon picture is told with monotonous regularity that never, no never, under any circumstances, will he ever again work in another Herbert Brenon production. The old fellow looks sad-eyed as a kicked collie, and like as not the two will weep a bit on one another's shoulders before shooting the next sequence. Many are the yarns they spin of Brenon. He's changeable as the skies of Killarney. Quick of wit, quick of speech, quick to anger, quick to forget. Except when he sincerely feels he is justified, then obdurate as a Dublin jarvey.

His first American job was as messenger-boy in a vaudeville agency. The stamp of the father was on his sons. Edward St. John Brenon was a dramatic critic. Herbert never strayed far from the profession, and his brother, Algernon St. John, was long the eminent musical critic of the New York *Morning Telegraph*. Even the third generation bears the brand, for Aileen St. John Brenon, Algernon's daughter, is a writer of merit.

From Imp to Importance

FROM a messenger-boy, he succeeded William Collier as call-boy at Daly's theater. Then became a trouper in his own right, playing juveniles and comedy rôles. Followed vaudeville, and his own stock company. Now pictures came, and Brenon became an exhibitor. From this he graduated into the scenario department of Carl Laemmle's Imp studios, and directed his first picture in 1910. It was "All For Her." Since then he has directed three hundred photoplays, for Fox, for Paramount and for United Artists.

A host of stars have heeded his megaphone, among them Theda Bara, Alla Nazimova, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Nance O'Neil and Forbes-Robertson are some of the personalities who have made their film debuts under his auspices. And listed with his discoveries are Richard Barthelmess, Bert Lytell, Betty Bronson, Esther Ralston and Mary Brian.

Captain of His Soul

HE has weathered a host of vicissitudes that would have destroyed a less vital being. His hot-headed, hand-on-sword, often Quixotic attitude toward the world in general, has put him with his back to the wall in many a tight corner. He has been well-flagellated, and relegated to the outer darkness to seek contrition. But has always bobbed up again, independent and uncontrite. He is an artist and a gentleman, an excellent judge of beverages, ever ready for a fight or for a frolic, and through countless buffetings has remained, with a twinkle in his eye, the captain of his soul.

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For over 50 years the house of Jason Weiler & Sons, of Boston, has been one of the leading diamond importing concerns in America selling direct by mail to customers and dealers alike all over the world at savings of from 20 to 40%. Here are several diamond offers—direct to you by mail—which clearly demonstrate our position to name prices on diamonds that should interest every present or prospective diamond purchaser.
This one carat diamond is of fine brilliancy and latest style cutting. Mounted in 14K solid gold setting. If this ring can be duplicated elsewhere for less than $200.00 your money will be returned at once. Our price direct to you.............. $145.00
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This book is beautifully illustrated. Tells how to judge, select and buy diamonds. Tells how they mine, cut and market diamonds. This book, showing weights, sizes, prices and qualities, $20.00 to $20,000.00 is considered an authority.
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Be sure to read page seven -:- -:- -:- -:-

PERSONAL Appearance
is now more than ever the keynote of success, both in social and business life. *Bow-Legged and Knock-Kneed men and women*, both young and old, will be glad to hear that my new appliance will successfully straighten, within a short time, bow-leggedness and knock-kneed legs, safely, quickly and permanently, without pain, operation or discomfort. Worn at night. My new "Lim-Straitner," Model 18, U. S. Patent, is easy to adjust; its results will soon save you from further humiliation, and improve your personal appearance 100 per cent. (Model 18 is not like old-fashioned splints or braces, with bothersome straps, hard to adjust, but a scientific, modern device of proven merit, used and recommended for the last 7 years by physicians everywhere.)
Write today for particulars, testimonials and my free copyrighted physiological and anatomical book which tells you how to correct bow and knock-kneed legs without any obligation. Enclose a dime for postage.
M. TRILETY, SPECIALIST
1662 L, W.U. Building Binghamton, N. Y.

Wilder and Wilder Women

(Continued from page 63)

Clara Bow, Betty Compson, Phyllis Haver, Helen Lynch, Lina Basquette, Evelyn Brent, and all the rest of them, you've taken in the great majority of our really successful screen heroines.

What's the idea of the sudden popularity of the rough stuff, anyway? I asked some of its leading exponents and got some rather illuminating answers.

Phyllis Haver blames the vogue of wild women largely upon the masculine members of theater adiuences.

"No doubt a man wants a sweet, peace-loving woman for his wife," Phyllis claims, "but when he wants to be entertained, he seeks a woman whose disposition and actions are of the high voltage type—censor rulings notwithstanding. Take the character of *Roxie Hart* in 'Chicago,' for example. She had not one redeeming trait. Yet, although audiences may have despised her, there's no denying the fact that they found her interesting. And being interesting is the acid test of any screen character. The little ga-ga heroine of yesterday was pure, but she was about as fascinating as The Congressional Record. Consequently, her day is now definitely over."

Jacqueline Logan also believes that a screen heroine cannot be both pure and interesting. "If Cleopatra had been the *little Eva* of her day, we'd never have even heard of her," Jacqueline asserts. "Likewise, if all screen heroines were as pure as the driven snow, theater owners would have to hire Sherlock Holmes to find their patrons. No, you can't be both good and successful—on the screen."

Betty Compson, who has long been the queen of them all when it comes to portraying on the screen rôles of the underworld, blames the popularity of those rôles upon the weakness of human nature itself.

"We know that we're far from perfect ourselves," Betty says, "and we get a big kick out of seeing those same imperfections in someone else. That is the reason for the popularity of the semi-bad, but very human, girl rôles on the screen."

Paprika is always an easy winner over sugar, according to Lina Basquette, whose rôle in "The Godless Girl" is distinctly of the wildcat type.

"We don't want our heroines really vicious," Lina explains, "but we do like 'em wild. A wild girl isn't necessarily wicked. Merely because she has a streak of wildcat in her make-up doesn't mean that she would cheerfully put arsenic in her hubby's biscuits. At that, I believe the average hubby would rather take a chance on the arsenic biscuits than have for his wife one of those ultra-sweet, dumb young things with a spine of putty."

Clara Bow, with whom rough-house rôles have been a specialty during most of her meteoric screen career, believes that the rougher the heroine gets treated, the bigger success the picture will be.

"The more a girl is thrown about during the seven reels, the bigger the box-office receipts," Clara claims. "In 'Ladies of the Mob,' for instance, I got hit with about everything from stray bullets to a table leg.

"An audience wants its heroines rough and ready, and the rougher and readier, the better," Clara continues. "It's come to the place now where I can count the number of black and blue marks on me at the end of a picture, and then prophesy exactly how big a success that picture will be at the box-office."

You did Right!

It is always safe to give a Bayer tablet; there is not the slightest harm in genuine Aspirin. You have the doctor's assurance that it doesn't affect the heart. And you probably know from experience that Bayer Aspirin does banish all sorts of pain in short order. Instant relief for headaches; neuralgia, neuritis. Rheumatism, too. Nothing like it for breaking up a cold. At all druggists, with proven directions enclosed.

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THE ANSWER MAN

MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC.

1501 BROADWAY NEW YORK CITY

EARLE LIEDERMAN—The Muscle Builder

Author of "Muscle Building," "Science of Wrestling," "Secrets of Strength," "Here's Health," "Endurance," etc.

The Man I Pity Most

POOR OLD JONES. No one had any use for him. No one respected him. Across his face I read one harsh word—FAILURE. He just lived on. A poor worn out imitation of a man, doing his sorry best to get on in the world. If he had realized just one thing, he could have made good. He might have been a brilliant success.

There are thousands and thousands of men like Jones. They, too, could be happy, successful, respected and loved. But they can't seem to realize the one big fact—that practically everything worth while living for depends upon STRENGTH—upon live, red-blooded, he-man muscle.

Everything you do depends upon strength. No matter what your occupation, you need the health, vitality and clear thinking only big, strong, virile muscles can give you. When you are ill the strength in those big muscles pulls you through. At the office, in the farm fields, or on the tennis courts, you'll find your success generally depends upon your muscular development.

Here's a Short Cut to Strength and Success

"But" you say, "it takes years to build my body up to the point where it will equal those of athletic champions." It does if you go about it without any system, **but there's a scientific short cut.** And that's where I come in.

30 Days Is All I Need

In just 30 days I can do things with your body you never thought possible. With just a few minutes work every morning, I will add one full inch of real, live muscle to each of your arms, and two whole inches across your chest. Many of my pupils have gained more than that, but I GUARANTEE to do at least that much for you in one short month. Your neck will grow shapely, your shoulders begin to broaden. Before you know it, you'll find people turning around when you pass. Women will want to know you. Your boss will treat you with a new respect. You'll look ten years younger, and you'll feel like it, too. Work will be easy. As for play, why, you'll realize then that you don't know what play really means.

I Strengthen Those Inner Organs Too

But I'm not through with you. I want ninety days in all to do the job right, and then all I ask is that you stand in front of your mirror and look yourself over.

What a marvelous change! Those great square shoulders! That pair of huge, lithe arms! Those firm, shapely legs! Yes, sir. They are yours, and they are there to stay. You'll be just as fit inside as you are out, too, because I work on your heart, your liver—all of your inner organs, strengthening and exercising them. Yes indeed, life can give you a greater thrill than you ever dreamed. But remember, the only sure road to health, strength and happiness **always demands action.**

"MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"

It contains forty-eight full-page photographs of myself and some of the many prize-winning pupils I have trained. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings imploring me to help them. Look them over now and you will marvel at their present physiques. This will not obligate you at all, but for the sake of your future health and happiness do not put it off. Send today—right now before you turn this page.

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Dear Sir: Please send me, absolutely FREE and without obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development."

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The instant and long-drawn out response of Bozo—in the middle—points to the fact that not only as movie actresses but also as musicians, Josephine Dunn and Marceline Day are howling successes

College Yells

(Continued from page 29)

"*THERE is nothing entertaining about a thirty-five year old actor romping through campus scenes with the spontaneity and nonchalance of a broken down chorus girl. . . . In recent months no other veterans of the silver screen than Marion Davies and Colleen Moore, who were sweet young things when the present day co-ed fumbled with dolls in high chairs, have flitted through college films like telephone girls off on a three-day bender, all lit up and far from home.*"

Why, Mr. Neville, how can you! But in justice to the writer, his criticism is not all destructive. He casually suggests a remedy in the following excerpt:

"*For nothing more than good business, the producers would be amply rewarded if they investigated the colleges, found out the ideas and ideals of the students, what they did in the evening shadows of the Gothic Halls, along the lake in the moonlight, or on the athletic field. They would find that saccharine glorification of dear old alma mater verges on the ridiculous, that childish gayety, so dominant in Hollywood pictures, plays a part, but a very, very small part in college life.*"

Not to be out-yelped, the University of California at Berkeley took up the cry with an editorial in the February "Pelican." It read, to quote a bit of it:

"*We cannot help doing our movie magnates the considerable honor of marveling at the flock of 'college' films being shown of late in the playhouses hereabouts . . . and the remarkable and embarrassing picture of college life presented by them to the public. The Pelican, viewing one of these elaborately collegiate movies spread its stuff, experiences the odd blending of emotions known to one who sees his reflection in a trick mirror. He is somewhat amused but made indignant by the oddly distorted representation.*"

A little farther on in the book "The Pelican" reviews Dolores Costello's "The College Widow" and says it is nothing short of an education to young college students. "The whole atmosphere just reeks of slickers and gin and frats and 'good old Atwater,' and there is Dolores Costello, looking as much at home as a gorgeous, green orchid in a Big Game corsage."

A Bouquet for Dix

FOOTBALL is a particularly sore spot with the colleges—that is, football as played in the movies. When Richard Dix's "The Quarterback" played a local house in Los Angeles that is patronized by students of both University of Southern California and U. C. L. A., loud were the hisses and boos when the hero's sweetheart calls to him from the grandstand—and Dix rushes back into the game, with no formalities, not even a word to the coach, and wins for dear old Paluka.

"That sort of stuff is the bunk," said big 'Bob' Rasmus who plays end on the U. C. L. A. team. "And the movies only cheat their own purpose with such liberties. In the first place, no player would be able to hear his woman yell from the grandstand and in the second place a man can't go back in the game just because he wants to. Another thing the directors ought to get wise to is that girls cannot go back in the locker-room to cheer on their heroes between halves. They don't allow 'em back there, and yet in almost every college picture I have ever seen the pretty heroine runs around to the locker-room and whispers a few words of encouragement to her boy friend.

"Another thing that gets the goat of the real football teams is the way the movie teams strike up brass bands for the fellow who scored the touchdown and carry him off the field with flowers strung around his neck. Real college teams are taught that the team is the thing and not the individual. No team in the world was ever more proud of a player than U. S. C. was of Morley Drury, and yet when Drury left the field of

Haughty! Haughty!

(*Continued from page 73*)

And their future—how would they manage their two careers? It would be difficult, Florence admitted; Mr. Heifetz was leaving in a week for a concert tour and she was beginning a picture—and weren't the flowers people had sent beautiful? And this basket of vegetables artfully arranged like a French bouquet with the card: "You can't live on love alone," was clever, wasn't it? *So* amusing, *so* delightful, *so* kind of you all to have come—.

We were out in the hot California noon, still speaking in subdued and refined tones. "Doesn't she somehow make you feel big and bouncing and *crude?*" said a magazine writer, not noted for her inferiority complex.

"And think of it—a year ago everybody was saying Vidor was through," a newspaper man added. "Her contract wasn't going to be renewed, she was buying a house in Hawaii to retire to. And now she's doing brilliant pictures and has married a front page guy. You never can tell, can you? Not in this town."

The harassed publicity boy was mopping his forehead and murmuring "Did you get everything you wanted? Then it's all right, eh? No hard feelings because they shook you at the station, eh?"

"I hope," said a sob sister from a Los Angeles daily, wiping away sentimental dew, "that she will be very happy."

We glanced back with one accord. The star and her musician husband were standing together in the doorway, a distinguished couple who would look as much at home in the doorway of a villa on Lake Como, or one of those fine old houses on the Parc Monceau. Perhaps that is the secret of the Vidor's attraction for distinguished men. She is not merely a famous motion picture star, she is a woman of the world as well.

As we looked, the door closed. The discreet and sedate English house kept its own romantic secrets.

College Yells

(*Continued from page 78*)

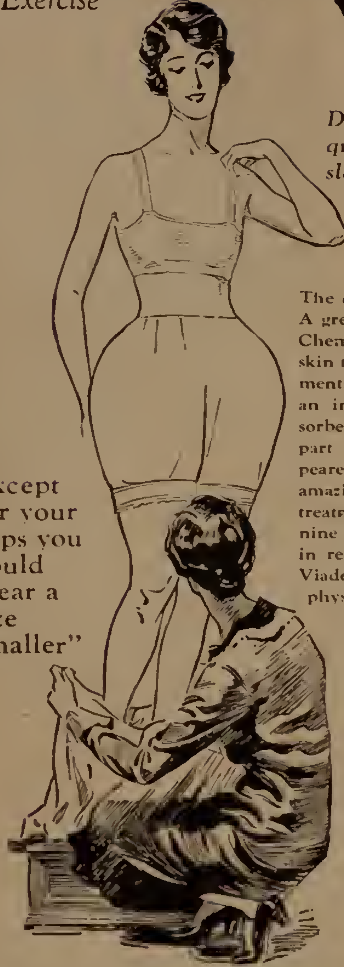
his last college game some of his team mates didn't even look up. Their hearts may have been pounding mighty proudly but they let the grandstand make all the fuss. I don't think any man could have ever had a bigger ovation than Drury got that day—but he *wasn't* carried off the field by his hysterical team."

You see how the colleges feel about the whole thing? Kicks, complaints, squawks and yells! And yet one pauses to wonder if they are going about correction of the Great Evil in the right way. Surely by refusing co-operation in the making of a college picture Yale did not better the circumstances to any noticeable degree. It might also be mentioned that the academies that have lent their support to the pictures are not the ones that are doing the loud howling.

West Point, for instance, has co-operated with the Hollywood studios in the making of two pictures, "West Point" and "Dress Parade." Not only did they grant the movie companies every privilege but when the pictures were completed they indorsed them as portraying the spirit of that wonderful school. Annapolis fared equally well with a picture of Ramon Novarro's and while Harvard lent no hand to the making of "Brown of Harvard," they found no fault with it.

A little co-operation now and then never hurt any movie. The movies are willing to be helped. Now the point is, are the colleges willing to help?

We shall see.



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No Starvation
Diet—
No Dangerous
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Discovery of infiltrating oxygen reducing cream—quickly and safely banishes double chins, and slenderizes big hips, fat waists, legs and arms.

"Except for your hips you could wear a size smaller"

ANY woman or man who wants to take off fat on any part of the body can now do so quickly and safely. There is no question about this. It is a proved fact.

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Viaderma is a golden brown cream, which is rubbed rapidly on the skin. You see the cream disappear at once, leaving a clean white foam on the skin surface. The penetrating cream carries oxygen to the fatty tissues and in a few days' time, this oxygen gradually melts away the excess fat. You get definite results from a single jar which contains an 18 days' supply. Get full information at once. Mail coupon today.

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MOTION
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EXPERIENCE IS NOT NECESSARY

The number of TESTS to be made is not limited but the time, during which you may register for these TESTS, is limited. Therefore your request for details and registration blanks, which will be forwarded FREE upon request, should be sent to us promptly

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Lovely, lustrous, steadfast beauty, that neither a tear, a cinder nor a day in bathing can dim, adorns the eyes! Liquid Winx, the originator of the mode, is waterproof. Also it is harmless, safe, and so easy to apply. There are two shades—black or brown. Price, complete, 75c. Sold everywhere.

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Charming Hair!

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Your hair, soft, fragrant—*lustrous!* Alive with that youthful sparkle that everyone admires; having it and keeping it that way is largely a matter of proper shampooing.

Not just soap-and-water "washings", but the regular use of a shampoo that really *beautifies*—one that was created especially to improve dull hair and add that little something extra so often lacking!

If you really wish to make your hair bewitchingly lovely—just one Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way! No other shampoo, anywhere, like it. Does more than merely cleanse the hair. There's a youth-imparting touch—a beauty specialist's secret in its formula. Millions use regularly. At your dealers', or send 25c to J. W. KOBI CO., Dept. 20-K, 603 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash. Money back if not delighted.

When Agnes Franey journeyed to Hollywood she couldn't forget her Follies training. So she went immediately into a recline

The Forbidden Friendship

(*Continued from page 37*)

always the same old, old Hollywood story.

"They say Clara's in love with Victor, but he doesn't want to marry—"

"Have you heard that Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. is all burnt up about Doug, Jr. marrying Joan Crawford—"

"Will you tell me why Lina Basquette picks out a cameraman when she could have had a director—"

And so on down the list of I-told-you-so gossip, most of which is made up by the alert imaginations so necessary to the art of making motion pictures.

Perhaps, at this point Claire Windsor should have heeded the subtle underground warnings. She knew what it meant to be talked about in this city. Ninety per cent. of her trouble with Bert Lytell was caused by malignant they-say gossip which kind friends poured into his ears when he returned from a five months' absence.

But Claire had learned really to like Buddy. He was so fresh, so unspoiled, such a clean youngster. He didn't drink, he didn't smoke, he didn't try to take her on wild parties. And Claire is one Hollywood girl who has always shied at wild parties.

And Buddy liked Claire. She was his source of motion-picture knowledge, his inspiration to do better. Besides, he had that masculine aversion to foregoing a friendship just because someone on the outside told him he should do it.

But tell him they did—by the hundreds. The newspapers told him; the magazines talked about it. Everyone he knew warned him it would ruin his career if he saw too much of *one* woman.

While to Claire, they said: "My dear, he's such a youngster. Why should anyone with *your* position waste your time on a mere newcomer!"

Then Buddy's father came along—and *people* said he'd come to break up his son's affair with Claire Windsor. Which may or may not have been true, although father must have read about it back home.

A few days before New Year's the two faced one another with their long line of "Have you heard this?" and "I have heard that" gossip. They decided that perhaps it would be best for them both if they sacrificed their affection on the altar of gossip. New Year's Eve, at the Mayfair, was to be their last going-together.

The next day Claire was leaving the city. A boy stopped at her home for Buddy's address. She gave it to him. He went around the corner to Buddy's and told him Claire was just leaving. He caught her at the train in Glendale, a suburb of this city.

"This is all rot, Claire! What do we care?" You can just hear him exclaiming.

Claire went on; but when she returned they were seen going places again together.

Another evening, perhaps six months later, a new determination to stop the everlasting rumors circulating about them.

It was outside of Claire's home, in an automobile parked by the curbing. Late in the evening. The moon was shining.

"And this is the end, Claire?"

"Yes, Buddy!"

"We've been awfully good pals; you've done a lot for me, taught me a lot about this motion picture business."

"And you've done a lot for me, Buddy!"

They were silent a moment. Perhaps Claire was thinking of that night when Buddy was calling upon her and a girl telephoned to say she was in bed and asked him to come over. Perhaps Buddy was remembering the kind, tactful things Claire had told him about certain girls in this city, the same as in any other city.

Or perhaps they were just remembering the long hours they'd spent discussing each other's work in pictures.

Anywhere else in the world a woman of thirty could go with a boy of twenty-four without the entire country trying to stop it. Nowhere else in the world would two friends *allow* the tongues of gossip to interfere with them.

But in Hollywood! It was Claire herself who gave me the idea of the window. "I feel as if our friendship were being held in a department store window," she told me.

LADY LUCK TAKES A BACK SEAT

Luck!

Sure! *One* smashing hit that sets all fandom talking might be "luck".

Two country-wide successes might even be wished onto Lady Luck—if you're good at wishing—

But one long unbroken parade of record-breaking wows—*that's something else again!*

Lady Luck didn't make Smash hits like "The Big Parade", "Ben Hur", "Tell it to the Marines", "The Merry Widow" and "White Shadows of the South Seas".

More stars than there are in Heaven, plus brilliant directors plus great stories plus the great resources of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization are some reasons for the long and imposing list of M-G-M's smash hits.

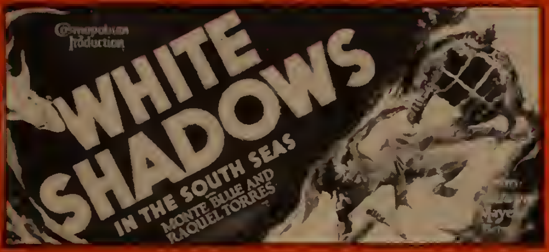
If you want a guarantee for the future it lies in the performance of the past.

When the lion roars—

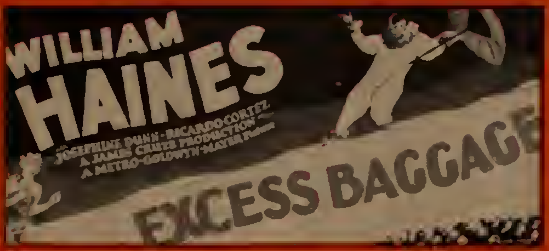
M-G-M sound or silent, will always mean

More
Great
Movies

HERE ARE THE FIRST OF THE NEW M-G-M PICTURES—SUPERB ENTERTAINMENT


Cosmopolitan Production
WHITE SHADOWS
IN THE SOUTH SEAS
MONTE BLUE AND RAQUEL TORRES

Broadway and Los Angeles hailed this flaming romance of the South Seas in Sound at $2 admission. Sound or Silent it will be the year's picture sensation.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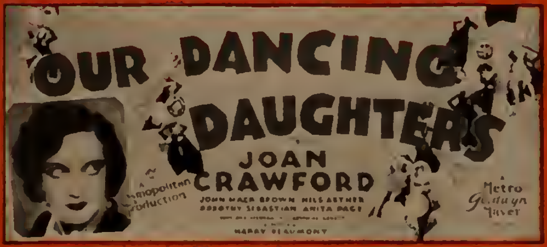
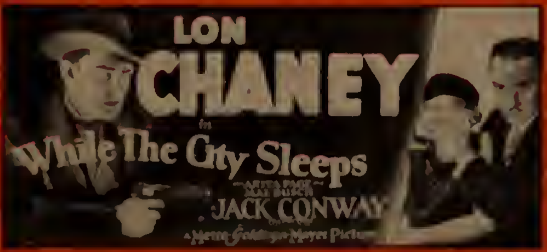
JOSEPHINE DUNN · RICARDO CORTEZ
A JAMES CRUZE PRODUCTION
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture
EXCESS BAGGAGE

Laughs — tears — thrills — you'll find them all packed into the screen version of the Broadway success, "Excess Baggage." Don't miss William Haines' desperate slide for life and love in this pulsating comedy-drama. Sound or Silent — a hit!


OUR DANCING DAUGHTERS
JOAN CRAWFORD
A Cosmopolitan Production
JOHN MACK BROWN NILS ASTHER
DOROTHY SEBASTIAN ANITA PAGE
HARRY BEAUMONT
A Metro Goldwyn Mayer

Flaming youth de luxe—the epics of a jazz mad age—youth! beauty! luxury! drama! You'll cheer "Our Dancing Daughters"—sound or silent.


LON CHANEY
in
While The City Sleeps
ANITA PAGE
MAE BUSCH
JACK CONWAY
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Lon Chaney gives you another great characterization in a throbbing tale of underworld intrigue and hopeless love. See him as the fearless guardian of the public peace in "While the City Sleeps." Sound or Silent you'll be thrilled.

$50 for the keenest eye!

Test your powers of observation—it may bring you a prize. See how well you can answer the questions below. The man sending the best answers will receive $50.00 and the riding crop used by Anita Page in "Our Dancing Daughters," and for the best set of answers from a lady I will give $50 and the ukulele I play in the same picture.

And I'll also send autographed photographs for the fifty next best answers. I hope you'll find my questions interesting.

Sincerely
Joan Crawford

1—What M-G-M picture was filmed on an atoll?

2—What M-G-M picture has the title of a famous wartime ditty?

3—In what new kind of part has Marion Davies captivated the public's heart and fancy?

4—What M-G-M picture is based on the life of Sarah Bernhardt and who is its star?

5—What M-G-M picture with a Canadian background was a famous musical hit in a long run on Broadway?

6—Why do you think Buster Keaton's "frozen face" is so effective in comedies? *(Not more than 75 words.)*

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to **Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 1542 Broadway, New York.** All answers must be received by November 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

Note: If you do not attend pictures yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

THE METRO GOLDWYN-MAYER LION ★ THE GREATEST STAR ON THE SCREEN

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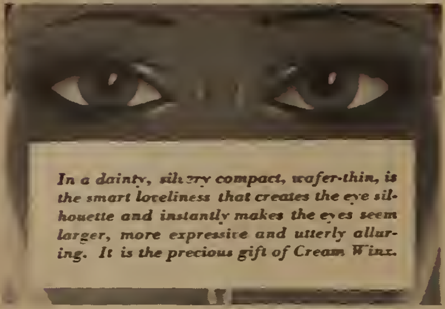
THIS EYE SILHOUETTE AWAKENS GLAMOROUS BEAUTY



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What magic! A deft flick. A light caress . . . . and eyes are lovelier, seemingly larger and more expressive. By framing them in a soft shadowy fringe of luxuriant lashes, Winx, the cake or cream, brings to the eyes such enchanting beauty . . . . make it yours.

There's no hint of artificiality. Winx adorns the eyes naturally. It is safe, harmless, and so easy to apply. Today, obtain Winx, (cake or cream) from your favorite shop. 75c complete. Ross Company, 243 West 17th Street, New York City.

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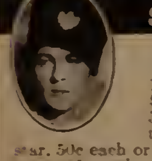

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Herb or Al?

(*Continued from page 17*)

Clive Brook. "We know him and understand his mind." Ernest Torrence and Victor McLaglen, I am told, are voters and share Clive's views. "Imagine an Englishman voting for an Irishman," observes George K. Arthur. On the other hand, Aileen Pringle, a Canadian, wishes that she could become a citizen just for the sake of voting for "fearless Al Smith."

"Herbert Hoover is an international figure; Al Smith is a local one," Ivan Lebedeff puts it. "All Europe knows Hoover's fine record. He is proved a friend of the Russian people."

General Theodore Lodijensky, who played an important part in "The Cossacks," is proud to be casting his first vote as an American citizen this fall. He has looked up the records of both candidates with a thoroughness which puts most of our voters to shame; and he has almost decided that Hoover will get his maiden ballot. "When he was in San Francisco," Lodijensky points out, "a delegation of Russians met him and asked him about his attitude toward the present Russian government. His answer satisfied those of us who still hope a great future for Russia."

Emil Jannings is an exception to the foreign viewpoint. "Naturlich it iss nod my affair," beams Emil, "but I am for Smiss. He is goot mans." Is there, perhaps, an echo of yearning for his lost beer in Herr Jannings's voice? Jean Hersholt will vote for Hoover "because of his understanding of the foreign situation."

On the other side of the political fence are the members of the movie colony who are exiles from Broadway and therefore ready to burst into sentimental tears whenever a band strikes up "The Sidewalks of New York."

"Mein Gott!" says Milt Gross. "I gotter go back to New Yoik some day, ain't it? I should say Hoover end never see Foity-Thoid Street again. Dunt esk."

"My home is New York City," says June Collyer. She votes for the first time in November. "Who should I vote for? Home pride is all-powerful, with everything else even—as I think it is this year."

Al Jolson is a personal friend of the other Al. So are such ex-stage favorites as Harry Gribben of the "Follies"; Johnny Hines and Lois Moran. Ben Lyon admits that he is torn between two emotions. He feels that a personal element enters into his choice, due to the fact that he once followed Al Smith into a dentist's chair. On the other hand he admires Hoover tremendously. Ruth Chatterton, sitting on the Jannings set said "Smith" so emphatically that every brilliant on her seventeen bracelets shot fire. "He had the nerve to step on Tammany Hall," she nods. "A man who will do that can do anything."

Eddie Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, both ex-patriates from Manhattan, will vote for Al Smith. "I believe all the Smiths will vote for Al," Eddie explains, "and they will appreciate my vote, and become my fans. And if all the Smiths were my fans, my screen career would benefit greatly. But, seriously, either of the candidates looks like a man big enough to run the United States."

Lina Basquette learned her politics in the Ziegfeld "Follies" and she too will mark an X opposite the name of Al Smith "because under his administration as governor, the State of New York has had its most prosperous era." And prosperity means diamonds for chorus girls.

Doris Kenyon is one Broadway star who will vote for Herbert Hoover, though the last time she cast a ballot it was for Wilson. "We have never had a scientist for president," Doris explains. "We've had Texan teachers and farmers and soldiers, but no scientists. I think the experiment would be interesting." Her husband, Milton Sills, shares her opinion.

"An engineer for an engineer," says Clarence Brown, who built bridges before he made movies.

"If Hoover had Smith's broadminded view on the prohibition question," William de Mille says, "I should vote for him. As it is, I admire Smith's honesty and shall vote for him."

John Ford, the Fox director, and his wife admit reluctantly that for the first time in their lives they are voting the Democratic ticket.

Tom Mix makes no bones about declaring his intention to vote for Al in November, and Tom wields no mean influence among the boys in Hollywood who wear whiskers on their pants. Hoot Gibson is also emphatic for Smith and there seems little doubt that these two Westerners speak for the cowboy vote. Smith's rugged personality, genial ways, wise-cracks, and courage appeal to them.

But Monte Blue, President of the 233 Club, a Masonic organization, claims that the sentiment of the movie members of his club is overwhelmingly Hoover. And so it goes. Where is the dire influence Hizzonor James Walker feared would make all the movie colony vote the same way?

The biggest names in Hollywood are aligned on opposite sides of the fence. If Joe Schenck and Louis B. Mayer are influential Republicans, Harry Rapf and Winfield Sheehan are just as influential Democrats. Corinne Griffith will vote for Hoover. So will Norma Talmadge. But Mary Philbin and May McAvoy are staunch Democrats. The Irish players—Colleen Moore isn't telling her vote, but didn't she entertain Jimmie Walker?—will support the Irish boy who was born on Oliver Street. If Jackie Coogan were nine years older, he would vote for Al. Johnny Hines doesn't see how a man fit to call himself a son of Erin could help supporting Smith, and proves his own earnestness by campaigning for him.

Many of the older members of the movie colony will support Hoover. Hobart Bosworth's reason is that Herb "is a man of fine business experience and a clean record, and not a typical politician." However, George Fawcett believes that a man who can govern the twelve million population of New York State successfully can govern a few more as well.

The youngsters of the screen who are casting their first vote this year are equally divided. William Bakewell is voting for Hoover. Gwen Lee is for Smith, because, as she explains, "us Nebraskans have got to stick together." Raquel Torres thinks there are too many Smiths in the directory already. Sue Carol wishes she had two votes, one for each candidate, like a kind hearted little girl. Anita Page says that she is too young to vote yet but hopes that Smith wins as he is her own "hometowner." Marian Nixon may not look like a profound political student but talks learnedly of platforms and policies. She feels that Mr. Hoover is "slightly better." "The country is getting along nicely," she adds. "Why change?"

The screen mothers also fail to agree on candidates. Kate Price has not made up her mind. "Sure, they're both good men," she twinkles. "Whichever it is, I won't be worrying." Vera Gordon, however, leans to Al Smith, while Belle Bennett "admires Mr. Hoover's ideas, and thinks it would be fine to have a California president."

Local pride is Mack Swain's reason for

(*Continued on page 86*)

BETTY COMPSON'S

Certified Confession

Constance Talmadge's disclosures concerning the secret passages in her life, made public for the first time in the November issue of Motion Picture CLASSIC, are startling

But they constitute only the beginning of a series of revelations equally astounding by a number of stars equally notable

Next month's—the December—CLASSIC will bring to you the third of these confessional articles

It will be the story, the courageous and simple and outright story, the hitherto hidden phases of the career of BETTY COMPSON

This astonishing magazine feature will relate to you, exactly as Miss Compson has related it to us, the intimate chapters of her life's history which up to the present have been jealously withheld

They comprise things not only, until now, never before published, but things never before told—to anyone

And this, as well as their truth, is certified by Miss Compson's own affidavit, properly witnessed, notarized and sealed

Watch for Betty Compson's real story. It will reach you November 10—the day when your newsstand will have for you your copy of the December

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

It's the Magazine with the Personality

Confessions of the Stars

(Continued from page 70)

continue to live as I do for one year or one thousand. In the event of my death the money goes to Peg and in the event of her death, too, it goes to Natalie's boys.

Afraid to Have a Baby

"I *WISH I had had a baby*. I wish I had had one when I was married the first time. I adore children and I wish to God I had had one when I was very young and not afraid of pain. I *am* afraid of pain now. My dentist doubles his price to me because I am so ghastly to work on. Physical suffering is an ogre I do shudder to face.

"I like to read. I like to be alone. I like a few parties because I love many people. The endless words that have been written about my living from day to day are false. Rot. Untrue. Few of us in public life create ourselves. We create a first impression and that remains.

"I'm tired of being a comedienne, skimming the surfaces of things. Now that I am through at United Artists I want to get down to the roots of things. Be real. Be myself. Not a mere facet of myself, one light tune endlessly harped on."

Oh, Shaw!

(Continued from page 49)

wood. Apprehending, with reason, my entering his field, he steadfastly refuses to strike out the conflicting clause, retiring behind wholly irrelevant references to his art. His art! What is his art to mine?

"It is most unreasonable. Janning's whiskers are assumed. Mine are real. He can act without them. He has acted without them, putting them on and off as a tram conductor disposes of his clientele. If I were to act without mine—to Shaw off my beard, if you will permit me—but I need not continue. The idea is impossible."

"Beyond civilized reason," murmured your correspondent.

"So the future of the cinema waits upon Mr. Janning's obdurateness. As it waits, it remains, as always, in its infancy with the surface scarcely scratched. The Shavian beard scratches," remarked Mr. Shaw sententiously.

"They have gone along without it hitherto, they will have to go along without it a while longer. But it won't be long now."

"Please Heaven!" murmured your correspondent devoutly. "The movies need George Bernard Shaw, the great cinematographic public needs George Bernard Shaw. The far corners of the earth, the Antipodes and the Arctic distempered by *Passionate Passion*, *Crimson Kisses*, and *The Woman Who Would* will be cured by George Bernard Shaw."

"Now you have one of my roses," remarked Mr. Shaw, pleasantly.

"Jannings must not remain in the way," continued your correspondent fervently. "Jannings must accede to a Greater Force, Jannings must pale before a Brighter Light. Jannings must be spoken to by Mr. Fox!"

"Did I understand you to say that Jannings must be spoken to by Mr. Fox?" asked Mr. Shaw, paling slightly. "That's out—quite out."

"One thing more. Will you, along with your acting in the movies, write them?"

"Will I write them? Well, well." The sage mused. "Well, fabulously endowed as the movies are, I don't think there is that much mone— My dear young sir, I am a *very* busy man. . . ."

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Would You Sleep In a *Haunted House?*

MayBe. But not many people would—under any circumstances. Of course, when the house is Rudolph Valentino's, it's a bit different. But not much. Spooks is spooks, no matter how famous.

You've read Ruth Biery's story in the November issue of course, about how she slept in Valentino's deserted and, according to Hollywood, haunted mansion. Miss Biery probably didn't do that for fun. She did it in order to see what there was to the rumor that Falcon's Lair was every night the scene of ghostly happenings. And she saw. She found out—and in the manner that all the writers for MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE use to find out—by going right into the thing and getting the facts first-hand.

She found out just as Gladys Hall found out whether there was anything to the notion that if the greatest star on the screen were not recognized, she couldn't break her way into a job on the spot. Miss Hall got that star to try it. And the story of that is the story of Rosalie Grey.

And then all these rumors about Clara Bow's love-life? Was there anything to them? Well, we know now. Ruth Biery went to Clara and got the real lowdown.

These are just three instances of how MOTION PICTURE gets its news. It goes right to the people or the place involved and finds out. Not just gossip; not hearsay or opinion. Facts. The real thing.

And not only facts now and then, but every time. In this issue, the next issue, and the one after that. And so on. For consistently new and startling and always authoritative material, no fan magazine in the world can approach MOTION PICTURE.

Which is doubtless why no group of fan readers, in their interest in every issue and their anticipation of pleasure at the next, can approach those of MOTION PICTURE.

You may think this is the greatest number of a movie magazine ever turned out. Well, at the risk of blushing out loud, let us not contradict you. But always remember the words of Al Jolson, "You ain't heard nothin' yet."

Wait until you see the December issue. It's not out until October 28th. And that's quite a stretch: a whole month. But even if you are impatient, always bear in mind that it's going to be well worth waiting for:

the December issue of

MOTION PICTURE

It's the Magazine of Authority

Domesticating De Putti

(*Continued from page 51*)

pretty important person. Yet she is the same star who hid herself away at the opening of her first American picture and, they say, sobbed her heart out when she saw what they had done to her on the screen.

She is a little angry now at "Variety." She may be fed up with hearing its praises sung so often. Everything is always: "Oh, but it's nothing like 'Variety.' You were so wonderful in that." Her eyes snap when she says: "I see 'Variety' again now, osser day. I like—but nod zo great pich-shure as peoples t'ink. Osser pich-shures are goot, too. I can do again vat I did there. Jannings he tell me: 'Lya, you are as good actor today as then.' It iss so. I am the same De Putti!"

She is wrong. She isn't the same. Hollywood never leaves people where it finds them. Hollywood has changed Lya. She has dyed her hair, and had a permanent. The De Putti of "The Scarlet Lady" is not the same potent unvarnished De Putti of "Variety." She is softer. Not so tempestuous, more sympathetic. Hollywood has tamed the Wild Girl of the European Screen—and I rather like the change. Once she could not play the sympathetic rôles the American public demands. Today she can.

She was the sensation of a literary tea party in Manhattan on her last visit East. You may not know it, but the wise men of the East class motion picture stars generally as examples of bum art. I assume they must have changed their minds when De Putti appeared in their midst in a simple and correct black and white sports suit and tam. She knew more than they did about some of the newer French novelists. But she didn't rub it in. She is a consummate artiste and she never overplays. You can't dope out whether she is a fascinating woman because she is such an actress or such an actress because she is so much the woman.

Her best friend among the Hollywood girls is Billie Dove. A quaint combination—the beautiful and buxom Billie, lush, serene—and the fiery little dark temperamental Hungarian! Lya thinks Billie is the most lovely girl in or out of pictures; with a disposition, says Lya, to match her looks. Lya's own disposition is as variable as her acting. She will be sombre and brooding. Ah, Life is hard for the Hollywood extra. The big brown eyes fill with tears. The red, red lips quiver. She is not acting. She *is* a Hollywood extra for the moment—hopeful yet despairing, hungry. She means it. And then her intelligent motherly maid, a German woman who came over here with Mrs. Jannings, hands her the daily batch of fan mail. Lya stops, seizes it with the avidity that is part of her, tears one open at random, reads. She dimples; she chuckles—she is happy again.

She is a little proud of the fact that hers is the second-largest following of any film star in Europe. Jannings is first. Despite her American films, her popularity abroad hasn't waned. They want her back there but she likes it here. Victim of the worst breaks of any of the important imports, Lya has stayed and kept on fighting. For a real chance. At first amiable and obliging, she did everything the directors suggested She was in America. It must be right. After a series of pictures in which she was miscast she awakened to the fact that her career in this country was losing its lustre. She could have left. Europe was crying for her. But she stuck. There's a certain granite determination beneath the pixie-like charm. It's been rewarded, she thinks, with a real rôle in "The Scarlet Lady." She doesn't want to be good and she doesn't want to be bad, in pictures. She wants to be—De Putti! Not a bad slogan.

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Men, get Forest Ranger job: $125-$200 mo. and home furnished: hunt, fish, trap. For details, write Norton Inst., 1579 Temple Court, Denver, Colo.

Forest Rangers, Park Rangers, $135 month. Cabin: Hunt, Trap, Patrol. Get details immediately. Rayson Inst., T-19, Denver, Colorado.

HELP WANTED—MALE FEMALE

Make $20 per 100, stamping names on key checks. Either sex. A spare time business of your own. Send 25 cents for sample and instructions. Good for $5 daily. R Keytag Co., Ft. Worth, Texas.

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Looking Them Over Out Hollywood Way

Continued from page 61

pictures could get over without *me*," he remarked.

Rumors

I HEAR that Joan Crawford will no longer be a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star after her present contract expires and that Marceline Day is another Goldwynite who will free-lance.

I also hear that Marshall Neilan and Blanche Sweet are on the verge of going through with a divorce after nine hundred and ninety-nine starts in that direction—and that Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks Jr. are secretly married.

And that's quite enough to hear for one month.

Now the Warners Laugh

A YEAR ago at this time, the Warner Brothers and their impressive studio were the joking stock of our little suburb. Everybody wanted to know what they were using for money. Certainly their pictures didn't make any. Their books showed a total loss of $90,000 for the year.

Now they have thrown the whole business into an upheaval. As sponsors of the Vitaphone, the first talking-picture machine to get on the market, they have just about turned the movies upside down and netted themselves a cool million dollars' profit in the doing. They have the other studios panting in an effort to catch up with them. It looks like a Warner Brothers' year.

Get a Megaphone, Little Girl

AS a result of the new talkie panic, a certain producer summoned all his contracted players together in his private office for a little conference.

"The Warner Brothers have forced us into this new medium," he explained to his pupils. "We were not quite prepared to take this radical step and it is going to be difficult for all of us in the beginning. Now, I don't expect any of you to succeed in this right off the bat. It's going to take time—and I don't want you to feel discouraged if you don't click in the talkies immediately. But you must prepare yourselves as much as possible—for they are here to stay."

"Oh, dear, oh, dear, what will I do?" wailed one of his blondest and most beautiful stars. "I *whisper* all my titles."

Naughty Newspaper!

RICHARD DIX'S new picture is called "Moran of the Marines." Just to show what a typographical error can do, a newspaper recently carried the announcement that Richard would soon be seen in "Moron of the Marines."

The Mother-Knockers

IT seems to have become quite the fad to speak of one's mother flippantly, if we are to judge by a few of the movie stars' autobiographies. A certain male star started this in a "shock" revelation of his childhood that was published a couple of years ago, and since then a few other players have gone and done likewise.

Now, one of our foremost flappers is telling the world her innermost secrets *via* a ghost writer and her observations concerning her mother are disrespectful, to say the least.

Personally, I don't think this ever got anybody anything, much less public approval.

Her Pretty Hair!

How does she keep it so youthful-looking?

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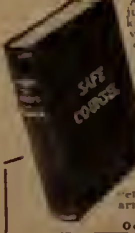

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Herb or Al?

(*Continued from page 82*)

voting for Hoover. "But I wish that Al Smith was from California," he adds. "I'm a Texan," says Jackie Logan, "and no Texan could vote any ticket but the Democratic one. But I think Mr. Hoover is marvelous."

H. B. Warner is for Al Smith because he is the only candidate who "isn't afraid to stand on his own feet, and say what he believes." Bill Powell thinks that if he *had* registered and *could* vote, it would be for Hoover because he was raised a Republican. "But I'd like to have Al Smith get a lot of votes," he adds ingenuously, "so that the public would register an emphatic protest against the present prohibition. If Al Smith would get within one vote of election, I'd be satisfied."

Bill Seiter, who probably swings Laura La Plante's vote, is a Hoover man. "At least," he says, "I've got more reasons why I don't want Smith elected than I have for not electing Hoover." George Webb says that if his wife, Esther Ralston, does vote it will be for Hoover. Virginia Valli, having no husband to speak for her, comes right out and says that the man who is elected isn't the important thing, but the platform he is elected on. "I like the Democratic platform," she says, "but, regardless of who is elected president, the motion picture industry will go along its own way."

Polly Moran sniggers coyly and whispers that she is still too young to vote. "But I've been reading Will Rogers in the newspapers," she adds, "and he seems to think that the only logical candidate is Will Rogers."

Wallace McDonald is another Rogers supporter. "Why make the tough old world any tougher by electing a possible dyspeptic for the presidential chair?" he queries. "If Rogers doesn't run I'll have to flip a coin, because I don't like cough drops and have never been interested in vacuum cleaners."

"Hoover looks like a Christmas pudding and Smith looks like a waste paper basket," Betty Blythe says. "But Smith means Broadway and Hoover stands for the United States, so I'll probably vote for Herb—if I don't forget to go to the polls." Renee Adoree prefers Smith "because his voice sounds so well over a radio."

Lois Wilson is having a dreadful time. A month ago she thought she was a Hoover woman. But two weeks ago she turned Al Smith. What she will be at election time she doesn't know.

"Smith by all means," says Ernest Pascal, the scenario writer. "He would give us a more exciting administration. Let's have a bit of pep in the running of this country." And he adds that his opinion will make practically no difference to anyone, including Al and Herb, since he is a British subject.

Swing the movie vote indeed! Jimmie Walker wasn't in Hollywood long enough, or he would have known that actors agree on only two subjects. The first is that they aren't getting enough salary; and the second is that their bootlegger charges too much.

Just Plane Crazy

(*Continued from page 55*)

mud five times. Then I really got mad.

"I just got up and beat hell out of that elephant.

"After that he let me ride.

"I stayed with the circus two years and before I left I had the biggest herd of trained elephants under canvas. Twenty-six bulls. That was with Forepaugh-Sells."

"Then what?"

"Oh—after that I went to New York and became a chorus man in musical comedy."

"A real one—with a straw hat and a cane—singing about the moonlight on the o-shun?"

"A real one with all the trimmings!"

I looked at Wallie and tried to imagine it. But it was too much for me.

"Then I understudied for Raymond Hitchcock in a musical show. One night he couldn't go on and I got my chance. After that I didn't have to sing in the chorus any more.

"I was in musical comedy for some years. Then, when I was in Chicago one time with a show, Essanay sent for me to make a test for pictures. I made it, but thought little about it. Pictures didn't mean much then.

"I went away on my vacation—a canoe trip among the Wisconsin Lakes—and got a telegram just after I had started, asking me to come back and go to work. I did.

"I've been in pictures ever since.

"I played a Swedish servant girl in two-reelers for a long time. Then I came out here—to Sennett.

"And here I am."

This, dear reader, is a sketch of Wallie's career up until day before yesterday. But I can't guarantee that he will go on. I feel that before this story gets into print, Wallie and his career may have nose-dived to a finish.

For he has taken up aviation with a vim that is giving gray hairs to a number of his Studio's officials.

He has acquired a plane and a pilot's license and even has his own airport. Between pictures he flits blithely about the skies, attending various and sundry aviation meets and conventions.

The day I talked to him he was sporting a gaudy blue and gold badge on his chest which proclaimed that he was a member of the reception committee to greet a delegation of fliers who had arrived from here and there for one of those vague reasons which give people an excuse to fly about the country and get into the news-reels.

This entailed his sailing off to San Diego and escorting the visiting planes to Los Angeles.

He had a telegram in his pocket from somebody he had never heard of, asking him to officiate at the dedication of some landing field or other in a remote part of the country.

"I'll go! Oh, yes, indeed!" he declared. "Anything that has to do with aviation.

"Let's see. When I get back from there, I shall just about have time to fly over to Chicago and take in a couple of shows before my next picture starts."

Just like that. Wallie is airy, these days. He has always, it seems, had a transportation complex. 'Way back in the early days when he and Gloria Swanson were still man and wife, he had the first automobile in the picture colony. Hollywood was very proud of that car when Doug and Mary and all the lesser lights were still riding to the studios on street cars.

It was a little, yellow tin car which puffed and snorted and sputtered up and down the boulevard. Wallie wore a linen duster and a leather cap with goggles. And long leather gauntlets. And Gloria, I am sure, had a motor veil of chiffon which floated behind her in the breeze stirred up by this grotesque modern vehicle.

(*Continued on page 88*)

More time to play

You can always find people to tell you that the country is going to the dogs because we're doing so much playing.

"When did your grandmother find any time to play? There was a woman for you!"

No doubt.

Just the same, we'd like to have given her a vacuum cleaner, a washing machine, electric lights, running hot water, a telephone, baker's bread, delicious canned foods, an automobile and a set of golf clubs.

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. . . and we're just using them as grandmother would have if she'd had the chance.

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He's in Pictures for the Money

(Continued from page 58)

you can't suppress things that are part of nature. Censors are just born that way."

All this doubtless sounds very cynical, ungrateful and tactless coming from the mouth of Lionel Barrymore. Yet Lionel is none of these things. His crime is that of thinking, a pastime which is strongly frowned upon in the best Hollywood circles. In any group of movie people Lionel would be called a cynic, which would merely be their way of saying that he thinks too much. He would be called ungrateful because he says hard things about the business that provides him with such a rich income—because he has given thought to its artistic problems and found them insoluble.

This Barrymore has lived; he has seen life as it is lived in different countries and different communities. After years in Hollywood he has not become the smallest atom imbued with Hollywood's far-famed mental inertia. He sees things through the eyes of an outsider, not those of a Hollywood parishioner. He has seen the world that he wanted gradually crumble, and the Jazz Age erect itself. The year in which Bleriot first flew across the English Channel found Lionel in Paris, burying himself for a three-year period from the stage-world in America, to be an art student in the Latin Quarter. Even then the change was beginning to happen. Lionel, at the end of his three years, tore up every inch of canvas he had painted on and decided that if America was leading the change in the world he might as well be at the fountain head of things. Since then, save for one trip to make pictures in Germany (which he found spoilt for him even as was Paris), he has not left his native land. The world is becoming Hollywooden, and Lionel Barrymore is in Hollywood—helping on the work, because there is nothing to be done about it.

Now he does not expect to leave Hollywood again. He has no ambition to go back to Paris. Fundamentally, he is probably as happy now as he ever was. He has always been restless and dissatisfied, but he has dismissed as hopeless so many things that have annoyed him, and he has plenty of money and comfort for the things he is deeply interested in. He still paints very occasionally—he possesses truly extraordinary talent, and that is not press-agent gurgle. He writes plays—has written two in the last year, one of which is set for Broadway presentation in 1929. He reads voraciously. Lionel Barrymore is one of the world's naturally brilliant men, with the keen brain of a scholar and the hands and face of a great artist.

You find him on some set from nine to five most days in the year. Metro-Goldwyn, to whom he is under contract, lend him to every other producer in the business, and he travels from one studio to another just like any free-lance. They all pay a huge sum for his services, because he "soydenly can act." Yet Lionel appears to know little and care less about the pictures he's loaned for. He seldom or never makes up. On the set he appears, and is, elaborately casual. Between scenes, instead of conferring with the director, you often find him talking with some odd, tough extra or electrician.

In spite of all his casualness, he never fails to deliver the knock-out performance of every picture he plays in. He does it in his sleep.

He is the first outstanding success of the talkies. I asked him the other day what he thought of talking pictures.

"Well," he said, "I doubt if they can be any worse than the silent kind."

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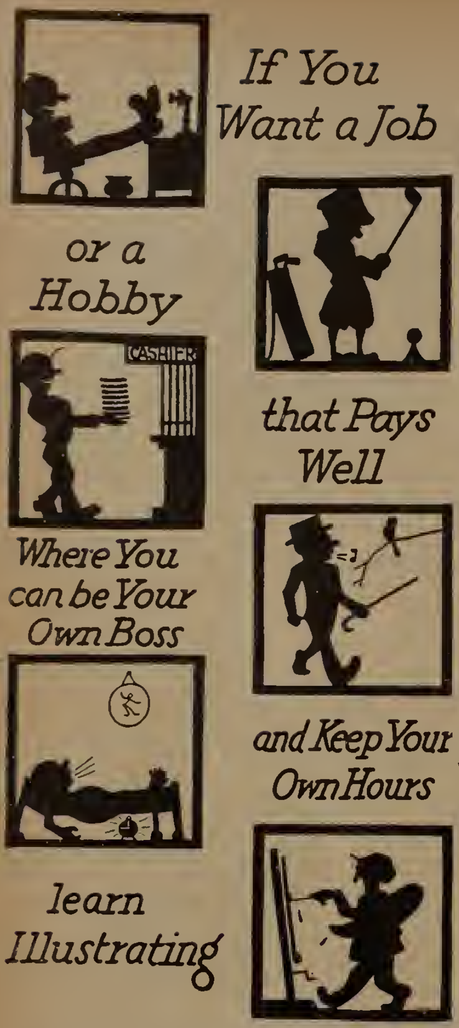
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Just Plane Crazy

(*Continued from page 86*)

Wallie's elation over his return to drama in "Beggars of Life," the Jim Tully story in which Wallie plays a tramp, is a sort of joke on him, really. A year ago when the Beery-Hatton team comedies were at the height of their success, Wallie was all for pure comedy—unadulterated.

"'Z' enough trouble in people's lives," he said then, "'thout showing them a lot of grief in the theaters. Give 'em a good belly laugh—an evening of real chuckles—and you've sold 'em what they want! Who wants to pay to see a lot of dead bodies and torturings and stuff like that?"

Now he says, a little ruefully, "The laughter seemed to be getting a bit weak. Due to that comedy-team indigestion. But I still stick to my theory of laughter. But you don't have to drop a guy off a skyscraper to get it. Human beings are funny enough, just doing the things they really do, day after day. You can have stories that you will believe—about characters which are real—which are still very amusing."

And he doesn't want to be a star.

"'Stoo much trouble!" he declares. "I'm a lazy guy. If you're a star, you have to carry the whole picture. If the story is bad or the director is mistaken—the public blames the star.

"'I went to see So-and-So in a picture,' they say, 'and it was lousy! I won't go to see *him* any more!' It's the star who begins to slip.

"I like to be the support. Then if anything goes wrong I can get out from under quite neatly, saying, 'It isn't *my* fault! I didn't have anything to say about it. I was just *in* it! See?"

A seasoned trouper is Wallie. Shrewder than his happy-go-lucky exterior would indicate. So much an institution in the industry that he will undoubtedly go on being in it to the end of the chapter. Providing, of course, that his airplane continues to do right by him.

For Men Only

(*Continued from page 43*)

being coarse. She can talk like a man without sacrificing her air of breeding.

It is this quality more than any other, I think, that captivates men. They love stag parties. And that's what Aileen's parties are. Men can be themselves there, do their worst, and still feel at their best. Most women would destroy this robust good-fellowship with coyness and consciousness of sex. Not so Aileen. She meets them on their own ground. She gives them stag parties with the added fillip of the presence of a woman, a very feminine woman, acting and talking like a man. There's something about her gatherings that smacks of Queen Elizabeth's Court.

This is part of Aileen's charm, but not all of it by any means. Though not beautiful, she is very comely. She has a pretty figure, smartly dressed. A crisp, assured way of speaking. She points her lines and gets them across as if she were playing in high comedy.

And above all she has a mind. One of those things which men profess to scorn in women, but actually adore. Mentally, Aileen is more nearly complete than any woman in these parts. Her wit isn't just a press agent's dream. She has an intellectual detachment, an interest in things beyond herself and her career.

How extraordinary this is you can't possibly know unless you have talked to actresses. They rarely mention anything but their pasts, their pictures, and their passions. Aileen rarely mentions her career. It seems to be a sort of side line, just a little something she fools around with in her spare time.

Like all women who are resented by women, Aileen is imitated by them, too. One ox-eyed beauty who was spoken to once or twice by some visiting authors, said smugly, when complimented on her success, "Yes, I guess I'm a sort of a Pringle." Lots of girls go around with books under their arms, and even read them, hoping to be considered on Aileen's intellectual plane.

And some try to fascinate the men who prefer Pringle by imitating her freedom of speech, but only succeed in being coarse.

No wonder they resent her! They can't even succeed at the old game of fighting her with her own weapons. You can't blame the women. But, knowing Aileen, you can't blame the men, either.

The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page 53*)

tells an original idea (in a day when originality in screen stories is as elusive as any dead man's ghost but tells it with thrills and terrific suspense.

The idea is founded upon the tragedy of the deep when two of our submarines were lost with all on board. In the film the theme concentrates upon the rescue of the crew of a sunken submarine by a naval diver—a theme which dwarfs the romantic complications incorporated to give it balance.

It is a picture which stirs up deep interest, the undersea scenes and those transpiring aboard the submarine being particularly absorbing. The romantic twist, though it is artificial, does not destroy the realities. And these same realities are emphasized through a synchronization with sound effects. So in "Submarine" you will see something *different* in screen designs. It is capitally acted by Jack Holt and Dorothy Revier.

Charles Francis Coe's story, "The River Pirate," can be catalogued as a colorful film—and one which gives Victor McLaglen an opportunity to play another of his man-size rôles, and play it with vigor and sympathy. It is a sympathetic rôle which he has here—even though his conduct as a crook is not in sympathy with the forces of law and order. And while I'm on the sympathy stuff I'll give William K. Howard credit for treating it so that the crooks get all the breaks. He also makes it move along in tip-top shape and handles his scenes and players to get the utmost melodramatic effects out of them.

The idea exploits a young no-account who finds himself sent to a reformatory through no fault of his own. There he becomes a pal with a river pirate, but eventually goes straight when the right girl comes along. The picture is free of hokum and while it doesn't boast much action it, at least, rings as something sincere and entertaining. Nick Stuart and Lois Moran do appealing work.

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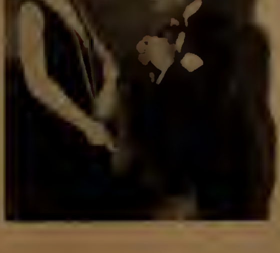
Lucille Young has been making women *physically beautiful* for more than fifteen years. She is, indeed, recognized as leading all beauty experts in the marvelous improvements she effects with face and figure. But beauty is not all. It, alone, cannot make women *fascinating*.

So years ago, Lucille Young undertook to probe one of nature's strangest mysteries—the *hidden thing*, besides beauty, that is absolutely necessary to fascination.



The Strange Fact She Discovered

Among Lucille Young's beauty clientele were famous actresses, film stars, noted society women—those *famous* for fascination. They were friends, intimates. They would tell Lucille Young anything. But they *did not know*—simply could not explain their own mysterious power.

Lucille Young then did the only thing possible. She studied the thousands of women she beautified. She kept records. She learned how these women thought, what they did, their ways with men. She traced the histories of unusually fascinating women back to childhood.

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To her utter astonishment, Lucille Young saw the actual secrets of fascination take form. As she compared thousands upon thousands of individual records and observations it became clear as daylight that EVERY FASCINATING WOMAN HAD EXACTLY THE SAME CHARACTERISTICS. They were there. And they could be used.

Now, in *half an hour*, YOU can learn what it took Lucille Young ten long years to discover. For the absolute, innermost secrets have been put into the most startling little book ever written. It is called "How to Fascinate Men." A storm of protest has raged about this book—protest from *men*. BECAUSE MEN REALIZE THAT THE BOOK GIVES INTO WOMEN'S HANDS A POWER THAT MAKES THEM IRRESISTIBLE.

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There is, however, one thing the secrets of "How to Fascinate Men" will not, *cannot* do. They cannot make fascinating an unkempt, slovenly woman—one who neglects her skin, hair, figure and all else. On the other hand, there is absolutely *no need* for *great* beauty. *Any* average woman can become sufficiently good looking with Lucille Young's help. If she is willing to do this, Lucille Young absolutely *guarantees* to make her fascinating, or not accept a penny for the priceless gift of power she offers.

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Those who know the arts of fascination so well—the famous film stars—help you realize the astounding secrets of "How to Fascinate Men." In the above you see Patsy Ruth Miller, Marian Nixon, Dorothy Gulliver, John Boles, Edmund Burns, Buddy Rogers and George Lewis, Screen Stars in Universal Films, We Americans, Red Lips, The Collegians and The Chinese Parrot. This new book has created a furor even in Hollywood.

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I'LL give you the magnetic power to attract people to you *instantly*, wherever you go—

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The moment you read my secrets of personal magnetism you can apply them. Instantly the fetters that have held you down are struck off. You are FREE. You will laugh at obstacles that once seemed unsurmountable—you will toss aside timidity and awkwardness—you will feel your powers doubled, trebled!

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Personal magnetism is not limited to a fortunate few—it is Nature's gift to every man and woman! You need only release the full sweep of your magnetic potentialities to become the dynamic, forceful, fascinating person you were intended to be.

The Facts Are Free

My secrets of personal magnetism have been put into a beautiful extra large size volume under the title of "Instantaneous Personal Magnetism."

The scope of "Instantaneous Personal Magnetism" is as broad as life itself. "Fires of Magnetism," "Sex Influences," "The Magnetic Voice," "Physical Magnetism," "The Magnetic Eye," "Oriental Secrets," "Rapid Magnetic Advancement," "The Magnetic Mind" and "Magnetic Healing," are only a few of the subjects covered in this amazing book. A magnificent book—entirely different from anything of the kind ever published—that tells you just how to cultivate the magnetic influence of your nature.

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You are the sole judge. You do not pay unless you are absolutely delighted. And then only $3. You simply can't delay! Clip and mail the coupon NOW. Ralston University Press, Dept. 46-T, Meriden, Conn.

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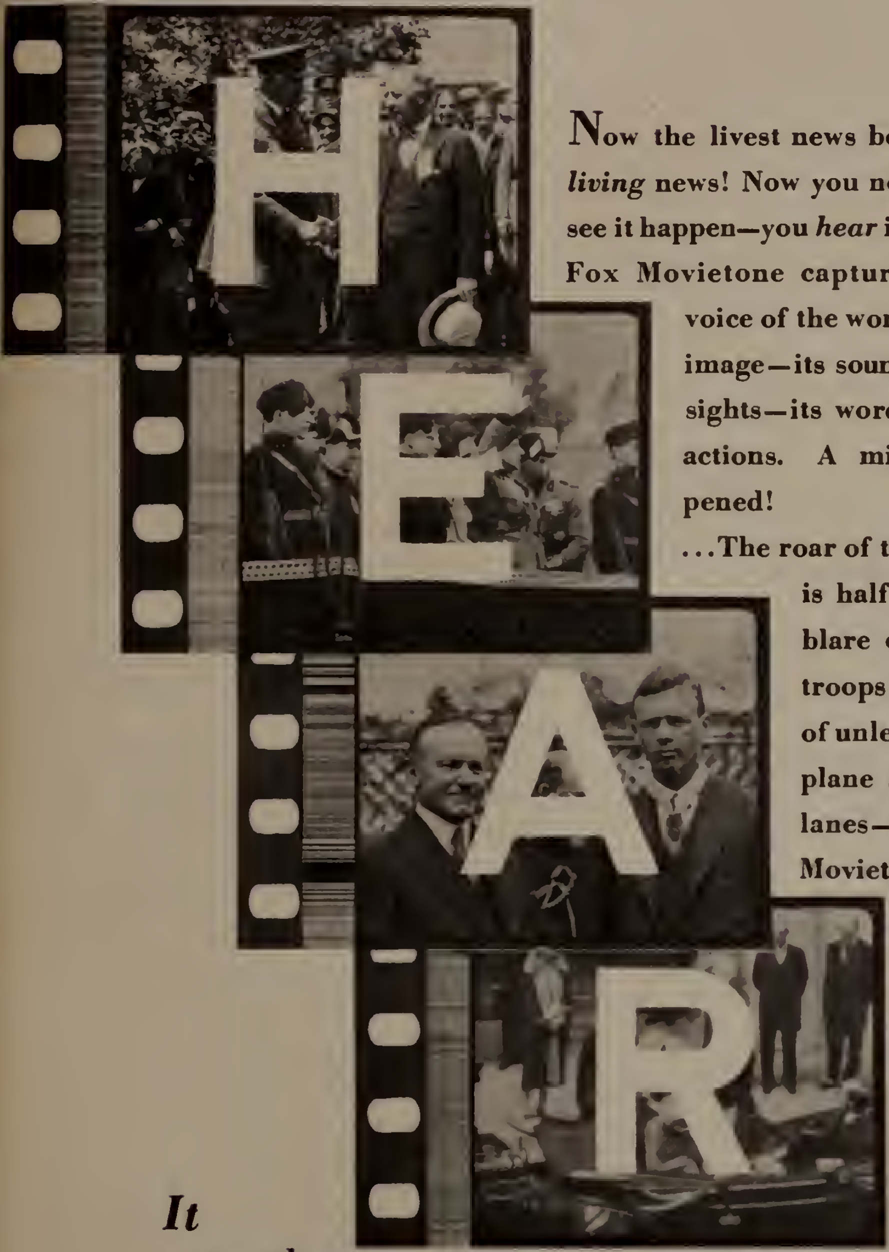

Now the livest news becomes *living* news! Now you not only see it happen—you *hear* it! Now Fox Movietone captures the voice of the world as well as its image—its sounds as well as its sights—its words as well as its actions. A miracle has happened!

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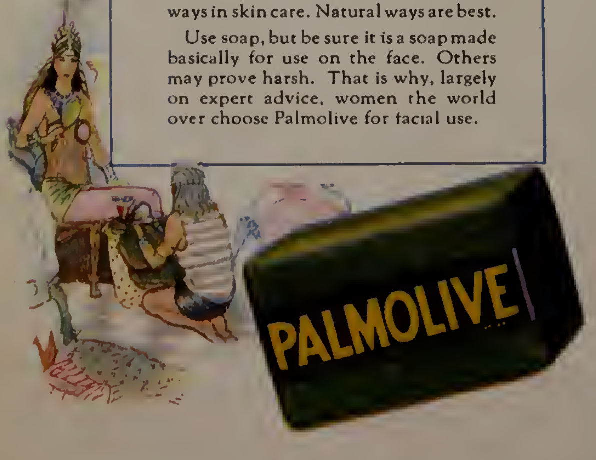

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THE beauty that men admire—and remember—is *natural* beauty.

And that may be yours whether you use powder and rouge—or not—if you observe one simple beauty rule.

Washing the face for beauty is the recommendation of all leading skin specialists today. Make-up, grime—the greasy exudations of the pores—can be removed thoroughly only by careful warm water washing. Women whose charm is natural, know this.

Soap and water daily—but not just ANY soap

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DECEMBER

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Lilas
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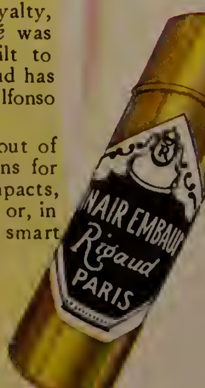

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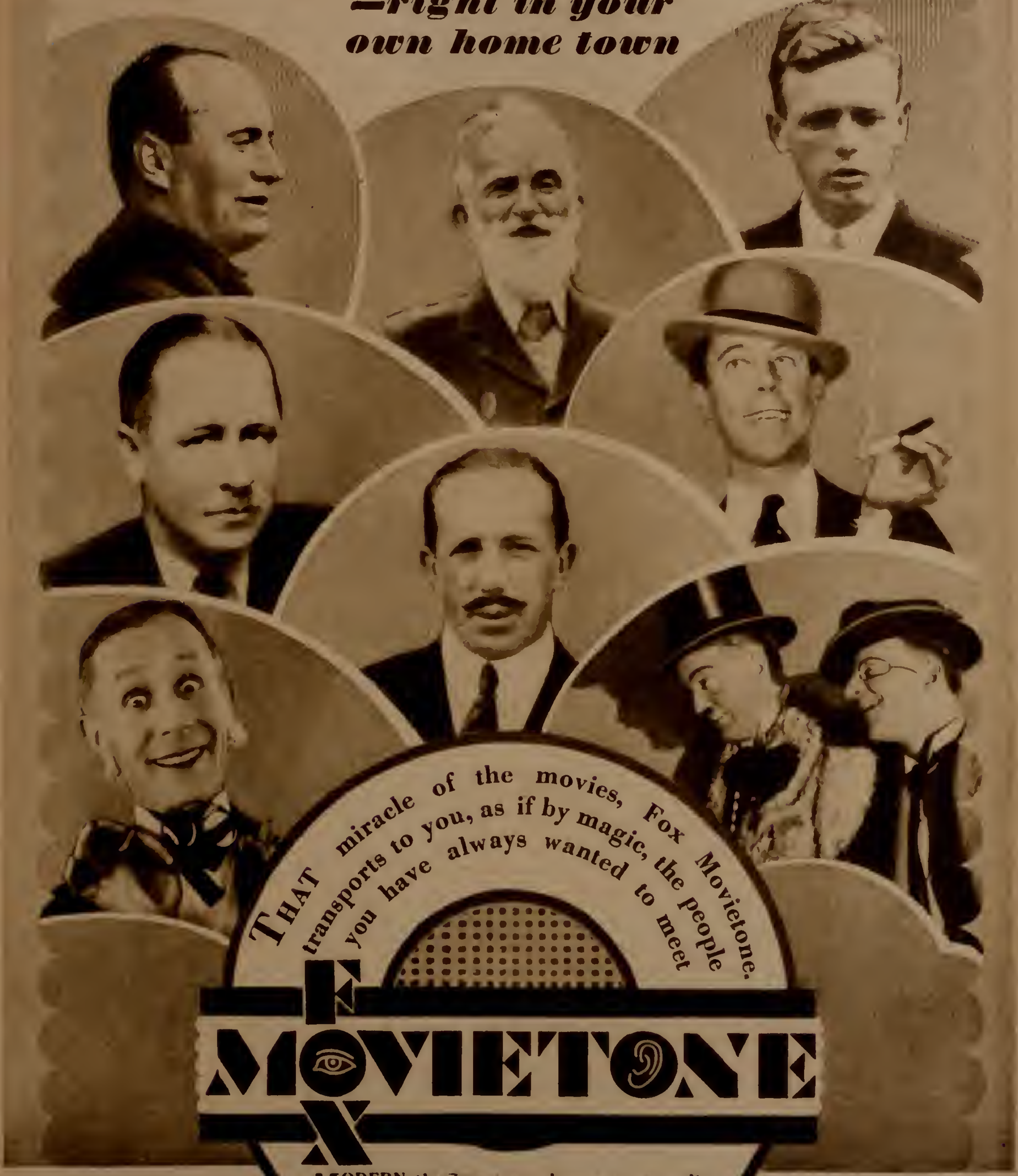

THAT miracle of the movies, Fox Movietone transports to you, as if by magic, the people you have always wanted to meet

MODERN theatres everywhere are responding to the public's demand for Fox Movietone Entertainments. For your enjoyment William Fox, with characteristic foresight has assembled throughout the world these talking pictures

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Robert Benchley
Chic Sale
(Lower Center)
His Majesty Alfonso XIII
King of Spain

Charles A. Lindbergh
Joe Cook
Bobby Clark and
Paul McCullough
(Top Center)
George Bernard Shaw

WHO'S IN IT ?

HAROLD LLOYD

Harold Lloyd's next comedy will have sound and dialog! Produced by Harold Lloyd Corporation. A Paramount Release.

RICHARD DIX

"Redskin" will be Richard Dix's next, to be as great as "The Vanishing American." Filmed in Technicolor.

GEORGE BANCROFT

Soon you will see this virile star in another great characterization in "The Wolf of Wall Street." With Fay Wray.

ESTHER RALSTON

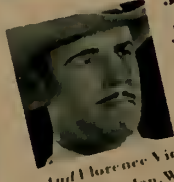
Soon to be seen in the greatest role of her career, "The Case of Lena Smith," produced by Josef von Sternberg.

CHARLES ROGERS

See this popular new star in Paramount's great air drama "Wings" and soon in "Someone to Love," with Mary Brian.

WALLACE BEERY

Wallace Beery returned to strong dramatic roles with "Beggars of Life." See him next in "The Tong War."

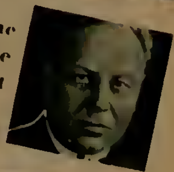


JACK HOLT

Jack Holt, polished gentleman and rugged westerner of "The Water Hole" is next in "Avalanche."

CLARA BOW

Coming soon in "Three Week Ends" by Elinor Glyn, her best yet, and you know that's saying a lot! Watch for it!

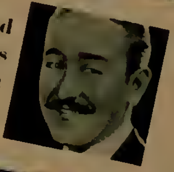


EMIL JANNINGS

"The greatest actor in the world" said critics after "The Patriot." Now see this great star in "Sins of the Fathers."

BEBE DANIELS

"Number Please" (tentative title) is Bebe's next—you know you can depend on Bebe for a snappy, sparkling comedy.

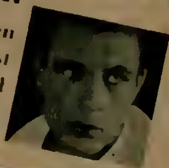


ADOLPHE MENJOU

This master of sophisticated roles is soon to appear in "His Private Life" with Kathryn Carver. Don't miss it!

EVELYN BRENT
CLIVE BROOK

In "Interference," Paramount's first all-talking picture, a sensation silent, or with sound.



GARY COOPER

"A man's man that women love" co-star of "The First Kiss" and with Nancy Carroll in "The Shopworn Angel."

NANCY CARROLL

In "Abie's Irish Rose," "Manhattan Cocktail" with Richard Arlen and "Shopworn Angel."

and Florence Vidor, Pola Negri, Douglas MacLean, Richard Arlen, William Powell, Ruth Taylor, James Hall, Louise Brooks, Baclanova, Mary Brian, Maurice Chevalier, Fay Wray, Neil Hamilton.

Select your motion picture entertainment on the basis of "who's in it?" and again your answer is Paramount—more stars, greater stars than any other company! ¶ But always remember—the important thing in selecting a picture is not "who's in it?" but "who made it?" Not one of these names, nor all of them together is as great as *Paramount*—the name that stands for the highest quality in motion picture entertainment. Silent or in Sound—*"if it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!*

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MOTION PICTURE

CLASSIC

Vol. XXVIII **DECEMBER, 1928** **No. 4**

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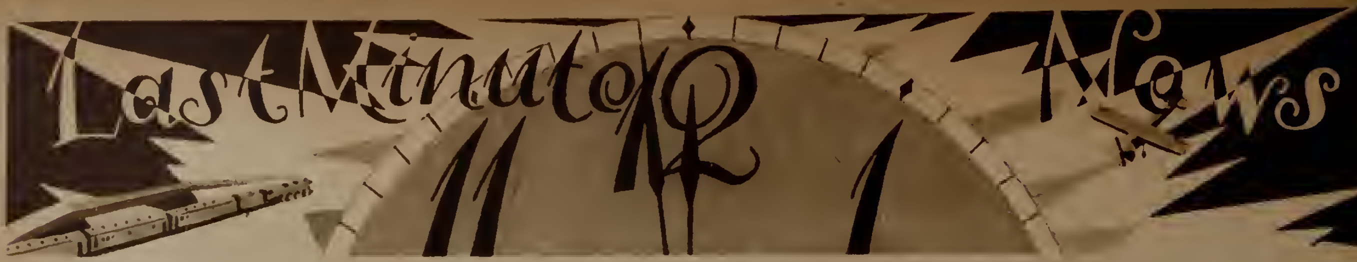
LAURENCE REID, Editor
Colin J. Cruickshank, Art Director
Classic comes out on the 10th of every month. MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE the 28th

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC *is published monthly at 731 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Ill., by* MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. *Entered as second class matter August 31st, 1928, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879; additional entry as second class matter at New York, N.Y. Printed in U. S. A. Editorial and Executive Offices, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.,* *Copyright 1928 by* MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. *Single copy 25c Subscriptions for U. S., its possessions, and Mexico $2.50 a year, Canada $3.00, Foreign Countries, $3.50. European Agents, Atlas Publishing Company, 18 Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4. George Kent Shuler, Pres. and Treas., Duncan A. Dobie, Jr., Vice Pres., Murray C. Bernays, Sec'y.*



Last Minute News

Marion Davies has returned from her trip abroad and will shortly start work again. She has three productions scheduled for this season—"Dumb Dora," "The Little Warrior," and "Buddies," all of which are to have some talking sequences.

Lois Wilson has been signed by Warner Brothers for four of its forthcoming productions. In the first one, "Kid Gloves," she will play opposite Conrad Nagel.

Sophie Tucker is to make a talking picture for Warners.

John Boles has just been selected for the lead in the Vitaphone operetta, "The Desert Song," which is to start production soon. He has a splendid singing as well as speaking voice.

Alice D. G. Miller has been assigned to adapt "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" to the screen for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Charles Brabin will handle the megaphone.

Ramon Novarro's contract with M-G-M has just been renewed. He will receive $7,500 a week and will devote part of the time making pictures and part to training his voice.

Billie Dove will star in "The Man and The Moment," by Elinor Glyn. George Fitzmaurice is to direct it.

Marie Prevost has finished her contract with De Mille and Pathe. Her first picture as a free-lance will be "College Coquette" for Columbia Pictures. Christie Cabanne is directing.

May McAvoy is to play opposite Monte Blue in "No Defence," a new Warner Brothers production. She is taking the rôle originally intended for Lila Lee.

William De Mille is to film Barrie's "Half an Hour" as an all talkie production. Ruth Chatterton, H. B. Warner and Robert Edeson head the cast.

Frank Borzage's first picture under his new contract with Fox will be "True Heaven," from a story by Tristram Tupper. Helen Twelvetrees will play opposite Nick Stuart in it.

Dorothy Arzner will direct "Two Shall Meet," starring Charles Rogers.

Roland Drew is scheduled to play opposite Dolores del Rio in her next picture, "Evangeline."

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is building a huge submarine city in one part of their Culver City studios for the filming of "The Mysterious Island," based on the story by Jules Verne. More than eight hundred men and women will be used in the scenes of the launching of the first submarine craft and in the hand-to-hand battles.

Something new in picture direction: Sound Studios will have an expert motion picture director and an expert stage director for their new talking picture, "Stepping High." Work will be started as soon as the cast has been selected.

Olive Borden and Jack Pickford, who are co-starred in "Gang War," made their talking debut in that picture, and their dialogue sequences are said to be the most realistic of any so far done for the screen, which sort of puts them over.

Autrey

Three exceptionally beautiful lamps, two being part of the facial decorations of Mary Duncan, whose vamping of the trapeze performer in "4 Devils" made the picture much more fun than a circus

Motion Picture fans will have a chance to see Albert Valentino, the brother of the adored Rudolph, who will make his first appearance on the screen in Leatrice Joy's "Tropic Madness," a picture just finished by FBO. Albert hesitated for some time about appearing on the screen, not wishing to capitalize on the Valentino name, but Robert Vignola, the director and a fellow-countryman, finally persuaded him to take a part in his picture.

Willis Goldbeck will direct as well as write the continuity of his original story, which is called "The Getaway," for Pathe. Robert Armstrong is to be featured and production will start immediately. Armstrong has been doing some pretty tall hustling since he was signed by Pathe, having been featured in five pictures in about as many months.

Production has been started on "The Spirit of Youth," adapted from Booth Tarkington's novel, "Ramsey Milholland." Dorothy Sebastian plays the leading rôle; Larry Kent, Betty Francisco and Donald Hall are in the cast.

"Broadway Fever" has been selected definitely as the title of the tentatively named "Applause," which has Sally O'Neill and Roland Drew in the cast.

Don Alvarado has been borrowed by Columbia from United Artists for the leading rôle in "The Apache," which is to be a vivid story of the Paris underworld.

Emil Jannings' next picture is to be called "Ellis Island," and will be directed by Lewis Milestone—who made such success of "Two Arabian Knights" and "The Racket."

Josephine Dunn will play a light comedy rôle in her next picture for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, which is to be called "All at Sea." Karl Dane and George K. Arthur co-star in it.

Bert Lytell will be seen again in his so popular rôle of the gentleman crook in Columbia's next picture, "The Lone Wolf's Daughter." This is the third in the Louis Joseph Vance series: "The Lone Wolf Returns" and "Alias the Lone Wolf" were the first two — each of which starred Lytell.

Paramount has just bought "Drums of Oude," by Austin Strong, which was popular on the stage a dozen or so years ago. It is a story of tribal life in India and will be made as an all talking picture. It takes its title from the dramatic beating of the drums throughout the play; this ought to be reproduced most effectively on the sound screen.

Bebe Daniels will appear as a newspaper writer in her next picture for Paramount, as yet untitled. She will have Robert Castle, the handsome young Viennese actor recently signed by Paramount, as her leading man.

Tom Mix is working on "Outlawed," one of his typical Westerns, for FBO.

King Vidor has signed "Hallelujah" Daniel Haynes of "Show Boat" for the leading male rôle in his new picture with colored cast. Honey Brown of Club Harlem will play the leading feminine part, and Fannie Belle de Knight will be the mammy in the picture.

Tiffany-Stahl have decided on "Marriage by Contract" as the final title for

(Continued on page 8)

YOU'LL laugh at Kid Reagan—but you'll love him, too, as you see him win the world's championship and the girl of his heart in this breezy tale of a small-time scrapper who "went literary." You'll roar at some of the complications that arise when the kid's manager tries to rescue him from the classics — you'll stand up in your seat when the cocky champion goes down for the count — you'll smile with sympathy at the final fadeout—then you'll go home and say, "Well, that was worth seeing!" They don't come like "Celebrity" very often! — Watch for the date when it will be shown at your favorite motion picture theatre.

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A Ralph Block Production
Directed by Tay Garnett
From the stage play by Willard Keefe
PATHÉ PICTURE

Eleventh Hour Flashes From the Film Studios

their production, which had the working title of "Tomorrow." The cast includes Patsy Ruth Miller, Lawrence Gray, John St. Polis, and Robert Edeson.

Joseph Hergesheimer is writing the story and dialogue for Ronald Colman's next picture.

"The Flying Ensign" has been chosen as the final title for Ramon Novarro's new picture, a story of aviation, which was formerly called "Gold Braid." Anita Page has a leading rôle.

Laura La Plante had to take a scream test for "The Last Warning," an adaptation of the stage play of the same name based on the book by Wadsworth Camp, called "The House of Fear." She screams as well as she screens.

Wesley Ruggles has been selected to direct "The Shannons of Broadway," the screen adaptation of the Broadway success which will also star the Gleasons in the screen rôles.

Raquel Torres, who played the feminine lead in "White Shadows in The South Seas," has been signed on a long-term contract by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Anna Q. Nilsson has returned to screen work after having been laid up for six months with a broken hip, which she got in a fall from her horse. She has not entirely recovered but manages to get about for her scenes in "Blockade" for FBO.

Adolph Menjou is to do "The Concert," the stage success of the late Leo Dietrichstein, for his next picture. He is not in favor of the talkies.

Dolores del Rio and Edwin Carewe will be back from Europe shortly to start work on "Evangeline," which is to be filmed in the East.

Mrs. Tom Mix has declared that she is not divorcing Tom, who it is reported has settled eight-hundred thousand dollars on her.

Tom Reed, the title writer, has a new contract for six months with Universal.

Ralph Graves has the lead in "Flying Marine" for Columbia.

Douglas Fairbanks will use a good deal of dramatic soliloquy for his The Iron Mask." This is the first time anything of the sort has been done in a talkie.

"Noah's Ark," the big Warner picture, had its premiere in Hollywood on November 1.

William J. Locke, The English author, is to do an original screen story for Norma Talmadge. It is reported that Joseph M. Schenck will pay fifty thousand dollars for it.

Norman Trevor, stage and screen actor, who has been out of pictures for the last six months, due to a nervous breakdown, has returned to film work and will appear in "The College Coquette" for Columbia pictures.

An exhibition of shear bravery on the part of Josephine Dunn, made perfect by the fact that she has, about the turkey's neck, a scissors hold

Pauline Garon and Lincoln Stedman have been added to the cast of Paramount's "Redskin," the Richard Dix picture.

Barbara Bedford is to appear in "Scarlet Seas" with Richard Barthelmess.

Norma Talmadge will appear in print shortly. She is contributing the chapter on motion pictures in "An Outline of Careers for Women," which is just published by Doubleday Doran and Company. It is one of forty-three contributed by distinguished women, leaders in their professions or business.

May McAvoy will co-star with Monte Blue in "No Defense."

Greta Hartmen, the wife of Alan Hale, has taken up her screen work again after a lapse of six years. She is to appear in "She Goes to War," a picture directed by Henry King for Inspiration.

Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall will do team work together again in another picture for First National, "Children of the Ritz."

"Lummox," the Fannie Hurst story, is now being prepared for production at United Artists. Herbert Brenon is the director in charge, but the cast has not, as yet, been assembled.

Janet Gaynor's current picture, which has gone under the name of "Street Fair," has been retitled "Christine." Charles Morton, Rudolph Schildkraut are in the cast also. William K. Howard is directing.

Marguerite de la Motte had her jaw dislocated in a fight scene by Dorothy Revier, the villainess in "The Iron Mask." Dorothy packs a nasty wallop and even the Swiss guards hesitate in approaching her.

Another catastrophe in "The Iron Mask"—one of two-hundred horses galloping through the Village of St. Germain, threw a shoe, which struck the tripod of one of the cameras, causing a good deal of damage, and narrowly missing the right eye of Henry Sharp, the chief camera man.

Victor McLaglen's next picture will be called "Captain Lash."

The Fred Niblo picture starring Joan Crawford, which had the working title of "Adrienne Lecouvreur," has been changed to the more poetic title "Dream of Love."

John Gilbert's latest picture, "The Masks of the Devil," directed by Victor Seastrom, has just been finished.

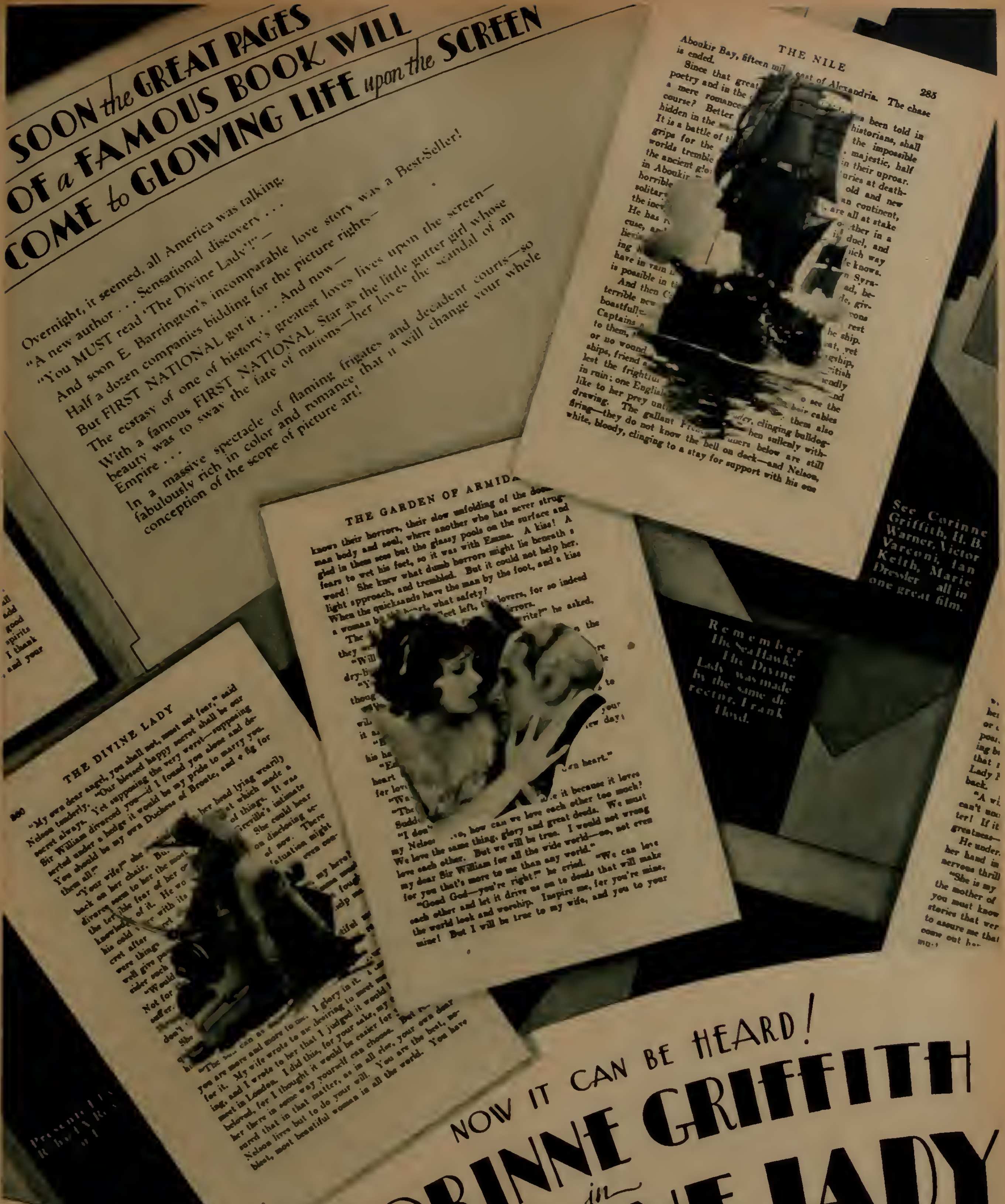
It is reported that Pola Negri has been signed by Pathé to star in three talking pictures.

Emil Jannings's next will be "The Seeder," for Paramount. It's to be a circus story on the type of "Variety," his great European success.

Rupert Julian is to direct Ben Hecht's "The Doomed Regiment" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. It is a thrilling murder mystery story concerning twelve young British officers who are killed one after another in a London fog.

Lina Basquette has the leading feminine part opposite Jean Hersholt in "The New Generation," a story by Fannie Hurst, being made at Columbia Studios.

Charlie Chaplin has chosen Virginia Cherrill, a beautiful unknown blonde, for his lead in "City Lights."



SOON *the* GREAT PAGES OF *a* FAMOUS BOOK WILL COME *to* GLOWING LIFE *upon the* SCREEN

Overnight, it seemed, all America was talking.
"A new author . . . Sensational discovery . . .
"You MUST read 'The Divine Lady'!"—
And soon E. Barrington's incomparable love story was a Best-Seller!
Half a dozen companies bidding for the picture rights—
But FIRST NATIONAL got it . . . And now—
The ecstasy of one of history's greatest loves lives upon the screen—
With a famous FIRST NATIONAL Star as the little gutter girl whose beauty was to sway the fate of nations—her loves the scandal of an Empire . . .

In a massive spectacle of flaming frigates and decadent courts—so fabulously rich in color and romance that it will change your whole conception of the scope of picture art!

See Corinne Griffith, H. B. Warner, Victor Varconi, Ian Keith, Marie Dressler all in one great film.

Remember The Sea Hawk? The Divine Lady was made by the same director, Frank Lloyd.

NOW IT CAN BE HEARD!

Glorious CORINNE GRIFFITH *in*

THE DIVINE LADY

You'll see and HEAR the famous Battle of Trafalgar for the first time on any screen

A First National Picture
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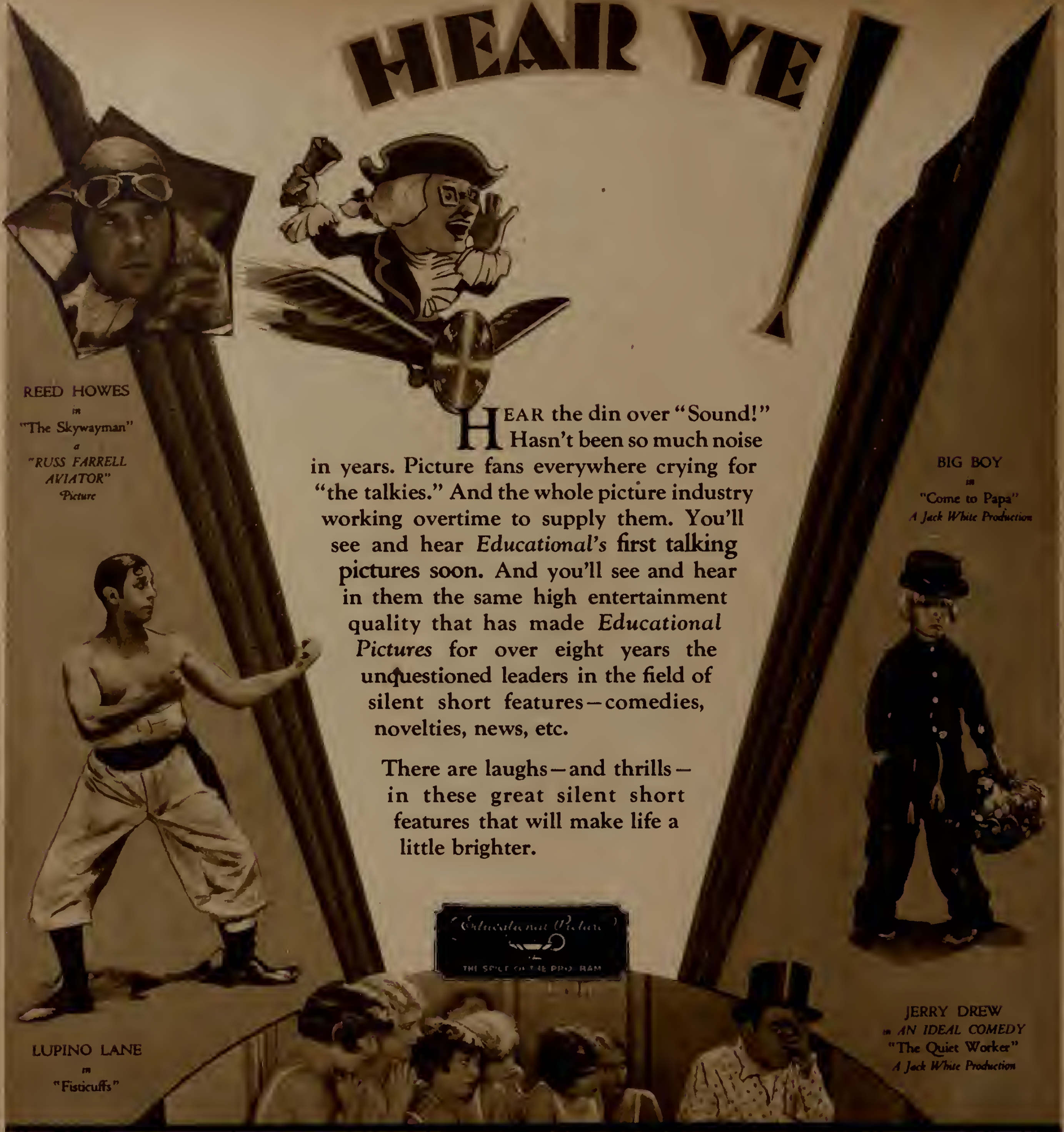
Educational Pictures
THE SPICE OF THE PROGRAM

REED HOWES
in
"The Skywayman"
a
"RUSS FARRELL AVIATOR"
Picture

LUPINO LANE
in
"Fisticuffs"

BIG BOY
in
"Come to Papa"
A Jack White Production

JERRY DREW
in *AN IDEAL COMEDY*
"The Quiet Worker"
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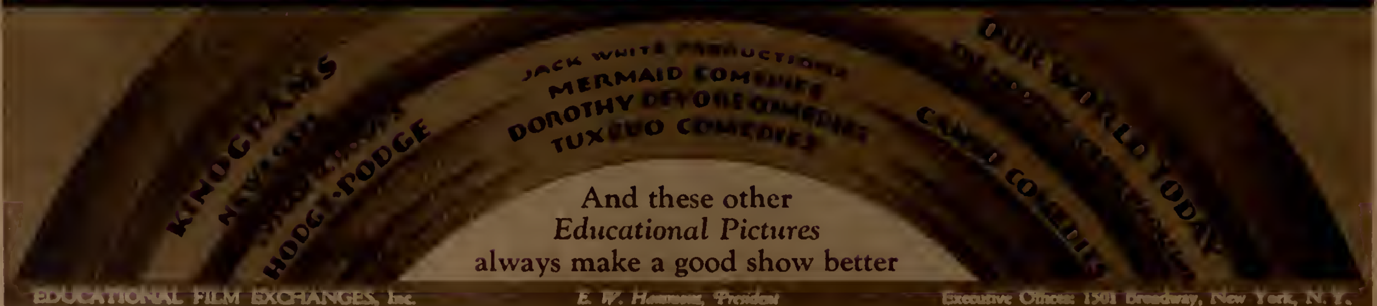
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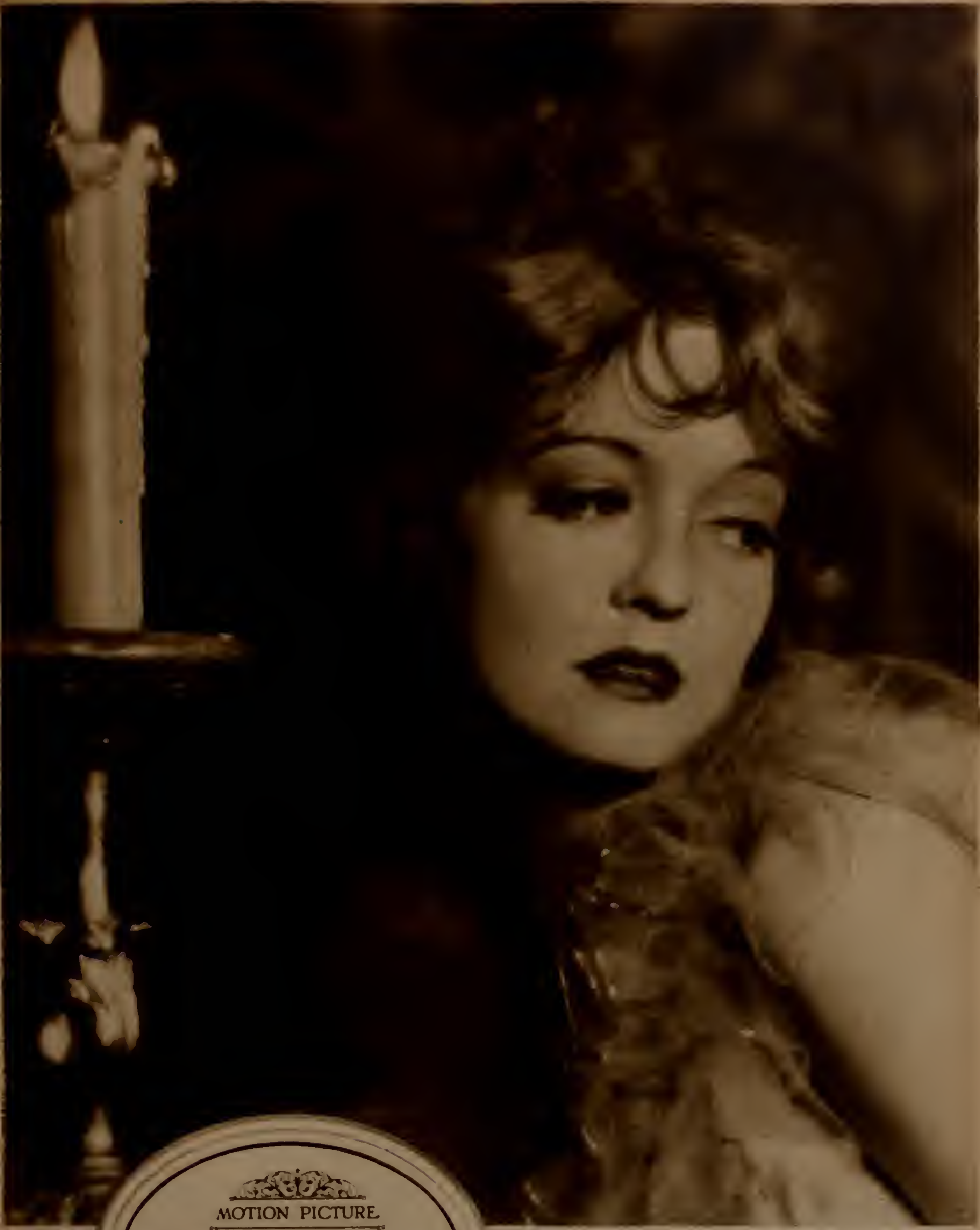
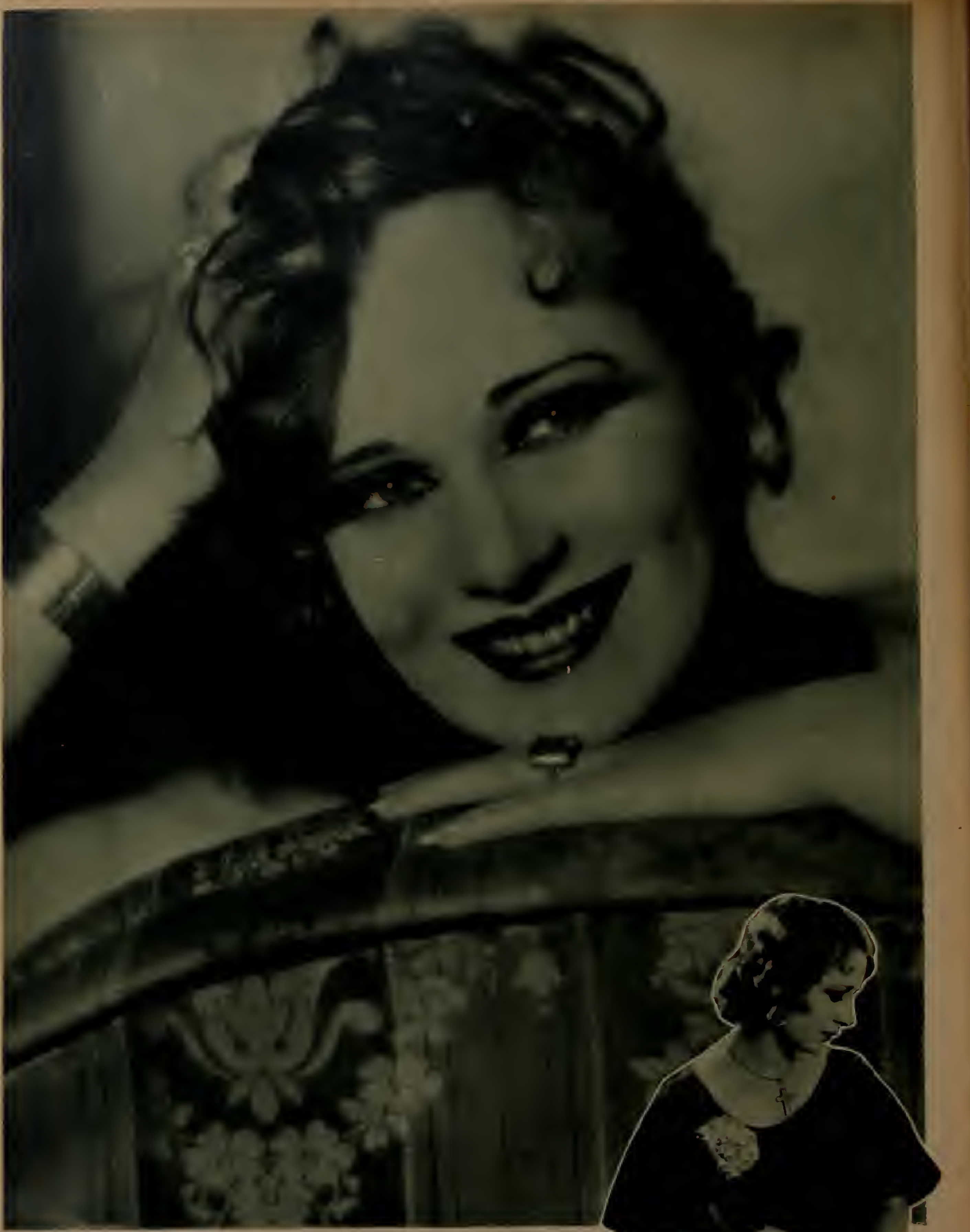


Ball

MOTION PICTURE
CLASSIC
DECEMBER, 1928

*D*oris Kenyon

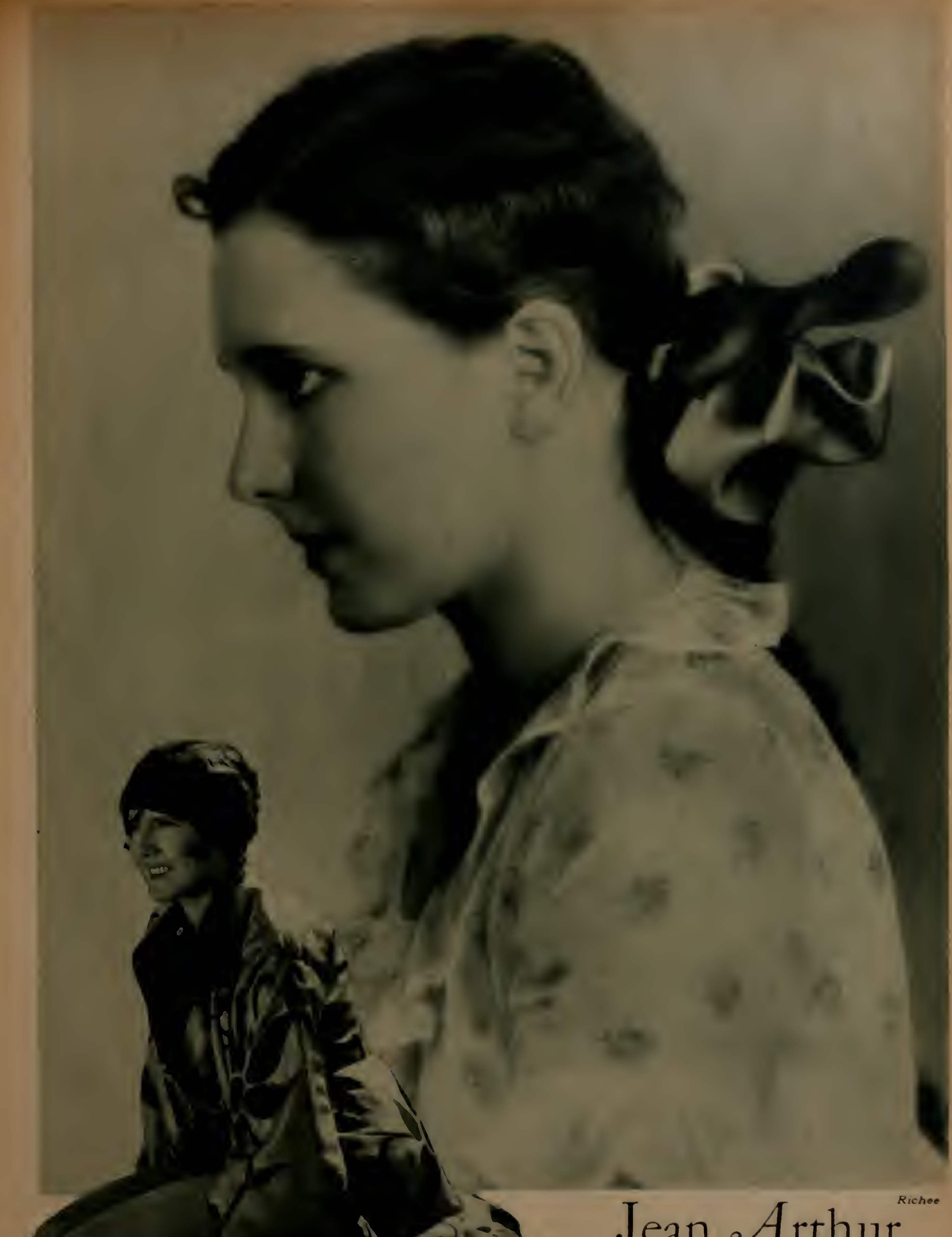
Of necessity it is in a fixture that the candle is placed, for beside her clear-eyed charm, no person possibly can hold one



Spurr

Helene Costello

Her newest vehicle is "Midnight Taxi." And she is most suitable to it. For the heroine in such a case preferably should be possessed of a beauty entitling her to be counted among the fairest of the fares



Richee

Dyar

Jean Arthur

She represents here the metamorphosis of the Main Street girl, with her hair in a ribbon, which she once was, into the modern Hollywood starlet, that she is

Ball

George Fawcett

It is deplorable indeed, after his many years of blameless life and brilliant performance upon the stage and screen, that George Fawcett should now wittingly and willingly engage in a checkered career

The Magazine With the Personality
MOTION PICTURE
CLASSIC

Pictures and Personalities

By GEORGE KENT SHULER
PUBLISHER

IT was, at one time, a criticism of foreign pictures of pretentious proportions that however ingenious and painstaking they might be technically, they were wanting in the emotional warmth characterizing the best of American photoplays.

Instances of this were drawn from a comparison of such representative and concurrent successes as "Variety" and "The Big Parade." The one, the first-mentioned, contained a series of spectacular physical thrills, together with camera shots of such originality and effectiveness, as to make these alone breath-taking and well worth the price of admission. The second, the Stallings war-film, brought to the screen an intimacy of handling in the life of its characters, and a romantic force of such impact as actually to make men in the audience come out blowing their noses to avoid betrayal of the fact that during the course of the picture they had been surreptitiously but unquestionably near the point of tears.

And so it was argued that while the Continental directors had manifestly an edge upon the home-grown in the matter of technique and brilliance of mechanical effect, the medal for downright slugging at the heart-strings still remained in the possession of those this side the Atlantic.

Rivals Our Best

IT may; but the laurels of American-born producers of emotional-appeal photodrama are none too securely affixed. For there recently has been released a picture play of Continental design, although of Yankee birth, which has fully the sentimental effectiveness of anything yet conceived over here. This is F. W. Murnau's, "Four Devils."

It is a story of circus life. It is, in that respect, like "Variety." But it transcends the metallic glitter and hardness of philosophy marking the Du Pont film, and brings before its audiences, in addition to the glamour and danger of professional acrobatics, a love-story of such simplicity and freshness and strength as to rival the best that D. W. Griffith has ever made.

This is the second American-made picture by the same non-American director. His first, "Sunrise," pronounced excellent by the discerning, was not considered, also by the discerning, as of a box-office nature essentially. Artistic, yes, but not perhaps a thing of beauty from the cashier's standpoint. It is therefore gratifying to those who have witnessed the result of this man's second effort, "Four Devils," to see that he has, without concessions to purely commercial requisites, made a film which nevertheless lives up to every one of them and yet which, from a solely artistic viewpoint, stands quite on a level with "Sunrise."

A Heart-Puncher

"FOUR Devils" is rightly and by its own merits one of the pictures of the season. But it is, in addition to that and aside from that, a refutation of this theory that some critics have concocted for their own nationalistic pride's sake: that only Americans feel. Why emotion and the ability to communicate it should be the possession of a single race, or thrive only within the confines of any single continent, is a thing hardly explicable. But such an idea nevertheless has been advanced, time and again. And until now there has been some basis for its credence. But with the advent of such a heart-puncher as "Four Devils," it should finally be put into the discard. Europeans quite as well as ourselves have feelings; and the genius, too, to stir up our own.

More Comedians Wanted

TO depart from the dramatic to the droll in subject, the recent importation from Europe of Albert Chevalier, the French music-hall star, brings to attention the present scarcity of comedians on the screen. We have, indeed, two good and active practitioners in Harold Lloyd and Buster Keaton. But otherwise hardly any of truly stellar rank, for Chaplin has of late years formed the habit of going into retirement for a twelvemonth or so at a time. There is talk of the return of Raymond Griffith, and this would be something of a boon, for he combines both a winning warmth of personality with comic ability and the knack of winning sympathy. It may be that Chevalier can repeat on the screen the successes he has already won in the vaudeville theaters of Paris and London. Let us hope so, for right now there is a great dearth of mirth of the genuine and spontaneous sort to be had from picture plays.

Lansing Brown

THE THIRD

OF A SERIES OF REAL LIFE STORIES

Betty Compson Tells Her Untold Tale

By GLADYS HALL

THIS is the third in the series of articles called CONFESSIONS OF THE STARS. Stories that have never been printed before in any magazine or newspaper.

It has been frequently said that there is nothing new to tell about these First Favorites of the Films. We disagreed. There *is* something new to tell, or something old, something caged away in the heart, the mind, the soul of every human being. Something never before related because of inhibition, forgetfulness, reluctance, fear—an untold tale in every life, however public that life may have been. This untapped source awaits the bait of patience and persistence.

And it yields, does this source, the very essence of the life-story. For it is characteristic of people that they most reluctantly reveal the things nearest to the heart. It is instinct to shield the intimacies of the soul, until one knows that these intimacies will not be violated.

Out of the gold and white fragility that is Betty Compson there comes this story of sturdy emotions, influences, fears, radical theories, modern love—Betty Compson's Untold Tale—

Ladies and Gentlemen, for the first time in any publication!

(Author's Note.)

"THE passion of my childhood was to be a tight-rope walker. In a circus.

"The second passion of my life occurred when I was three. It was for a grown man. And it *was* a passion. Nothing childlike. No imitation.

"*I have always been in love.* I've never been out of love in all my life. I never expect to be. *One love after another.* From the beginning to the present.

"*I would rather make Money than Art.* Why not tell the truth?

"My fear of poverty far outweighs my fear of death, old age—or any other casualty.

"*I shall never be divorced.*

"In our case divorce is impossible. Our marriage is founded on a rock—a different rock from that of any other marriage I know of.

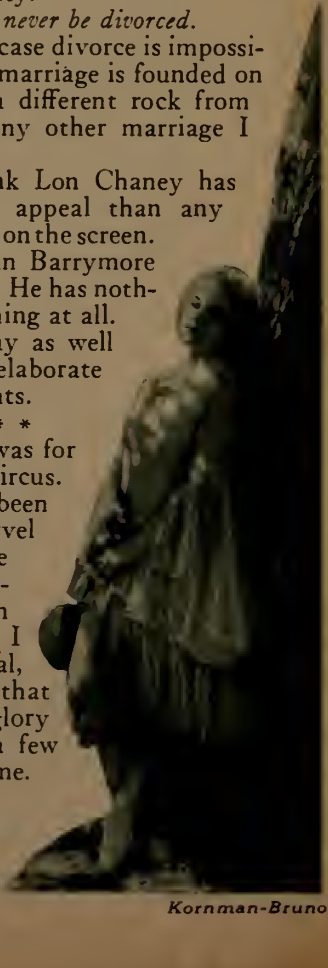
"I think Lon Chaney has more sex appeal than any other man on the screen. And John Barrymore has less. He has nothing, nothing at all.

"I may as well go back and elaborate on these statements.

* * * *

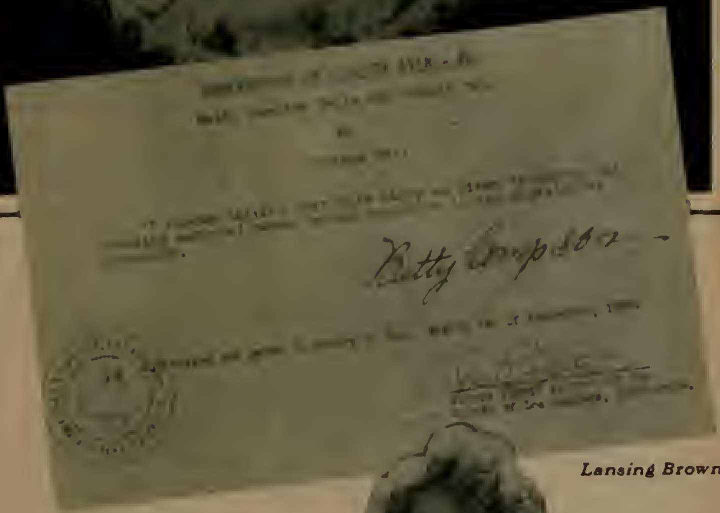
"My first powerful desire was for the circus. To be a part of the circus. It spelled Heaven to me. I'd been taken to the three ring marvel and I saw Bird Millman. She was the heroine of my childhood. She was the incarnation of everything I desired to be. I saw her there, swaying, aerial, beautiful and brave, and I felt that life could hold no greater glory than just that. I met her a few years ago. Life was kind to me. My idol was not shattered.

"Everyone knows, I think, that I was brought



Kornman-Bruno

Confessions of the STARS



Betty Compson

Lansing Brown

up in a little mining town about as far from civilization and certainly as far from culture and 'advantages' as a girl could well be. No books. No social life. None of the things that constitute the average childhood.

"But I think few, even few of my intimates, know that one person and one person alone is responsible for what I have done, what I may do—*my mother.*

"*And not because she is my mother.* That has nothing to do with it. Because she was my good friend. Because she was an individual. Because I liked her as a human being.

"She never tried to 'bring me up' in the usual sense of those words. She didn't try to rule me. She never said 'You can't do this or that.' She didn't exact obedience—but she got it.

"*She taught me to take care of my body.* She wouldn't let me wash dishes or sweep or clean. 'You'll need your beauty some day' she said, 'you'll need your beautiful hands and you must keep them beautiful.'

"Most mothers are too inhibited to lay stress on the marketable value of a girl's body. My mother wasn't. She knew that life is niggardly and that we need all of our weapons whatever they may be. She knew what mine would be. She knew right.

"She wanted me to be a concert violinist. But to be a violinist takes money and there wasn't any.

"My mother was fearless. When I came to Hollywood and after I had been in comedies for some time, I had another offer from another comedy lot. I wanted to take it. I needed to take it. My mother suggested that I turn the offer down. She told me that I had done enough of that type of work and that it had nothing more to offer me. She knew what that advice would mean—*hunger. It did.* But as a result I am able to say that I was the second girl ever to make good in drama via comedy. Gloria Swanson was the first.

* * * *

"*I've always been in love.* Never out of it.

"Never a month, a week, a day since birth when I have not been engaged in some passionate amour. When I was three I fell in love with a man of thirty or forty. And I experienced every pang I ever knew in more mature years. Possessiveness. Thrills. The whole gamut and range. Not jealousy. Never jealousy. *I've never been jealous of a man in all my life.* I couldn't be. Don't tell me that a mere baby has

(*Continued on page 72*)

Kornman-Bruno

Gorifying

A Murder a Minute is the Goal of the Ghoulish Shriekies

MURDER! Beautiful Blonde Found Strangled! Haunted House Scene of Mysterious Deaths! Millionaire Shot During Dinner Party! Bootlegger Slain in Barber Shop! Murder! Extra! Extra!! Extra!!!

Hollywood is in the midst of an epidemic of sudden and violent death. Almost every day a new murder occurs under mysterious circumstances in one of the movie studios. Handsome and well-tailored killers stroll along the Boulevard and lunch at the Montmartre without fear of the law, represented by detectives in square-toed shoes and checked suits. At any hour of the day passers-by may hear the screams of the victims and the sound of pistol shots; and at night, when the studio stages are deserted, charwomen methodically mop up the bloodstains from the floors and gather the scattered daggers, pistols and poisons tidily up in their aprons.

"People," says "S. S. Van Dine," the mysterious author of "The Canary Murder Case" which Famous Players is filming, "get bloodier-minded all the time. They used to be content with one really satisfying murder, but now they want two or three to the book. Even the nicest old ladies seem to enjoy wallowing in gore."

The first result of the talkie panic has been a flood of mystery thrillers on the screen. Most of these pictures are built about a murder. In "The Greene Murder Case" by the same anonymous Mr. Van Dine, there are four separate and distinct killings. In "The Last Warning," which Universal has just completed, two men die under startling circumstances. And the victims are not always—as they used to be—snuffy old gentlemen who are found murdered just as they were about to sign a will, or butlers or eccentric old ladies. They are beautiful blonde movie ingenues and seductive film vamps.

Louder and Bloodier

PLOTS of murder, mystery and terror offer many chances for the use of sound as a part of the story. If sound is what they want, the producers seem to argue, we'll give them plenty of it. As, in the beginning of the movies, the players felt duty-bound to keep moving every moment they were before the camera, so at the outset of sound pictures they are making a conscientious effort to provide as many different noises as possible. This coming year will undoubtedly find the fans paying their money to enjoy a restful evening of blood-curdling screams, hair-raising moans, maniacal laughter, shots and the dull thump of falling bodies.

The obvious objections that must be overcome at this early stage of the talking motion pictures are solved by murder mysteries. Not every player has the right speaking voice for the microphone. But anyone can shriek. The English language cannot be understood abroad. But Russians, Swedes and Hottentots all understand a scream. Foreign stars with guttural accents which ban them from a straight talking picture can laugh and groan and shoot revolvers in perfect English.

At the top: The climax of an exciting scene in "The Terror" with Louise Fazenda, May McAvoy and Alec B. Francis. Center, Chester Conklin gives Flora Finch a scare in "The Haunted House." Below, Montagu Love plays "The Mad Doctor" in the same picture

The American Screen

BY DOROTHY DONNELL

So every studio lot these days finds foul deeds being committed, quarts of prop blood being shed, bodies being discovered behind secret panels and in haunted houses, and clues scattered about everywhere. Instead of the usual studio orchestra, weird devices for producing uncanny noises have taken their place. There is a machine which can hoot like an owl, another which yowls like a cat. Wind-machines wail "Whoosh-whoo-sh," and slam shutters. In "The Haunted House" a police siren was put off behind the scenes every few moments, and the director kept his cast in the feeling of the picture by making horrible noises through his megaphone and surprising them with clawlike hands thrust from behind the furniture at unexpected moments. No one, except the director, knew what was going to happen in any scene or guessed who was going to be murdered, with the result that the players, electricians and stage carpenters went home at night unnerved and gibbering.

Keeping the Dead Alive

IT might seem that the producers were trying to save money by killing off their high salaried leading ladies early in the picture. But Margaret Livingston, the victim in "The Bellamy Trial," is kept before the eyes of the spectators by a series of flash-backs, as each witness at the trial told of the events leading up to the finding of her body, stabbed by a kitchen knife, in the gardener's lodge. By using the same device Ruth Taylor, the strangled Canary in the "Canary Murder Case," is seen on the screen though she is murdered in the third reel.

"The Terror," Warner Brothers' contribution to the cause of nervous prostration, boasts a murder committed in a deserted abbey in England during a seance. Trapdoors, hidden passages, and uncanny sights and sounds keep the audiences screaming as well as the players. And the identity of "The Terror" himself is kept hidden until the last few feet of film.

First National's "The Haunted House" has a maniac who shouts "Ha! Ha!" a beautiful sleepwalker, a marvelous thunder-storm, and a shriek from Flora Finch which proves that she has been wasted in the silent drama all these years. Instead of the speakies, this type of sound picture should be termed the shriekies. When one thinks of the old-fashioned, silent movies of a few months ago where the audiences could sleep peacefully and undisturbed through the picture, one is tempted to exclaim rapturously, "What an age of progress we live in! Will the marvels of science never cease?"

And all this is just the beginning of the treats in store for your tympanum. First National promises two more mystery-murder-masterpieces in the near future. One is called "Seven Footprints to Satan" and the other is named "Sh! The Octopus." Just what sort of noise octopuses make in their more emotional moments we do not know, but we will soon discover whether they roar, growl or purr.

Columbia Pictures has a haunted-house thriller called "Behind

(Continued on page 88)

At the top: The murder scene in the "The Last Warning." Below, from the same picture, Laura La Plante registering fright and Eve Southern playing the sleepwalker in "The Haunted House." At the bottom: Roy D'Arcy creeps upon a scene of horror in "The Last Warning"

Kenneth Alexander

Ronald Colman should be, Lili's beauty being what it is and the scenes they enact together in "The Rescue" comprising such as represented here

Pleased *Damita*

Hollywood's Police Record

The Best Brawls Are Held In Beverly or Santa Monica

By DOROTHY MANNERS

Forgery	4	**Drunks**	25
Robbery	2	**Dead Bodies**	4
Vagrancy	1	**Guns**	1
Gambling	9	**Vice**	32

"—AND that," said Captain John McCaleb of the Hollywood Station, "is a pretty orderly showing on the month's police blotter for a town that enjoys the reputation of being pretty lively. Wild Hollywood, eh?" he chuckled. "Not so bad, I would say; not so bad."

Captain McCaleb is a jovial man. His big booming voice is as hearty as, well, as an Irish cop's. Even before I was permitted into his little private sanctum at the station on Cahuenga, next to the fire house, I could hear him thundering a letter in dictation, booming an order now and then. Yes, Captain McCaleb, with his thick shock of black hair and generous grin, is a most jovial man. Jovial and sympathetic.

For his particular job he needs both his good humor and his sympathy, for he is the guardian of Hollywood's morals, boss of her well-being and keeper of the peace. Day in and day out he watches the parade pass by—not the parade of glittering success and happiness, but the sorry troupe of misfits and left-overs who eventually end their weary march with the police. Wanderers from society's highway, breakers of Hollywood's codes, they whine out their miserable stories to Captain McCaleb, day after day, month after month in scraggly rotation.

Less Than a Drunk a Day

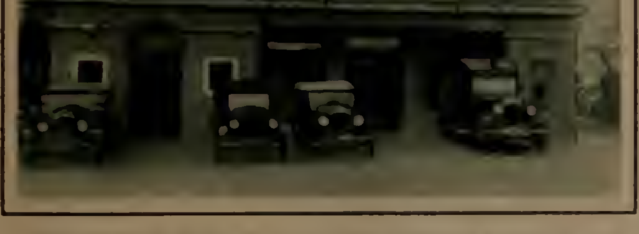
"IT'S remarkable our arrests are as low as they are," insisted the Captain. "This is the most advertised little town in our country, or any other country, I guess. Our riches and our prosperity are flung to the ears of men who prey on such a condition—gamblers, thieves, vagrants, and the like—and yet we have no gangs here, no riots. Stop for a moment and analyze this record," he tapped the official sheet of paper we had been looking over: "Twenty-five drunks, it says. Well, that is on an average of less than one a day. Nine gamblers. Only two reported robberies. One fellow carrying a gun. Four forgeries. Not bad, I would say, for a place of our reputation." His pencil paused at *Vice* . . . thirty-two. "That's rather high," he admitted. "Most of them are men—degenerates."

I asked about the girls. Did he pick up many of them, drawn to the flame of Hollywood, who traveled the hardest way?

"Not many girls. Not one in three or four months," he replied. "Soliciting upon the streets of Hollywood is practically nil. Now and then we run across a case of some girl drawn here by the movies who has gotten in trouble. Usually we find her a suicide. The last one who was called to my attention was a little girl of about seventeen or eighteen who came out here to work in the pictures, fell in love with a married director, and killed herself. We found her in a cheap hotel room. She was a real pretty little thing," remarked Captain McCaleb.

"I take a personal interest

(*Continued on page 83*)



Those parties which get to the stage where a good crime is had by all, says Captain John McCaleb—in the upper corner—always seem to happen outside his precinct. Just above is the Hollywood police station

Clara Bow *EXPOSED!*

The "It" Girl Is Discovered Flagrantly Living Like A Normal Human Being

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

Dyar

SAL volatile! Quick, the smelling salts! Light, air! Assistance! A great movie star discovered living for all the world like any normal person! She has no butler or footman, no Rolls-Royce, no swimming pool, and only a five-room bungalow, the furniture in which she bought because she wanted it and not because an interior decorator said it was the thing.

Pardon me a moment while I swoon once more at the recollection of it. I have already swooned a few times—in fact, it must have begun to seem to Clara Bow as if I had only visited her with the idea of leaving myself lying about all over the place. It was hours before I was in a condition to pick myself up and go home. Clara, I may say, did all she could to help me collect myself, on the principle that it was her home and she should help to keep it clean.

And here I am, back in my own back yard, with a rousing tale of discovery to tell the world that can give points to the prattlings of such men as Chris Columbus when they got back from across the bounding main.

The moment I drew up outside Clara's place in my imported Chevrolet I knew there was something queer about it. What! This the abode of the most famous female of the celluloid? "Come now," I said to myself, chiding-like, "come now, this ain't it." A mere four or fiveish-roomed bungalow, 'twere, twenty or thirty yards back across a lawn from the public sidewalk of one of the palm-bordered Beverly Hills drives. Not a borzoi was to be seen lolling about to give the place that tony bored air. Instead, a couple of scraggy animals combining the worst points of the bull-terrier and the St. Hubert hound were engaged in a wrestling-match on the lawn, lending a decided air of homeliness to the scene.

When a plump, comfortable-looking German maid with bare legs, and feet encased in old tennis-shoes, opened the door, I started to withdraw, muttering apologies for coming to the wrong house. Then over her shoulder appeared the flaming head of Clara herself. I clutched at a nearby rose-bush for support and could feel my eyes coming dangerously near to popping out of my head. Restraining them with a supreme effort, I put a limp hand in Clara's and was led within.

The shock was dreadful. No liveried footman in sight. A little hallway with on one side a dining-room and on the other a sitting-room, neither of any size to swing a cat in. Through the dining-room [illegible] kitchen, where another comfortable-looking maid from the Rhineland region [illegible] a ditty of old Europe as she washed up dishes. No more servants, but a visitor or two, perhaps relations, in for a chat with the dish-washing songstress and to be seen sprinkled about the kitchen, making themselves thoroughly at home.

Clara herself—the "lady of the house," if you can think of Clara in such a rôle—dressed in a simple, unpretentious yellow sports dress, with bare legs. Tottering slightly from the shock of it all, I permitted myself to be led into the darkened sitting-room. Incredible that a movie star earning thousands of dollars a week should have the good sense to be so completely herself in her home! I wondered if it were all a dream. The little room *was* Clara Bow. The weirdest medley of styles and decoration I ever saw, but it was comfortable, interesting, restful and sincere.

"This," said Clara, sitting in a black carved-wood chair inlaid with mother-of-pearl, "is sort of oriental. The tapestries"—she pointed to some extraordinary multi-colored specimens of the weaver's art—"are Spanish. The green silk chaise-longue is boudoir, and the big sofa you're sitting on is just comfortable." She laughed. "Do you like the decorative scheme?

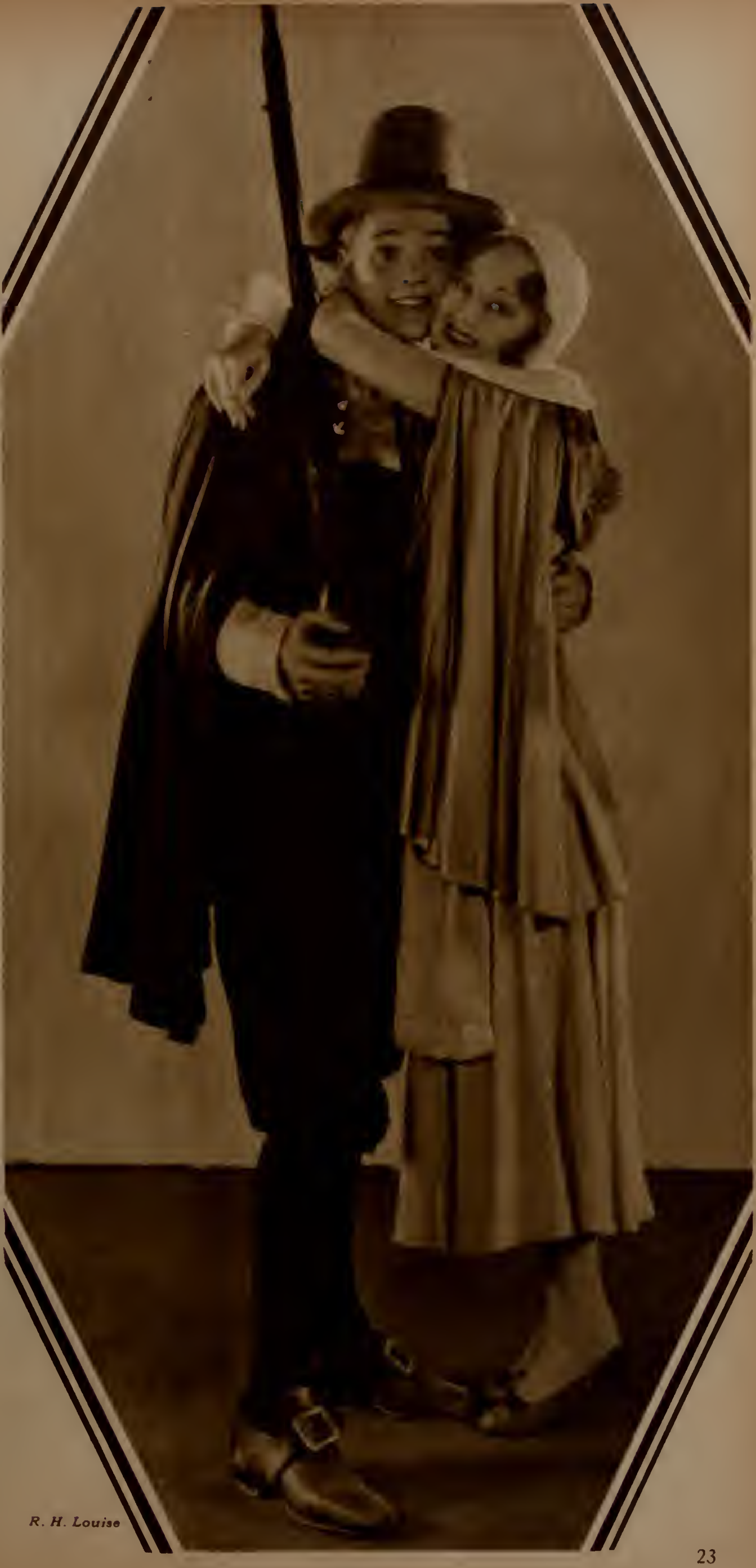
THE DECORATORS DEFIED

"MY special pride are the lampshades, which I had specially made exactly as I wanted them. By the fireplace I put that funny papier-mâché mask of Lindbergh, which some fan sent me. I sort of liked it and didn't know where else to put it.

"A lot of interior decorators in the furniture stores wanted to show me how to furnish this place, but I just went ahead and got things I wanted."

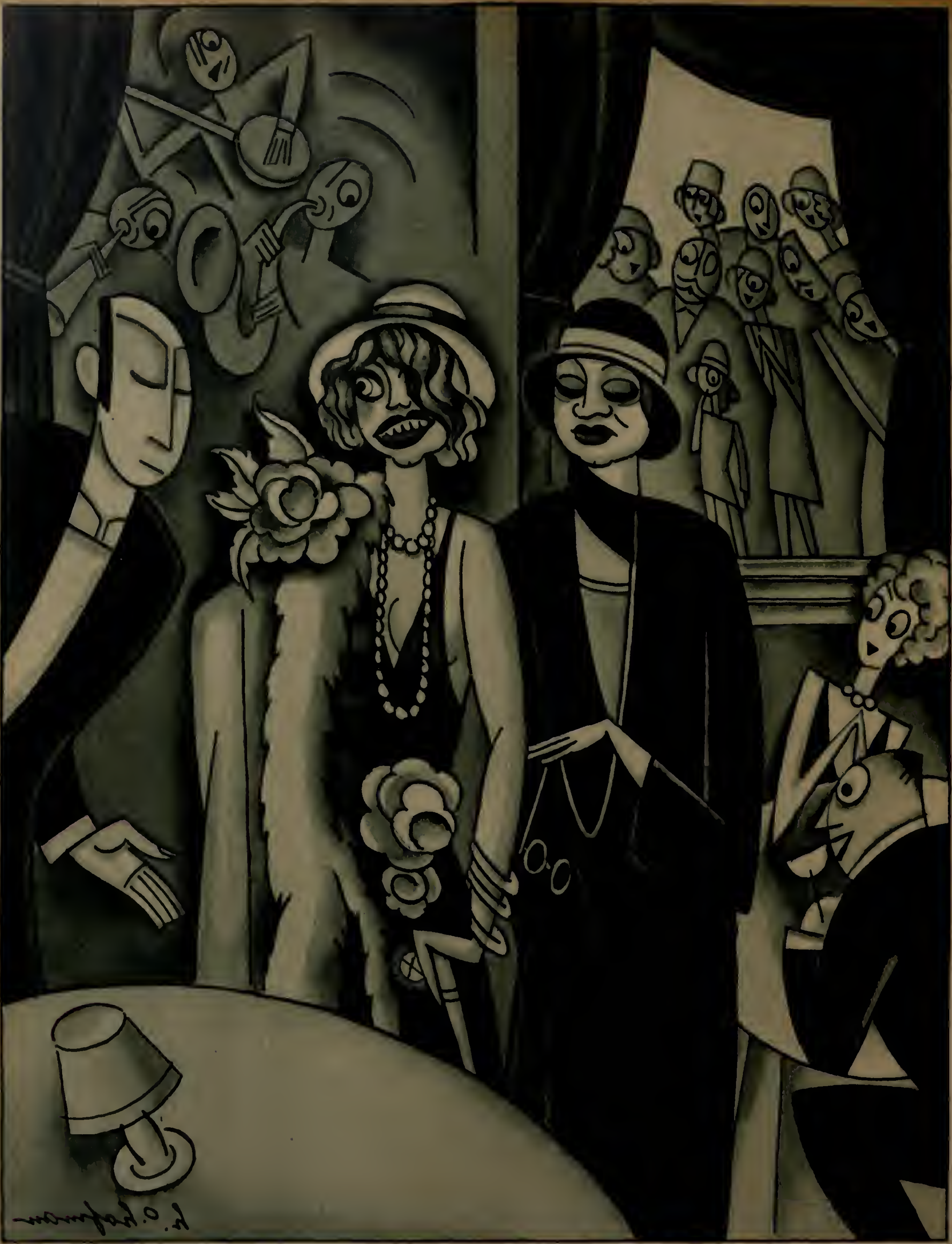
(*Continued on page 77*)

Shouldering Arms



R. H. Louise

But Eddie Nugent needs no command to do it, inasmuch as the girl in question and the immediate proximity is Josephine Dunn. And in this case Shakespeare's remark about the apparel proclaiming the man is controverted; for we question whether Eddie's impulses at the moment are in keeping with his garb—strictly Puritanical



Hollywood Horrors

Texas Guinan discovers that the table she wants at the Montmartre has been reserved for Mrs. Willebrandt

Stop Me, If You've Heard This One—

Cackles From The Campus: The Favorite College Stories of Cinema Celebrities

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

RAYMOND GRIFFITH: Two boys were leaving a college prom. Said one of them, "Have you transportation home?"

"No."

"I'll take you in my 'Mayflower.' "

"What do you mean, 'Mayflower' ?"

They piled into the machine, a dilapidated and much-decorated Ford.

"This is only a Ford—where do you get that 'Mayflower' stuff?"

"Well, I call her 'Mayflower' because so many Puritans have come across in it!"

LOUIS WOLHEIM: A father made a sudden and unannounced call on his son at college. He arrived on a late night train and, without telephoning, went direct to his son's boarding-house.

Ringing the door bell, he aroused the landlady, who shoved her head out of a window and shouted down:

"What do you want?"

"Does Jack Beats live here?" shouted his father.

"Yes," replied the landlady, disgustedly. "Just bring him right in and stretch him out on the davenport."

MYRTLE STEDMAN: Flapper on leaving church with her brand-new husband:

"It won't be wrong now!"

CORINNE GRIFFITH: Student: "Why do you always hold my hands when I start to tell you how much I love you?"

Fair Co-Ed: "To make sure you haven't got your fingers crossed."

BEBE DANIELS: It was during the making of "The Campus Flirt." One of the more studious youths was in casual conversation with an Irish property boy.

"How do you like being an actor?" asked the prop boy

"I am afraid I have no histrionic ability," answered the college boy, solemnly.

"Sure, and you don't have to know history to be an actor," props assured.

JEANETTE LOFF: Bill was returning from a modern jazz party a trifle the worse for wear. However, he navigated his front steps with precision and snared the keyhole with considerable skill.

Once inside the dimly lighted hall, there was an ominous silence followed by a tremendous crash of breaking glass.

"William!" shouted the commanding voice of his father from above, "what in the world are you doing down there?"

"Everything's okay, dad," came the reply. "I just wanted to teach those goldfish not to snap at me!"

EDDIE QUILLAN: Dot: "Where you steppin' tonight, gal friend?"

Dimples: "I'm going for a spin with Nick Necker. Will I need a coat?"

Dot: "Gosh, no! What you'll need is a fan!"

BILLIE DOVE: Professor: "Can you prove that the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the two sides of this triangle?"

Student: "I don't have to prove it. I admit it."

ALICE WHITE: "College," said someone, "gives the modern girl a much broader vocabulary. As for example: 'I'd simply love a cigarette—I'd simply love a cocktail—Thank you for the lovely flowers—What an adorable gown—My dear, he's simply adorable—The whole evening was simply hectic—The whole drive was too hectic for words—You can't imagine what a hectic time we had.' "

Anyone who thinks that such things as flappers have been relegated to the past should pause to consider Alice White's type and Eddie Quillan's trousers

DOROTHY MACKAILL: Two similes that are strikingly collegiate: "So still you could hear the microbes gnashing their teeth."

"A reputation as loose as a flapper's galoshes."

JACK MULHALL: The prudish co-ed went to the class photographer to have her portrait taken but first she tied a string tightly about her skirt at the bottom.

"What's the idea?" asked the photographer.

"You can't deceive me, young man," she answered. "I know you see me in that thing upside down!"

ROBERT ARMSTRONG: First frat man: "Did they convict that night club dancer?"

Second frat man: "No, they couldn't get anything on her."

MRS. JAMES GLEASON (Lucile Webster Gleason): Judge: "But why do you want this divorce, lady?"

Ex-Co-ed: "Well, I'm thinking of getting married."

CHESTER CONKLIN:

(Continued on page [illegible])

A Very *Square* PEG

Rough-Hewn, But Clean-Grained and Sturdy, Is the Woman Who Is More Than the Talmadge Sisters' Mother

By GLADYS HALL

Two poses of the famous mother of the three famous Talmadge sisters; the one above alone, and the second, below, in company with the most celebrated of all, Norma

THERE are a few people connected with the picture business who are more than people. They are institutions. Combines. Corporate bodies. Trusts.

They are usually left, unwritten and more or less unsung, until they become candidates for legend and tradition.

D. W. Griffith is such a one. Mary and Doug are another. Charlie Chaplin. The late Charlotte Pickford was one. Peg Talmadge is another.

Just Peg. A letter addressed to "Peg, Hollywood," would undoubtedly reach her. Her daughters call her Peg or, in moments of uncontrollable affection just Wench. Her friends and acquaintances and business associates—she is Peg to all of them.

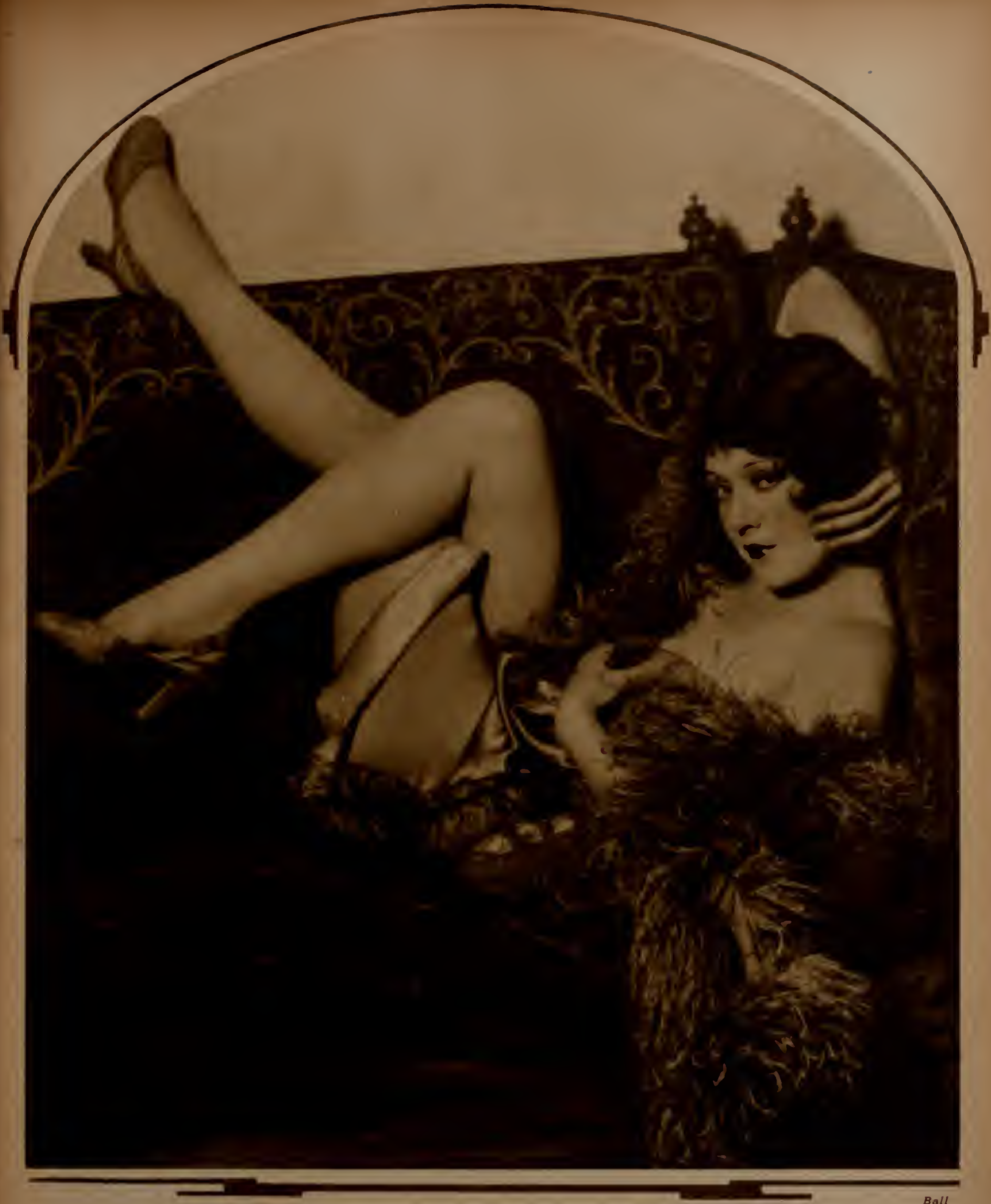
The wit of Hollywood Boulevard, the rib-tickler of all social occasions, the most quoted individual at any beach or canyon soirée—that's Peg.

It is fair meat to say that if there had been no Peg there would have been no Norma, Natalie or Constance.

Which remark makes—I know, I know—for wisecracks all along the Potomac. I don't mean it that way, if you can strain your imagination that much. I mean that if Peg were not Peg-as-she-is, Norma, Natalie and Constance might very well have married little Brooklyn gents after mediocre careers of stenoging or what-not. And if you don't agree, bone up on your psychologies and discover to what extent the buck is being passed to the mothers of the land.

The salt and savor that is Peg, the grim courage and the broad, sly humor, the apperception and foresight have come down to the Talmadge sisters,

(*Continued on page 74*)

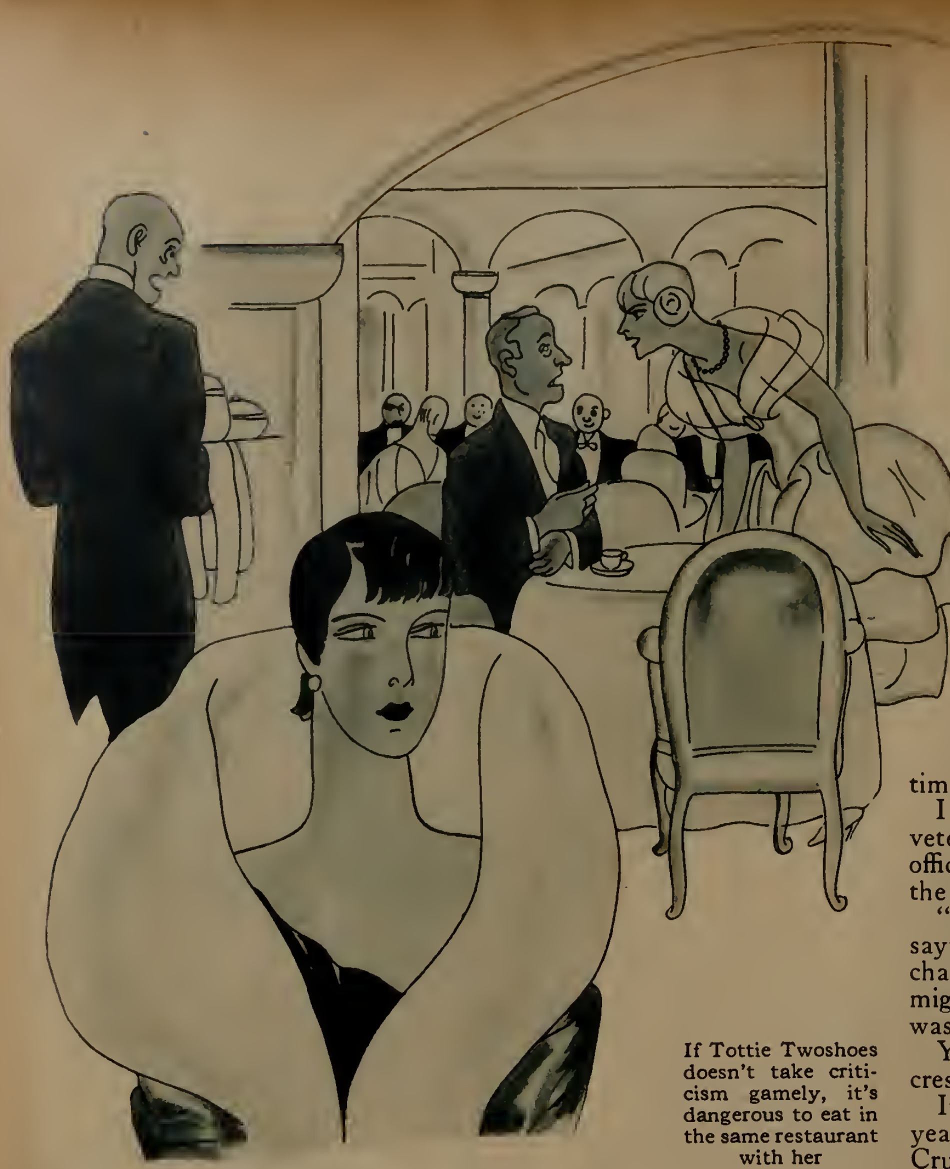


Ball

Sofa so good: that's the way the divan seems to Marie Prevost after the whistle has blown at the studio, and she can come home to rest and loll around legsactly as she pleases

How *to*

By MARQUIS BUSBY



If Tottie Twoshoes doesn't take criticism gamely, it's dangerous to eat in the same restaurant with her

IT is all well and good for the motion picture critic of the Oskaloosa Bugle to put Tottie Twoshoes, the darling of filmdom, on the pan for her performance in "Hearts Aflame," her latest for the Whozis studios. The Oskaloosa scribe can spend a quiet evening at a strawberry festival on the church lawn, or playing billiards at Mike's Parlor, with no danger of meeting the fair Tottie at either place.

But the motion picture critics of Los Angeles, one of the largest suburbs of Hollywood, have no such assurance when they take Tottie to task in the columns of their dailies. The very evening of the day on which the review appears the critic may sit next to Tottie at dinner at the Montmartre, the Cocoanut Grove, the Roosevelt, or whatever swanky place may be basking in the favor of the Hollywood colony. Sometimes Tottie takes her criticisms like a scholar and a gentleman. Sometimes she does not. I know. I write motion picture reviews and I've had a few post-preview encounters with the various Totties of filmland.

The Los Angeles critics must be calloused alike to cold glares of anger and bubbling-over enthusiasm. Otherwise they wouldn't dare say, for instance, that Tottie needed a few more gauze screens to register properly the fact that she is just eighteen. Tottie is *so* sensitive about her age. But we, being inherent, and oh, just awfully enthusiastic followers of veracity, tell the truth and shame Tottie. Being kind-hearted souls naturally, we would rather be pleasant than disagreeable, when the chance is afforded.

The Reviews Hollywood Reads

IT is easy to understand the particular interest of the stars in the Los Angeles reviews of pictures. When the grapefruit isn't in their eyes, they read the motion picture pages at their breakfast tables. What is printed elsewhere, with the exception of in New York, is not so important. Sally Simper, their screen rival, the cat, reads also the same reviews.

Sometimes the reactions of these famous people to their reviews is side-splittingly funny, at other times merely side-splitting.

I remember, for instance, James Young, veteran director, who dropped into the office of the motion picture department of the paper.

"What do you mean," he asked, "by saying that the direction of 'The Unchastened Woman' was amateurish? It might not have been good, but at least it wasn't amateurish."

Young was good-natured about it, but crestfallen.

It seems he had been directing for years. Was directing, in fact, when James Cruze was reading "Swiss Family Robinson" and C. B. DeMille had not yet invented the bathtub.

I hate to draw conclusions, but the fact remains that since "The Unchastened Woman," Young hasn't been doing much. Theda Bara, the star of the picture, has retired from the screen, and the theater that housed this opus during its Los Angeles engagement remains dark to this day.

Honestly, it *was* amateurish.

Then there is the First National producer who took exception to some non-praising remarks in my review.

"He's got it in for this studio," he declared angrily. "He wants to be an actor and we refused to cast him for a picture."

Compassionate Towards Charlie

I DON'T know where he got the idea. I'm practically devoted to my articulation via Underwood (advt.) I don't care for the idea of location trips to the high Sierras in winter and the Mojave in summer. Anyway, I like Charles Rogers very much

Become Unpopular Overnight

Hollywood's Own Film Critics Have To Face The People They Pan

and don't want to cut in on his much publicized fan mail.

Once I criticized not only the lovely star of a picture, but the direction, the scenario, the titles and several other things which a merciful providence has erased from my memory. The next night this particular star sat across the table from me at somebody or other's party. She was gracious, charming.

Finally I could stand my curiosity no longer.

"Did you read my review on your picture?" I asked.

"Oh, no, not yet," she replied. "The studio is sending over all the Los Angeles press clippings in the morning."

The next time I saw her she gritted her teeth when she smiled.

Perhaps the most hullabaloo I ever managed to brew was with a review on "Hula," with Clara Bow in a shredded-wheat sports skirt. I still have bad dreams when I think of that picture, although its box-office grosses resembled the national debt. Clara was nice to me, but her fans were not. In addition to the usual mail from press-agents, and from spinster schoolma'ams bewailing the fact that I'd split another infinitive, there were a lot of highly inflammatory letters anent "Hula."

One of her admirers maintained that "Hula" was the epic of the century, that Mlle. Bow was the greatest artiste since Bernhardt, and anyway I was a bum critic. Furthermore, if I knew so much about film stories, why didn't I write one—there were plenty of stars and dozens of studios looking for material.

O'Brien's Irish Rises

A FEW of her fans were magnanimous enough to agree with me.

Then there is Eugene O'Brien who appeared recently in Los Angeles in a vaudeville playlet. Eugene did not like the criticism he received in one of the papers.

"I'm glad you seem to like my act," he proclaimed in a curtain-speech, "although the critic of The Blade did not. However: that's all right. I buy The Gazette (morning opposition) to read, and get The Blade for my dog to chew."

Most of these favored Hollywoodians are willing to accept the thorns with the roses.

Ramon Novarro was miscast in "Lovers," a picture adapted somewhat freely from "The Great Galeoto." I said as much, although I know Ramon and consider him one of the screen's finest actors.

Two or three days later I had a letter from Ramon. It was brief and to the point:

"You were perfectly right."

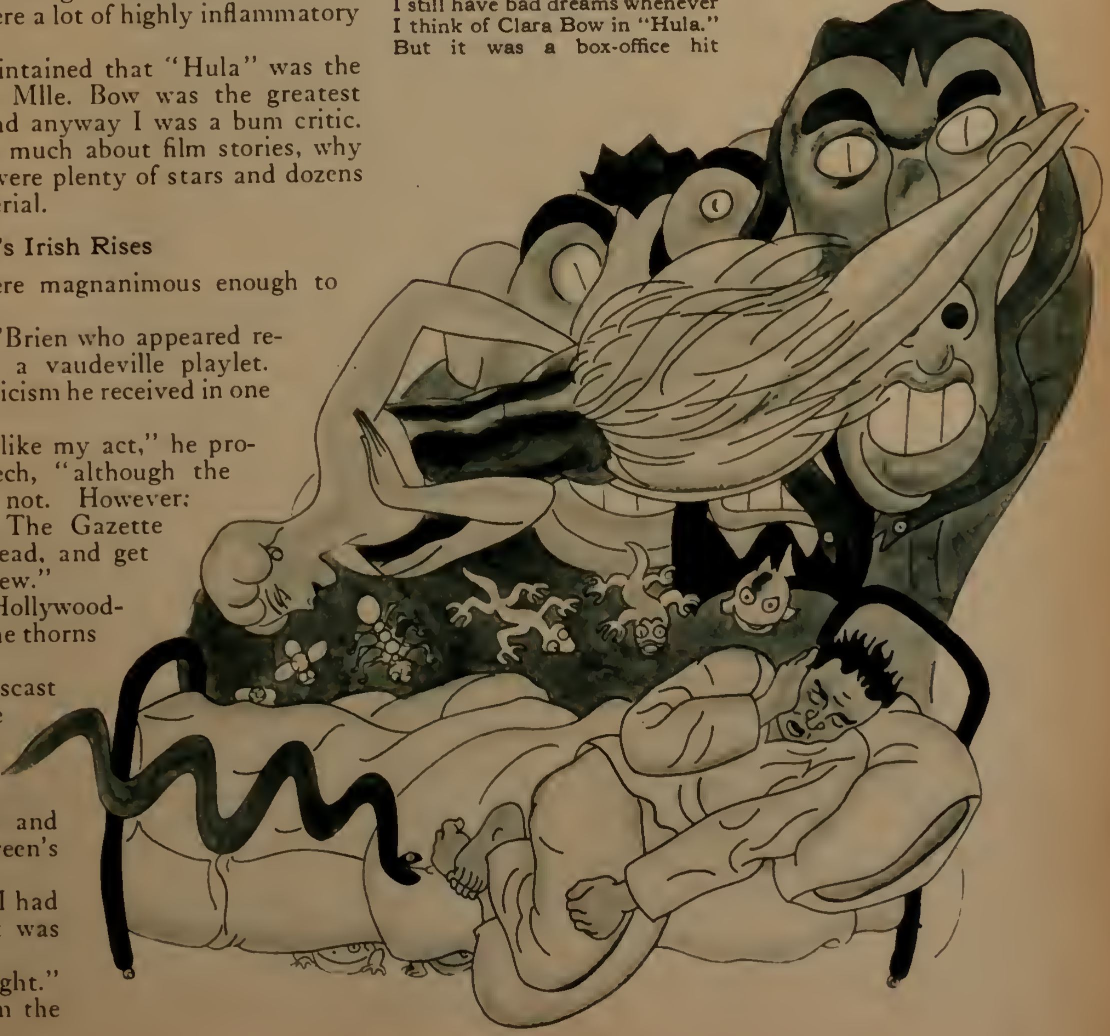
I didn't tear pages from the dictionary in looking for words of praise to describe "The Legion of the Condemned." At least two people agreed with me. One was Gary Cooper, the star, and the other was John Monk Saunders, who wrote the story.

One director, whom I regarded as a good sport and a friend, declined to speak to me because I had failed to praise his much-heralded super-production. On the other hand, Mervyn LeRoy joked about my review of "Flying Romeos," which I treated more severely than the other director's picture. It was Mervyn's first important assignment and the reception of the picture meant a great deal to him. He was just handicapped with a collection of museum-piece gags by way of story. However, in "Harold Teen," the critics had a chance to be kind to Mervyn.

Thankless Stars

FEW of the stars take time to write their thanks for favorable reviews. If one meets them, they usually

(*Continued on page 75*)



I still have bad dreams whenever I think of Clara Bow in "Hula." But it was a box-office hit

Why Cry

They Have Pity Aplenty And How They

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

THIS article deals with heresy. I might as well make that quite plain at the beginning because you would find it out sooner or later, anyhow.

I cannot get teary over the poor extras.

There! It is out. And I can take a deep breath and proceed. For it is true that I cannot scare up a single tear over them. Not one. For a long time this has weighed upon my conscience and I have felt that I should confess all—and see what happened.

For nearly every writer who has written about Hollywood—particularly those who have come here for short visits and then have gone back East to indite their impressions—have paused for a moment to drip a few brinies over the "real tragedy of Hollywood, the people standing in line before the casting offices."

So many of these tears have been shed in the public prints. So many sob stories have appeared about the poor extras. So many success stories have been written about young men and women who struggled and agonized and starved in extra work and then rose to stardom, swiftly, overnight, after years of waiting. So many weary platitudes have been pronounced to the effect that it is persistence and determination, the ability to hang on in the face of disappointment, which wins out in the end. I have written lots of 'em myself. And comparatively little has been said about the innate talent and ability which must be there before all this persistence can be of any use to the struggler.

Selling Thin Sobs

THE result of all this is that the extras and bit players are making capital of their poverty and going about, emitting great fat wet sobs over their own plights.

They simply exude pathos. And take the attitude that work should be given them because of their pathetic condition.

I, being privileged, and having no ambition to act in pictures, have gone inside those inner sanctums where casting directors sit. Those remote, seldom-seen, much-maligned and sought-after beings.

At the top is a large body of extras enacting a scene in "Noah's Ark." Above at left is an outdoor casting office for "The Tide of Empire," where extras were handled on the spot. At left is Fred Datig, casting director at Famous Players-Lasky studios, passing on some applicants. Below is a close-up of the portable casting office which was used in handling extras for "The Tide of Empire"

Over Extras?

For Themselves; Exploit It!

Fred Datig, a casting director now with Paramount, says, "They make the mistake of imagining that a motion picture studio is a charitable institution. They think they should be given work because *they* need it. Doubtless they do.

"But unfortunately the thing works the other way. The only reason a studio ever employs any player is because the studio needs him, because he fits the rôle in the picture."

Now isn't that amazing?

"I had a girl in this office yesterday," he went on. "She had left the stage in New York and had come to Hollywood to work in pictures. I told her I had nothing for her. 'But I *need* work! I *have* to have work! What am I to *do*?' she cried, plaintively and reproachfully.

"'That I do not know,' I was forced to tell her. 'You came because you wanted to come. We didn't ask you to come. Nor did we promise you anything. Nor did we even know you were coming. It simply happens that you don't fit in anywhere at the moment. I am sorry. But I can't help it.'

At top is a small army of extras who were needed to make an epic of "Noah's Ark." Above at right are these same extras before they were costumed for "Noah's Ark." Over five thousand called to appear in the picture. At right is the entrance to the casting office of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—with Florence Barton at the switchboard arranging appointments. Below is the line-up for "The Tide of Empire"

Tear-Jerking Turns

"SHE could not be convinced. And she went away, pouring vituperations out upon me for a hard-hearted man. It happens every day."

Every day.

I sat one afternoon in the outer casting office at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and watched the people coming and going. Looking for work. Asking whether there was a "call." Asking timidly, pleadingly, sulkily or threateningly, according to their temperaments.

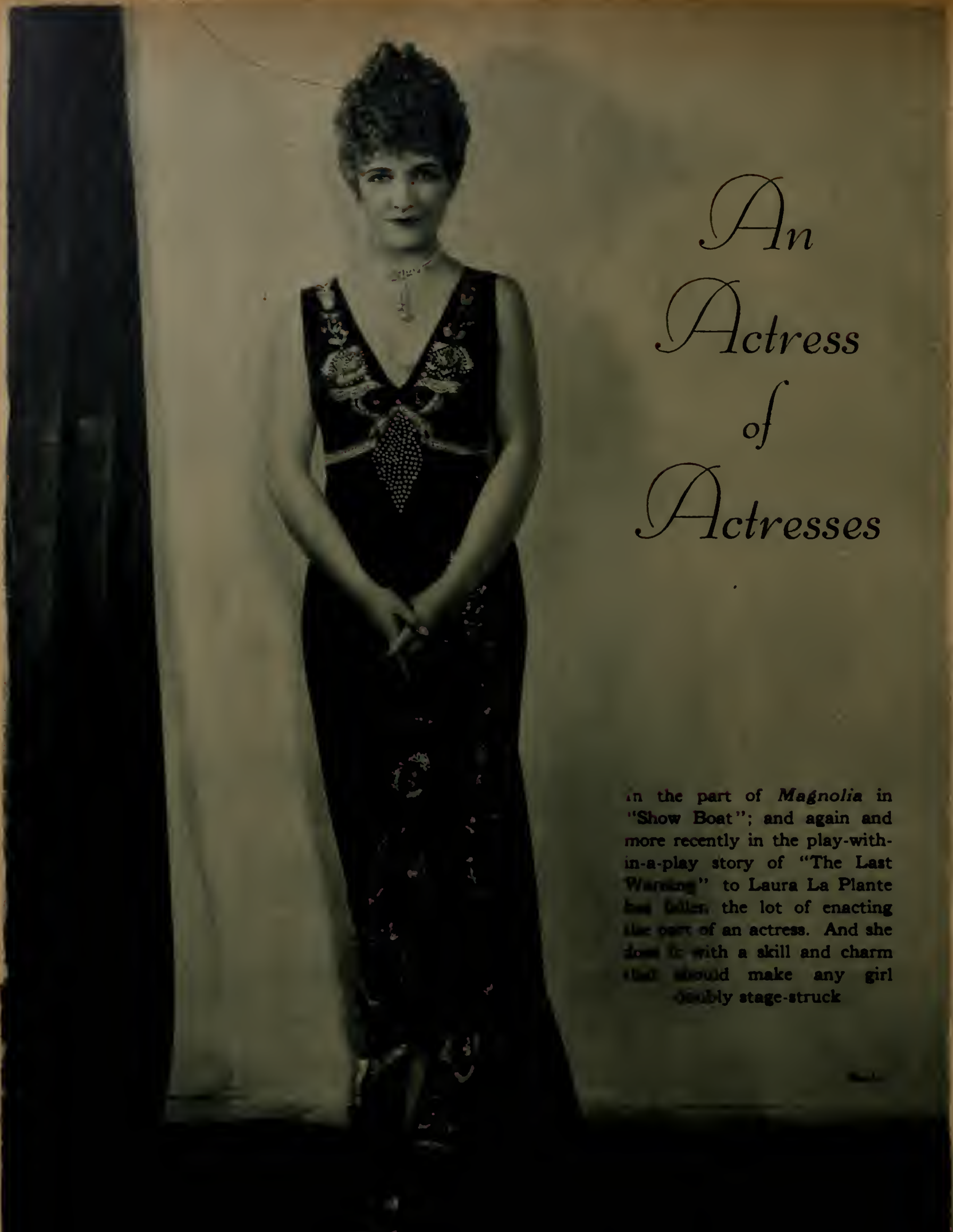
Florence Barton, the alert and extremely intelligent young woman who guards the outer sanctum and handles the incoming queries at the telephone switchboard, expressed herself crisply in regard to them.

"They weep and wail," she said. "They shake the rafters with their sobs. But we can't get upset about it any more because we have found that the ones who really need our sympathy say little about their troubles. It is so likely to be an act, put on for the express purpose of getting work.

"There was a woman—rather elderly—who cried. She cried very loudly. She told us that her husband was dead and that she was supporting a sick daughter. She *must* have work.

"It happened that we had a place for a

(*Continued on page 68*)



An Actress of Actresses

In the part of *Magnolia* in "Show Boat"; and again and more recently in the play-within-a-play story of "The Last Warning" to Laura La Plante has fallen the lot of enacting the part of an actress. And she does it with a skill and charm that should make any girl doubly stage-struck

The Crown Prince of Hollywood

Junior, Heir To The Kingdom Of Laemmle, Is As Open-Hearted As He Dares Be

By HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

"AND some have greatness thrust upon them."

This, indeed, is the lot of poor little Crown Princes all the world over. And it matters not a whit whether the Empire be political or commercial. The burdens of industry are as heavy as the cares of state. It is doubtful, for instance, if Michael, princeling of Romuania, will enjoy a sphere of influence as broad as that in which the will of young Carl, of the House of Laemmle, must one day be exercised. And not even Wales himself will have so strong a voice in the affairs of his realm.

In infancy an inexorable Fate overshadows their cradles. In boyhood they are impressed with their Divine Right. In early manhood their slight shoulders are yoked to the plow of Dynasty. Life is merely an apprenticeship to be served against that day when the old Cæsars pass. Then, "*Le Roi est mort. Vive le Roi!*"

Their kingdoms are ready-made for them. But as any Prince will tell you, it is no sinecure to hold such a patrimony against the rapacious raids of rival royalties, and the Machiavellian machinations of conspiring courtiers. In comparison, the task of the empire-builders seems slight. These had nought to lose. And thus they proceeded with carefree desperation to hew and hack themselves a place in the sun without considering the cost. That would be paid by the vanquished. Truly, they were the happier warriors.

But this is not a story of Princes. It is the story of a Prince. Carl Laemmle, Jr. Crown Prince of Hollywood, Scion of Universal and Thrall of the Movies.

He came into being almost coincidentally with the empire founded by the Old King. The wise monarch provided himself with an heir to his throne even while he, and the cohorts of Clan Cochrane his able allies, were battling to keep that throne from tottering. They won their fight. And perhaps the Old King was inspired to victory by thoughts of the babe who would one day wear his ermine. In any event, the empire was firmly established.

The Heir Self-Apparent

ONE may imagine visiting sycophants cooing over the child as the proud father had him carried in from the royal nursery. And when he grew taller, he was summoned from play to have his neck washed and his nose wiped, and to be presented to the ladies and gentlemen as the heir to the kingdom, and its domains beyond the seas. Then having been headpatted and flat-

(*Continued on page 80*)

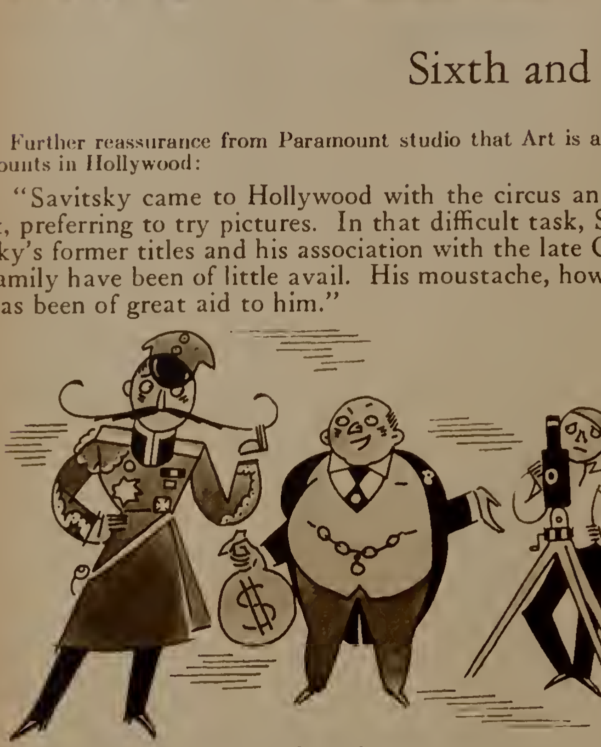
A minor of major importance in the realm of motion pictures: Carl Laemmle, Jr., in the circle and at the top of the page. On either side of him, in the centre, are Richard Bennett—at the left—and John Barrymore

SECRET HISTORY

Sixth and Last of a Series of Voyages Toward the

Further reassurance from Paramount studio that Art is all that counts in Hollywood:

"Savitsky came to Hollywood with the circus and left it, preferring to try pictures. In that difficult task, Savitsky's former titles and his association with the late Czar's family have been of little avail. His moustache, however, has been of great aid to him."



Creamy Green or Greenish Cream?

"Alice White has . . . her living room done in green and buff." (From Nancy Smith press-agent manifesto.)

"Alice White has the combination of cream and buff for her living quarters." (Same manifesto, 12 lines lower.)

Specimen of Hollywood's wild enthusiasm for itself, showing how for its sake punctuation and grammar are thrown to the four winds; from the Fox propagandists:

"From Winfield Sheehan, energetic vice-president of the organization and genius of production, down to the page boys optimism and pride is rampant throughout the vast acreage of the twin studios."

Really, *Miss* Crawford!

"Joan Crawford is to play the leading male in 'Adrienne Lecouvreur' which is to be filmed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer as Fred Niblo's newest directorial effort." (Announcement from M-G-M campus.)

More heroic sacrifices for Art recorded by Paramount's league of truth:

"Ruth Chatterton has temporarily lost her voice through too much talking during the filming of silent scenes for a motion picture. In some highly emotional quarrel scenes, she was required to weep, to talk furiously and even to scream. Several retakes were necessary, so trying was the work. When they were finished, Miss Chatterton's voice had vanished."

Tender new development in the world-famed Love Life of Hollywood, reported by Tiffany-Stahl studio watchdogs:

"Buster Collier has introduced a new fad—gold suspender buckles containing a space for a girl's photograph. Many of Buster's friends are trying to guess the name of the girl smiling out from the frame of his golden suspender buckle."

Interesting glimpse into the mental workings of a famous film columnist, showing distinction between what license with grammar may and what may not be taken without apology:

"In the opinion of them what knows, if you will pardon my grammar, Zazu Pitts can troupe." (From Louella Parsons's daily Hollywood column.)

"Pieces of news of interest to those who read their film tidbits with their coffee is that Luther Reed has been elevated to the exalted position of supervisor by Fox." (Same column, same week.)

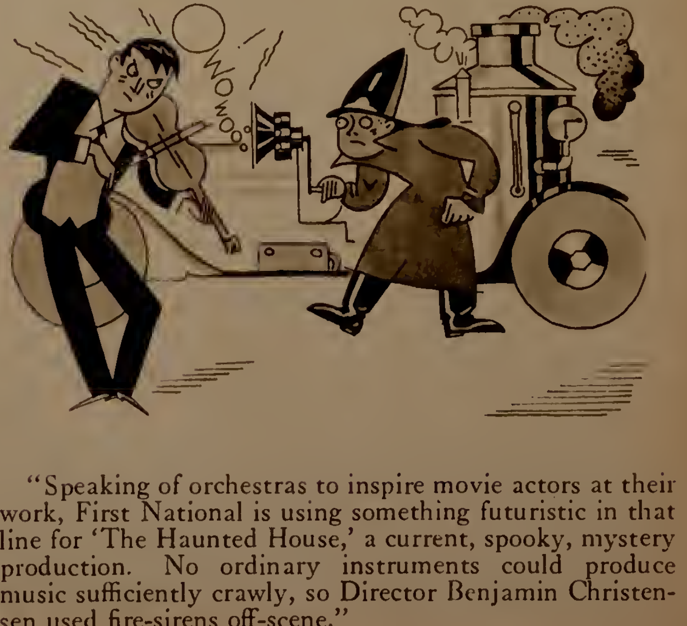
Altogether superfluous assurance to the world of Hollywood's meticulous observance of the Eighteenth Amendment, from United Artists studio:

"Two large wine vats—relics of the Spanish-rule days in Southern California—were transported from San Diego for use in 'The Love Song.' Needless to say, the vats were empty on arrival."

Particularly rash guess hazarded by Tiffany-Stahl publicists, who should know better:

"No one in Hollywood has yet seen a closeup of the handsome Frenchman paying such devoted attention to Claire Windsor of late. Among the daily gifts arriving at the Tiffany-Stahl studio is a cut glass jewelled bottle, containing a delicious perfume—a scent from the Gods, with the following inscription written in gold on the front of the bottle—'Amour de Clairette—Pour—Claire Windsor' . . . 'Oh, this is a daily occurrence,' she laughed. Flowers, candy, jewels, and now a special perfume—and we hear he is worth oodles of money—and with Claire looking so happy riding around town in her new LaSalle—who knows what's in the wind—perhaps wedding bells?"

Touching endorsement, from the fortresses of the new Art of Movie, of the antiquated Shakespearian sally about "sermons in stones, books in running brooks, and good in everything"; from First National:



"Speaking of orchestras to inspire movie actors at their work, First National is using something futuristic in that line for 'The Haunted House,' a current, spooky, mystery production. No ordinary instruments could produce music sufficiently crawly, so Director Benjamin Christensen used fire-sirens off-scene."

OF THE MONTH

Soul of Film Publicity, *Captained by* Cedric Belfrage

Another supreme sacrifice for Art reported by the Paramount publicists:

"Eight years ago, the late Thomas H. Ince offered Rowland V. Lee a big salary and a long term of stardom. Lee refused point-blank and continued his twenty-five-dollars-a-week job as an extra and bit player . . . Lee wanted to become a director, and explains that he did not want to do anything that might ruin this opportunity."

Meaning That She'll Dress Where Necessary:

"Another orgy of gowns will be indulged in by Alice White for her next First National Picture, 'Ritzy Rosie.'"

"When Alice White starts work on 'Ritzy Rosie' . . . she will again have a perfect whirlwind of clothes." (First National broadsides.)

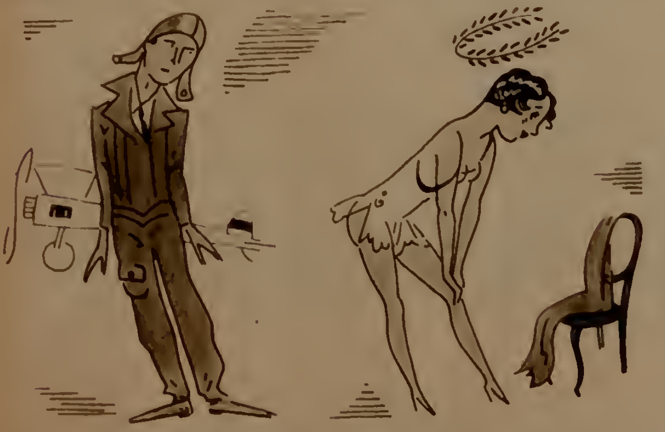
It's Also an Old Studio Custom:

"'Off with the uppers' is Gilbert Roland's slogan since his return from the beach at Waikiki. Gilbert adopted the Hawaiian custom of dispensing with the hampering top-piece of his bathing suit during his recent visit to the Land of the Lei and declare's he will continue to go upperless." (Tattle from the United Artists gossip-gatherers.)

Lending the benefits of enlightened modern art to make bigger and brighter history in celluloid; disclosed by that present-day Art Temple, the United Artists studio:

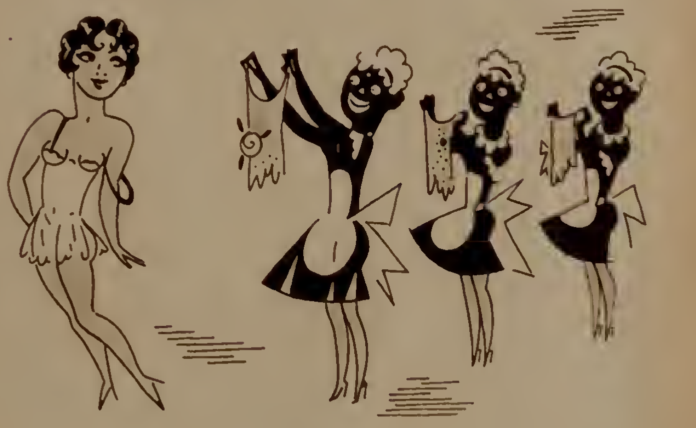
"The picture is to attain epical qualities and will be presented on the United Artists program as a Griffith special. The decadence of Napoleon the Third's riotous court; the affairs of nobles; the intrigues of the diplomatic corps and several battle sequences of the early stages of the war with Prussia will be synchronised with Movietone and Vitaphone atmospheric accompaniment arranged by Irving Berlin."

Hollywood contributes another brilliant gift to the world of science, again demonstrating its unapproachable leadership in this field; as made public through the medium of Paramount's publicists-at-large:



"The 'Lafograph' is a word coined by Harold Lloyd to describe a new invention in the field of comedy . . . The device scientifically records and classifies the laugh reactions to his pictures . . . At least a dozen performances were checked and listened in on with pad, pencil and stop-watch, until an exact evaluation was arrived at for each separate episode . . . Six audible graduations of laughter were settled upon: the titter, the chuckle, the laugh, the outburst, the scream and the screech; the six pretty well covered the range of an assemblage's degrees of responsiveness."

Fetching little anecdote from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, proving any number of things:



"Sumner Getchell, who plays the comedy rôle in 'Gold Braid' with Ramon Novarro, thought he'd 'get a laugh' by slipping on the gang-plank of the airplane carrier *Langley*. Instead, he got a sprained ankle."

After years of futile research by the world's ablest critics, Joe Polonsky, modest member of the M-G-M publicity band, wrenches forth into the light of day the closely-guarded secret of secrets:

"The amazing response which the general public have given to Eva le Gallienne's high class dramatic offerings is due in large part to her amazing acting ability and vivid personality."

Hollywood puts another feather in the cap of America by beating all non-existing records for getting out of one chorus-girl uniform into another; reported by the First National whoopee boys:

"Alice White made a complete change of costume in twenty-eight seconds during the filming of scenes with a large number of extras in which speed was essential. Alfred Santell, speaking by virtue of long experience as a director of stars of every variety, declares this feat deserves ranking with Lindbergh's trans-Atlantic flight and George Young's swim from Catalina Island to the mainland."

A clear case of downright, though unintentional, honesty in a film studio, faithfully chronicled by the worthy Tiffany-Stahl announcers:

"Gertrude Astor carelessly placed a valuable diamond ring on a table just before starting a scene with Eve Southern. Several hours later, one of the prop boys walked over to Miss Astor and remarked, 'It beats all how they have got fake jewelry down to a fine art now-a-days.' Props, however, had seen Miss Astor remove her ring and he took it for safe-keeping until she was through with her part."

Dyar

The Best of the Bunch

Buddy Rogers, cutting it out from the rest, is that himself, among the younger players of rôles requiring an engaging personality and a typically American appearance. He is here reaping the first fruits of his residence in a bungalow which he rented recently to share with his mother

Her Scandaless Reputation

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

May McAvoy Has Never Known The Delights Of Notoriety

May McAvoy impersonates her own world which, about herself, neither speaks nor hears nor sees anything untoward

I AM going to make a very broad statement. Not one picture player in a hundred arrives at fame without becoming the target for gossip and scandal. If a movie couple seems happily married, someone is sure to smile significantly and murmur, "My dear, they say he throws things at her." When a lovely screen lady gets a good part, the answer is, "What would you expect, my dear, when everybody knows."

The lowering of the voice, the confidential leaning forward, the glitter of shocked delight in the eyes—the most famous of filmdom do not escape these things. Human nature (to flatter Hollywood scandalmongers unduly) delights in believing the Worst of the Great. Hope springs eternal that movie stars are no better than they should be.

May McAvoy has been in the movies for twelve years, and she has never been gossiped about. She has been reported engaged at least a dozen times without a shadow of scandal. Local newspaper boys who pride themselves on knowing the lowest low-down on everyone, never make May the subject of their wise-cracks. Yet she has not lived the life of a recluse in these years. She has gone to parties and never lacked for devoted escorts. She dances, she even smokes an occasional cigarette. Her skirts are flapperishly short. Yet no idle tale or rumor connected with her name has ever enlivened a Hollywood bridge game. No word of gossip about her has ever been spoken at the lunch hour at the Montmartre, where reputations are picked to pieces with the salad and torn to bits with the squab.

Quiet Life, Quiet Name

ASKING a lady how she has managed to escape scandal might seem to be a very delicate matter to some people. But to an interviewer it is all in the day's work.

"I suppose," said May reasonably, "it's because I've never done anything that would be interesting to talk about. Mother and I are such quiet people. We lead about the same sort of life in Hollywood that we would anywhere; a life as quiet as that of a schoolteacher or a short-story writer."

But, we pointed out, other people lead quiet lives and yet do not escape gossip. Stories do not have to be true to be spread about one.

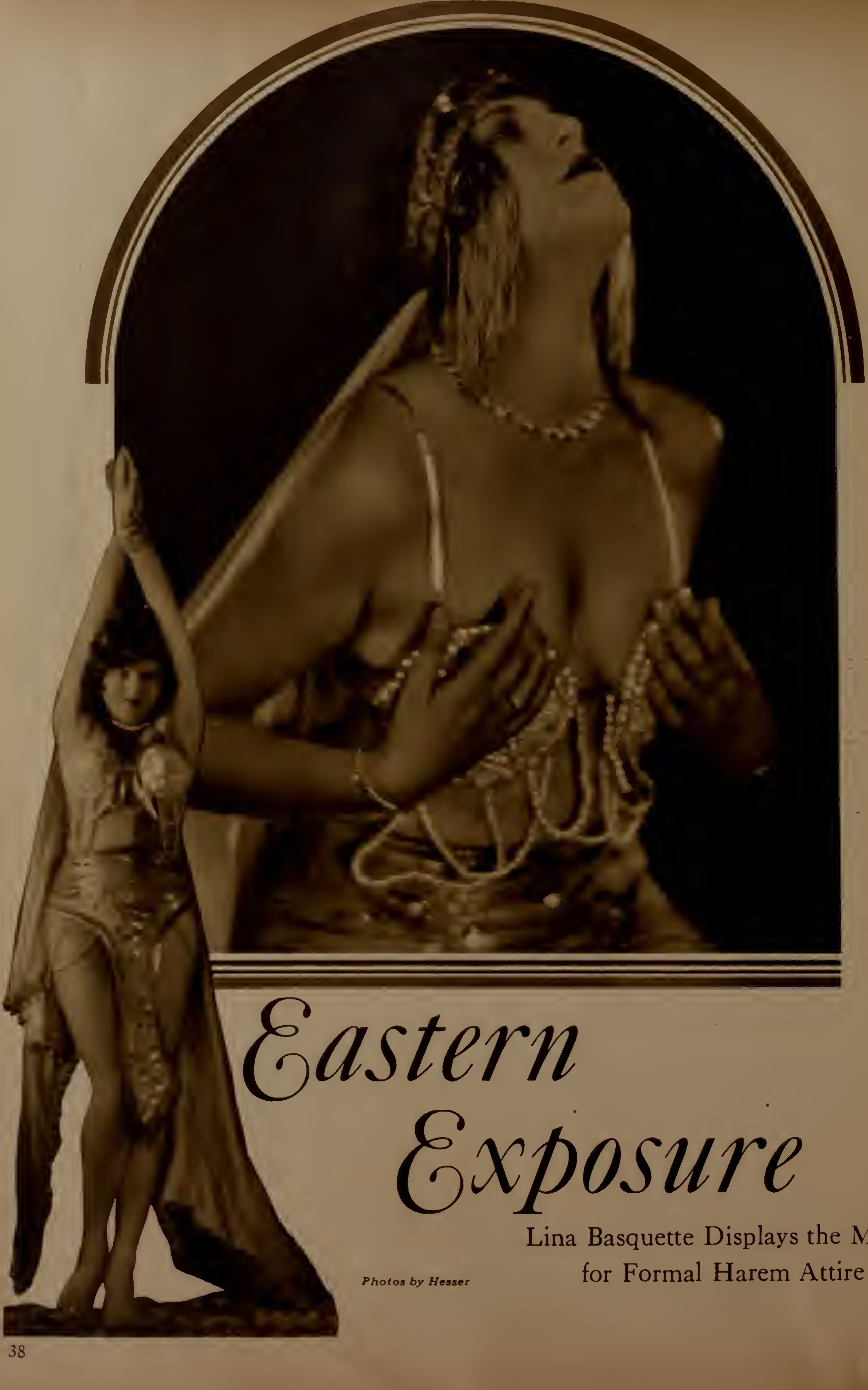
"Of course, most of the things you hear in Hollywood aren't true." May hesitated. "But I think perhaps they're just a little tiny bit true, if you know what I mean. It takes something to start a rumor and then, of course, everyone who repeats it adds to it to get the credit for knowing something especially startling. And then a person who doesn't like you gets hold of it and twists it. And pretty soon it's a scandal. But—don't you suppose the most malicious scandal starts from some tiny grain of fact? Unless it is purely a mistake. For instance, if a friend of our family hadn't been standing just exactly where he was in the City Hall the other day, I might have been the one to be gossiped about at the next Hollywood party."

He was waiting for the elevator, May relates, when he heard two women nearby discussing the wickedness of Hollywood. "Now there's May McAvoy," one woman said importantly. "She lives on my street in Beverly—or rather she did live there till the landlord put her out of her house for giving wild parties and breaking up the furniture."

Not The Same May

"I BEG your pardon," the family friend interrupted, hat in hand. "But you happen to be talking about a young lady I know very well. Miss McAvoy does not give wild parties. She doesn't even live in Beverly. Are you quite certain you haven't got her mixed up

(*Continued on page 84*)



Eastern Exposure

Lina Basquette Displays the Mode for Formal Harem Attire

Photos by Hesser

There may be doubt in the minds of Parisian dressmakers as to whether skirts shall be shorter. But there's none in those of the couturiers of Constantinople: they have decreed that the hem come just below the waist. Lina Basquette, beadecked for an Oriental dance, exemplifies the idea

Photos by Hesser

Brown

Her Royal Shyness

June Collyer Doesn't Want To Capitalize Her Friendship With A Prince

By DOROTHY MANNERS

BEFORE the arrival of Prince George of England in Hollywood, everybody liked June Collyer. She was sweet and pretty, good to her parents, kind to animals and regally lovely on the screen. Which made her merely another nice girl.

Before the departure of the Prince most of our ultra dazzling dames were jealous of her. Which makes her an—Elk.

Hollywood took a second look at June and discovered that she was not only an *exquisite* but a personality as svelte and smart as her figure. Not that June hadn't been all these things before the coming of His Highness, but Hollywood is a sleepy hollow that has to be whammed with headlines to realize its own charm.

Not since Lindbergh tea'd with Marion Davies has a gentleman's preference caused so much whoopee in local quarters. The story has been pretty well noised around about how June—and her slim shoulders and her dimples and her orchids—walked into the royal dinner at Pickfair and right away with the exclusive attention of the youngest of the house of Windsor. Out of his twenty-four-hour holiday to the movie metropolis about twenty-two were spent in the company of the Collyer girl, as she is referred to lately. That's an old story. But in the meantime what has happened to June who has been so suddenly snatched from her quiet debutante-actress existence into the glare of headlines and the envy of a lot of women?

Queenly but Not Queeny

YOU might reasonably think she would be proud. Or queening it a little. Or even a bit blasé. On the contrary, I found June in her dressing-room quivering lest the telephone ring and the newspapers pry her for further details. It was only a couple of days after the leave-taking of Lieutenant Windsor from Hollywood and June's face was still flushed with excitement. She wore a little red hat pushed down close over her face and a sports suit to match. All curled up on her dressing-room lounge with her feet tucked under she looked as beautiful as—well, as you would expect the girl to look who had been the choice of all the belles of Hollywood.

Before I got a chance to get in a little grilling myself a newspaper lady all aquiver with excitement dropped in and wanted to know everything. What had June worn to the dinner? What had Mary Pickford worn? What was the Prince like? What had he said to June? What had she said to him?

June lit a cigarette and tried to be polite. But somehow I don't think she had her heart in the answers. So the newspaper lady left a little defeated.

"It seems a shame—all this fuss and excitement over such a quiet, nice boy," she said as the reporter lady closed the door after herself. "His visit here was supposed to be a secret anyway. And now that it

(Continued on page 86)

Int. Newsreel

Mortensen

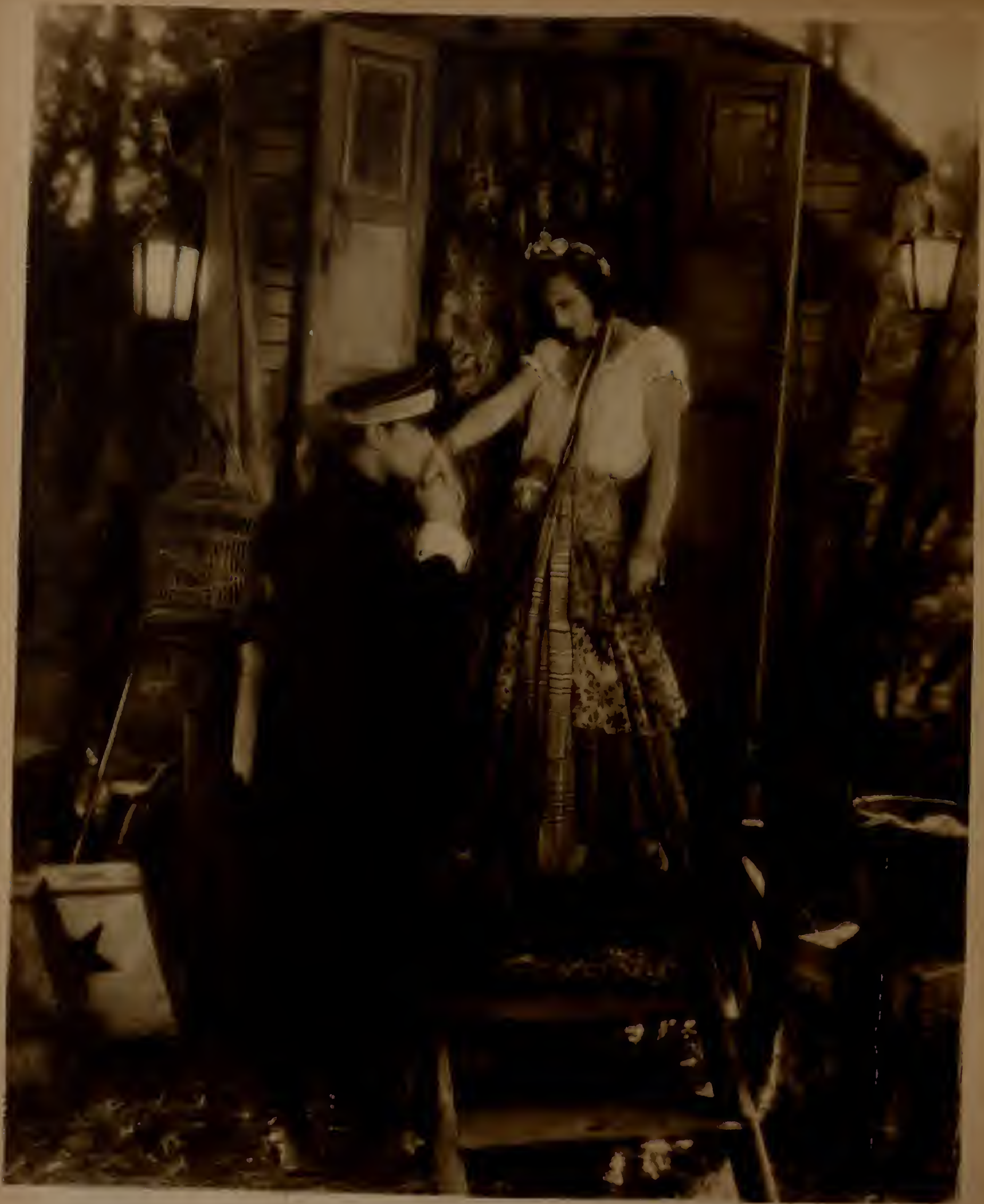
The royal road to learning about the movies was, for Prince George of England, made a particularly pleasant jaunt by the companionship of June Collyer

For all the acclaim he won for his personification of the futile bravery of "The Vanishing American," Richard Dix was himself unsatisfied with the achievement. He expressed a desire then to try again to make a story of the Indian which should, according to his own standards, be truly epic. And recently he was granted his wish, in gaining the principal rôle in "Redskin"

His *Chief Ambition*

Richard Dix Realizes His Great Hope Of Immortalizing A Remnant Race

Ball



Nomadness

Such, no doubt, would the young officer's superiors consider his love for the wandering gypsy girl. Until, of course. they discovered she was none other than Joan Crawford. The scene is one between her and Nils Asther in "Adrienne Lecouvreur"

The Daddy of Baghdad

Oh, Those Days With Victor, The Arabian Knight!

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

SIX foot three, the son of a bishop. The son of the Bishop of Claremont. There are eight more like him at home in England, near London. Eight more and one sister, Lily. There are Clifford and Kenneth and Leo and Arthur and—

Victor McLaglen was the champion heavyweight boxer of the British Army. And never learned to swear, so he declares, until he came to Hollywood and played *Captain Flagg* in "What Price Glory?"

He has shoulders like Hercules and a horse that stands seventeen hands high that he exercises every morning at six o'clock sharp over the hills and brambles out Beverly Hills way.

He was a boxer in Canada. He was a sailor on the seven salty seas. He's lived in India, on the banks of the Ganges. In Bombay. In South Africa, at Capetown. He's trekked through China and paused for a moment, just for a moment for a Hawaiian *lei*.

He was the Provost Marshal of Baghdad, with a twelve-room house at his disposal. Today he occupies a dressing-room at the Fox studio. A dainty dressing-room hung with red velvet drapes with an apple-green wastebasket and black nymphs, unclad, leaping. He grins, sheepishly, impishly, at the rococo motion picture luxury and thinks of the black tents of the Bedouins.

A bishop's son, captain in the British Army during the war; and now movie actor—that is, or these are, Victor McLaglen

Photos by Autrey

Oh gosh, those Arabian nights. Here's a real Baghdad Daddy. A tight-lipped Englishman with close-cropped brown hair who used to wear a fez on his head and fuzz on his upper lip when General Maude and General Townshend were making Mesopotamia safe for the faithful, praise be to Allah, and Mohammed, his Prophet! When Colonel Thomas Edward Lawrence was kicking up railroad tracks with tulips of dynamite. Kicking up that Hun Berlin-to-Baghdad railway.

Oh, those days of Haroun-al-Raschid, of Aladdin, of Sinbad-the-Sailor! Those magic lamps! Those marvelous women!

Where Eve Is Buried

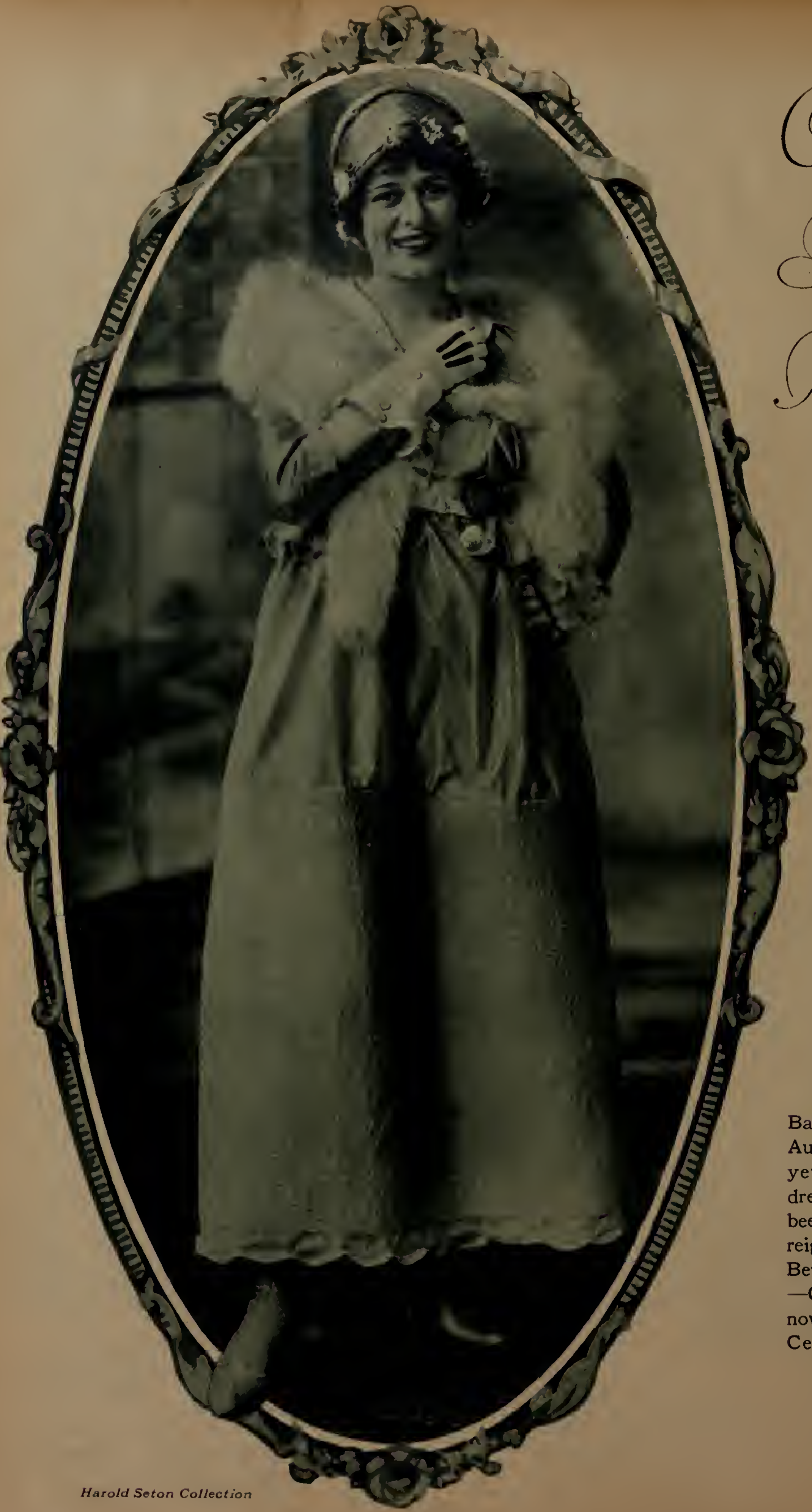
VICTOR was the Provost Marshal of Baghdad. It's like being chief of police in Paradise. The original Paradise in which Adam and Eve strolled on the banks of the Tigris. Miles south, in the Arabian country near Mecca, is where gracious Eve is buried. So believe the faithful.

Victor was the one who signed permits and passed out three-month sentences to offenders. A. P. M. they called him worshipfully. Six-foot-three with a tight-lipped smile. No wonder they worshipped the Ingliz. He spoke Arabic, "tongue of the angels." He spoke their language.

"They used to come to me," said Victor, strangely out of place in the red velvet and finery of his dressing-room, "and salaam. Soft-voiced and respectful they would preface their requests with, 'Ah, sahib, last night you did come to

(*Continued on page 70*)

Classic's Family Album



Harold Seton Collection

Back in the days when the Austrian Archduke had not yet been assassinated and dress-designers should have been, she was one of the reigning queens of the screen. Betty Blythe? No, no. Who? —Geraldine Farrar. Now, now; this is an easy one. Certainly. Of course it's Anita Stewart

Our Own News Camera

After the repast is past: Lew Cody, having gorged himself gorgeously upon Thanksgiving turkey, permits Aileen Pringle—with the customary feminine I-told-you-soda manner—to administer first aid

Two who will be nourished upon her earnings from "Our Daily Bread": Mary Duncan, the star; and Topsy, her Sealyham terrier pup

More than knee-high: both Lois Moran's checked skirt and the stature of her importance on the screen. Her next appearance before the camera will be in a feature entitled "Blindfold"

Calling a spade a pancake turner: Mildred Lloyd and her daughter, Gloria, on the beach near Santa Monica, turn out a fine batch of sand-meal flapjacks

Fitness in dress is something May McAvoy is strict about: not only does she don seagoing togs when she goes on the water, but also a beret for Basquing in the sun

CINEMA SHOTS FROM COAST TO

The Shannons off Broadway: Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason, stars of "The Shannons of Broadway," arrive in Hollywood to translate their stage success into a talking picture

Silent talkies: Chief Big Tree, above, tells Dorothy Janis, herself of Cherokee blood, an Indian story by means of unwritten subtitles

Captain of the captain's soul: Lena Malena, at the left, as a native girl in a new South Seas story, "Tropic Madness"

A Satantalizing costume, this of Agnes Franey's at the left. And it reveals why, for all that her picture career is yet as brief as her trunks, she has been so successful

Exalting an extra: Corinne Griffith, below, waves a wand, symbolizing her influence, over James Ford. He was recently an extra and now, at her suggestion, is, in "Outcast," her leading man

Moore mechanical trouble: Colleen has frequent occasion to repair the electric buckboard in which she sometimes repairs to the studio—usually because she races it up to a speed of fifteen miles an hour

COAST AND BACK TO COAST AGAIN

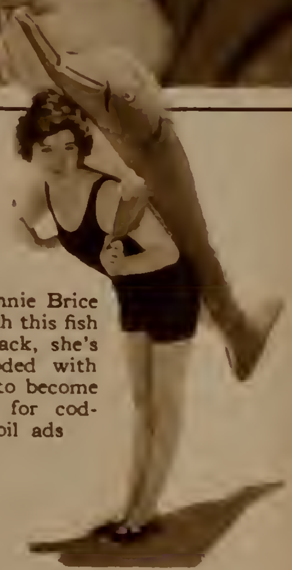
A becoming purr-piece: Betty Boyd wears a scarf of living white Persian cat, held in place by its own contentment

Raising cane: Alice White, in the upper center, sticks up for herself in a scene with Donald Reed in "Show Girl"

Pedaling for dear wife: Richard Arlen, although leading in a married couples' race, looks over his shoulder anxiously as rivals threaten to overtake him and Jobyna Ralston

Horse-play of a sort seldom seen in comedies: Frances Lee—below—a Christie girl, decides to become her own hobby

Going into a clinch: Jack Dempsey, as he appears with Estelle Taylor in their theatrical production, "The Big Fight"



Since Fannie Brice posed with this fish on her back, she's been flooded with requests to become a model for cod-liver oil ads

Riches more precious than the dreams of avarice: Irene Rich, above, has in her two charming daughters, Frances and Jane

Who's

Hollywood's
Manufacture Most of

BY HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

HOLLYWOOD should have its mouth washed. It tells dirty stories. About itself. That these are mostly untrue doesn't much matter. The breath of scandal is scented by blue-nosed defamers of the screen. The well-known jig is up. And the movies pay the piper for the idle gossip of a cocktail hour. Then the stars, the studios, the suppress agents cackle, squawk and scold more vociferously than four wet hens and six press-agents. The teapots seethe and bubble in frantic futility. And everyone adjourns to indulge in another rumor orgy. It never occurs to the fanatical defenders of the faith that sacrilege is rife within their ranks. That Hollywood dirt is dug from the fertile soil of Hollywood itself. That the sincerest seekers of scandal are the stars themselves. That studio tongues wag like a terrier's tail.

Cities have sex. Paris is flightily feminine. London is a moody male. And Hollywood—well, whoops my dear! Hollywood can bake a cake, but she can't keep a secret. Perhaps it's because of boredom. After all, there isn't much to do but talk about ourselves and one another. Perhaps the silent drama gives rise to inhibitions which stimulate off-screen loquacity. In any event, the best talkies are made where there is no camera. But, oh baby, how the human sound devices record! You can lay a bet to lay an egg if a story started in Beverly doesn't reach Broadway quicker than a nickel's worth of air mail. And you need not fear the necessity of performing the barnyard miracle. The hills of Hollywood are haunted by echo.

The safest rule in the City of the Stars is to believe nothing that you hear, and only half what you see. For here, more than anywhere in this broad land, appearances are most deceiving. Quite naturally there are indiscretions. For Hollywood is human. And therefore errs. Occasionally there is a real scandal such as occurs from time to time in Dubuque, Skeaneateles, and Des Moines. For strange to say, movie stars have their moments just as though they were choir singers, ministers, or pillars of society.

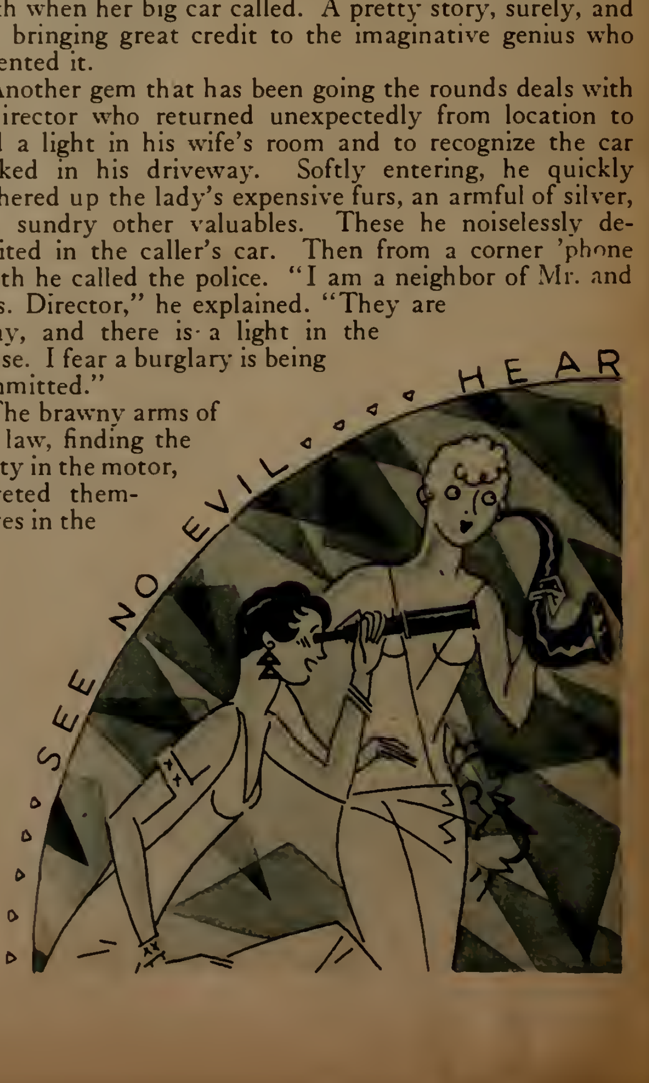
The Parlor Game, for Keeps

BUT nine times in a dozen the repetition of cinema gossip is reminiscent of that parlor game in which the first of the players whispers in the ear of his neighbor, who in turn repeats what he hears, until finally the last of the lot tells aloud how the initial message has reached him. And just as some merry wag purposely garbles the words for the sake of a louder laugh, so do Mesdames and Monsieurs Grundy develop a kiss into a statutory offense in order to occupy center stage while the tale is being told.

Let's dish the dirt, says some sweet young thing to her fellow. And rather than confess social ostracism by admitting ignorance of any recently baked mud-pies, each outdoes the other in a manner to make Munchausen marvel or Ananias appear an amateur. Thus the fact that the wife of a top-notch star entered a beauty parlor by the front door and left through the rear exit becomes a wild tale of illicit love and intrigue. As the story came to me, the wife—and mother—in question drove up to the masseuse in her Rolls, met her flivver-driving Lothario at the back door, flew with him to a love-nest, and was back in the beauty parlor in time to sail majestically forth when her big car called. A pretty story, surely, and one bringing great credit to the imaginative genius who invented it.

Another gem that has been going the rounds deals with a director who returned unexpectedly from location to find a light in his wife's room and to recognize the car parked in his driveway. Softly entering, he quickly gathered up the lady's expensive furs, an armful of silver, and sundry other valuables. These he noiselessly deposited in the caller's car. Then from a corner 'phone booth he called the police. "I am a neighbor of Mr. and Mrs. Director," he explained. "They are away, and there is a light in the house. I fear a burglary is being committed."

The brawny arms of the law, finding the booty in the motor, secreted themselves in the



Hooey

Celebrities Their Own Scandal

Illustrations By ELDON KELLEY

shrubbery. When Romeo made his prosaic exit, he was pounced upon. Confronted with the loot, he explained that he had been a guest and that he couldn't conceive how his hostess's property happened to have parked itself in his wagon. "Why not appeal to the lady, herself?" he suggested. In answer to their ring, the fair one responded in filmy negligee. But with a discretion and quick-wittedness that would have delighted Boccaccio, she sensed the situation and denied ever having seen her erstwhile companion, thus saving a cherished reputation. The lover was hauled away to durance vile and only pull saved him from a charge of breaking and entry. The husband, returning next morning, was greeted with kisses. The affair has never been mentioned. But each is still wondering how much the other knows.

Now I claim the inventor of this yarn is a reincarnated De Maupassant. I am quite sure that the very charming people whose names are linked with the story would be quite flattered, each in his way, for the accomplishments ascribed to them. But, alas, the story, like many a model husband, is too good to be true.

It seems that on location a temperamental newcomer eluded a vigilant mamma to answer the call of the moonlight and the exceptionally personable masculine star. Their orisons were interrupted by the irate parent, whose alien *gaucherie* precluded appreciation of the advantages of friendly relations with leading men. There was hell in several languages, and threats in many more. The erudite director was called in consultation. And mamma was quite successfully packed off to a private madhouse. The picture and the amour continued. And both are quite exceptionally successful.

Interesting, quite. But unfortunately the star is not that kind of boy. Which must lessen the vicarious thrill of the situation to those who are initiate.

NO EVIL . . . . . SPEAK NO EVIL

The Keyhole Camera

A director had two wives and a sweetheart. One wife was divorced. The other was dead. But the girl friend was a lively miss indeed. Now it happened that the wife who remained alive was much dissatisfied with the financial arrangements which her decree entailed. She so announced herself to the masculinity always ready to protect weak women. Especially when they are endowed with Mme. Glyn's invention. By hook and by crook the fair ex was established in a cabin adjacent to that occupied by her former spouse and his new conquest, when these twain flew the hurly-burly of the studios for an Arcadian interlude. Much may be blamed on the chap who originated keyholes. And if this director ever encounters him in the great beyond, the milk and honey of Jerusalem will turn to gall and wormwood in his mealy mouth. For armed with photographic studies made through the keyhole of the particular bungalow in question, Madame Ex was enabled to secure much gold and precious stones. And Hollywood was given a loud laugh.

Which would be very rare and Rabelaisian, but that it is not true.

There was the story of the untouched star and the curly-headed kid. She just adored him, and as their friendship ripened she even purchased his underwear and doubtless darned his sox. A sweetly domestic bit of scandal, and one for which you could love her. But the tale is as false as though the youngster was guiltless of the aforementioned unmentionables. And for all she knows, he is.

But where do these fabrications come from? From their best friends more often than is nice. Sometimes, of course, they are born of jealousy, and sent upon their world-wide way armed with the poison of spleen and malice. But far more frequently reputations are crucified to make a movie holiday.

The mongering of gossip is not confined to the feline sex. Many a spicy bit is twice-told at the Montmartre bachelors' table, over a surreptitious nip at the Plantation or coffee and snails at the rotund Henry's. And oddly enough, the chap who tells the story, giving the protagonists names of his own choosing, is the very one whose name was linked with the same tale as told by a confrere before his entrance.

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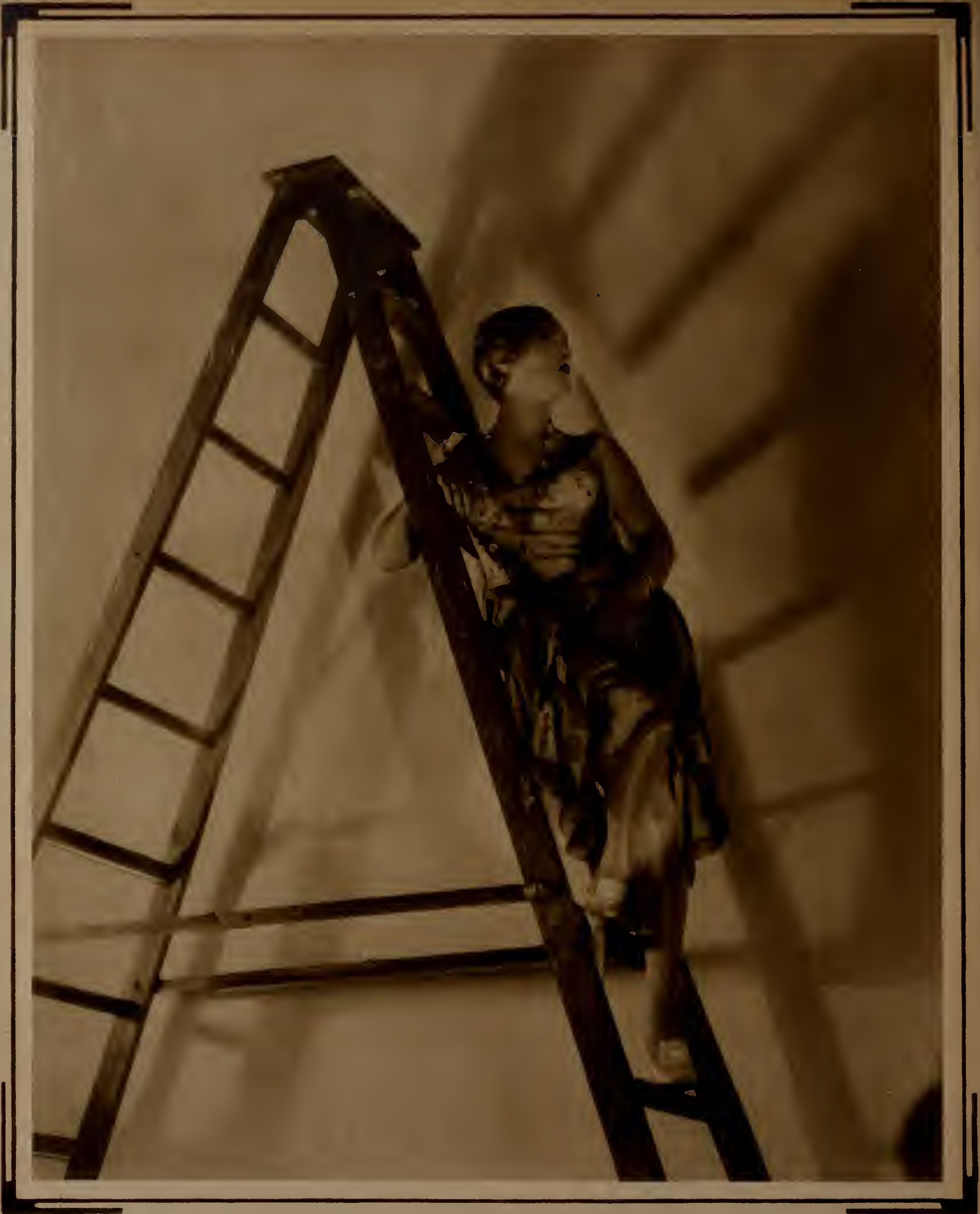


Ball

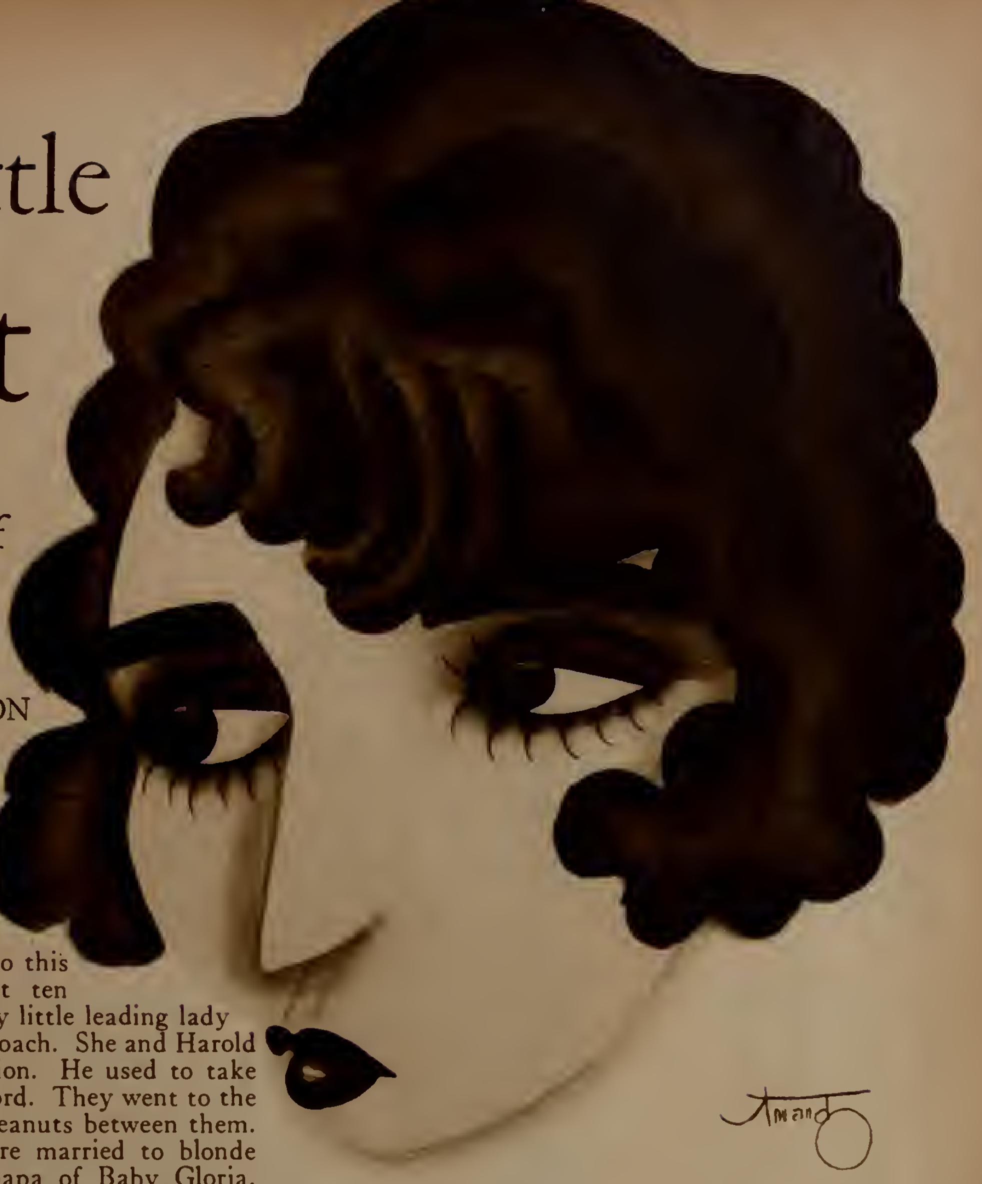
a *Ladder* and a Wiser Girl

Pauline Starke has cast aside her shyness; she is aware now that if she is to attain that topmost rung of importance to which her abilities entitle her she must insist that they be recognized. This knowledge may be counted her greatest step toward established stardom

A Good Little Sport

A Close-Up Of Bebe Daniels

By CAROL JOHNSTON



SHE'S Hollywood's favorite child. She has grown up with the movies, and the movies, with a bow to Mother Nature, can be congratulated on a really good job.

Yes, sir, that's our Bebe—and the cinema city points with pride to this Miss Daniels who started almost ten years ago as Harold Lloyd's chubby little leading lady in those two-reel comedies for Hal Roach. She and Harold went together in girl-and-boy fashion. He used to take her riding in his little old rickety Ford. They went to the movies together, sharing a bag of peanuts between them. Today Harold is a multi-millionaire married to blonde Mildred Davis and the adoring papa of Baby Gloria. Today little Bebe is also rich, and famous. She isn't married, but that's her own fault. She has had and is still having plenty of offers. But somehow Bebe and domesticity don't seem to go together.

To look at she is Spanish and seductive. The Spanish part is authentic, by descent. But the seduction—well, Bebe, *personal*, is the most honest, direct, and straightforward of femmes. She is almost boyish in her frankness. She looks straight out at you from honest brown eyes. No coquetries of the obvious kind. But when there are men present, she directs her remarks to them.

Resting in Mid-Air

SHE is absolutely fearless. She's one stunt star who needs no double. In fact, she refuses to tolerate one on the set. She has been badly injured scores of times making dangerous scenes, but she keeps on. She's one of the few genuine equestriennes among picture people—and, you'll notice, moreover, one that rarely poses for pictures with her horse. She has been thrown from steeds as regularly as Edward Windsor and as regularly remounts. One of the first stars to fly, she is the first to venture a transcontinental airplane trip. Her idea of rest was to hop an airmail plane in California—and if you think a mail plane is a fitting vehicle for an expensive screen star, you're Rin Tin Tin—endure the journey with good humor, emerge in New Jersey, motor to Great Neck and the home of Mr. and Mrs. Meighan, meet reporters, go for a swim—and then, duly acclimatized, proceed to see all the shows in Manhattan, watch all the polo games, and be rumored engaged to a scion of a prominent New York family. This last, I'll admit, through no fault of her own, either. She was upset about it and insisted upon broadcasting a denial.

She has been reported engaged before. Since she was almost-engaged to Harold, her name has been romantically linked with Michael Arlen's, Charlie Paddock's, and Jack Pickford's. She remains Miss Daniels.

Her Herd of Hobbies

SHE is highly strung and nervous—temperamental in the best sense of the word. That is, she is mentally versatile. She dashes from one hobby to another. For a while it was golf. Then riding. Now she's crazy to fly a plane but Paramount won't let her. Around the studio she is adored. It isn't too much to say that she is the pet of the place. She's Paramount's pride and joy. She has grown to womanhood under their banner. The studio publicity force swears by her. She keeps appointments on time; she never lets people down if she can help it. As a worker, she's a wonder. She has the reputation of being the gamest of all the picture girls. She finished "Take Me Home," for instance, while she was running a temperature. She refused to stop work. Her doctor ordered

(*Continued on page 78*)

LAURENCE REID REVIEWS THE NEW PHOTOPLAYS

The Celluloid

At top are Thomas Meighan and Renée Adorée who furnish many dramatic moments in "The Mating Call." At the left Jean Hersholt acts the playboy who is lured away from the fireside by Phyllis Haver. Their picture is "The Battle of the Sexes." Below is the quartette known as the "4 Devils," who entertain their public at an indoor circus. They are Barry Norton, Nancy Drexel, Janet Gaynor and Charles Morton

THE artistic ladder has been scaled again by F. W. Murnau—this time he scales the box-office ladder with "4 Devils." The man can be trusted with a megaphone since he exercises keen dramatic insight and feeling—and, moreover, gets as much or more from his players than D. W. Griffith. Not only Fox has confidence in him, but also the public. While his "Sunrise" cannot be called *box-office*, it is an artistic achievement. In the present opus he rings both the artistic and popularity bells by giving moviegoers a picture which carries a substantial plot, a moving, vigorous line of action, clearly defined characterization and the w.k. undefinable *something* known as personality.

The "4 Devils" is a story of a French circus, and there is a spirit of the laughing clown about it which never steps over the boundary of good taste. This clown, it is, who rescues some youngsters and trains them as acrobats so that when they are matured they do their stuff with deftness and dispatch. For purposes of dramatic conflict the plot introduces a vampire whose object is to entice the most attractive male member of the quartette. And some may argue that Mary Duncan acts too *thedabarish* in the rôle. To my way of thinking she gives the picture color and the character plenty of spirit. It is mostly a Duncan triumph since Janet Gaynor hasn't the emotional opportunities which were hers in "Seventh Heaven" and "Sunrise."

Graphic All The Way

THERE are some highly graphic scenes—the outstanding being the expansive one of the trapeze act—with the spectators seated in rows after the manner of the Roman Colisseum. There are suggestions of "Variety" in the incident pertaining to the acrobatic work, though Murnau has used initiative in developing the story in his own dramatic, but restrained, manner.

So I highly recommend "4 Devils," which is colorful, appealing and moving. It is competently acted by the five principals, Mary Duncan, Janet Gaynor, Nancy Drexel, Charles Morton and Barry Norton. And Farrell Macdonald is Okay with me as the clown.

On With The Jazz

THAT the public isn't tired of the jazz-mad story is proved in "Our Dancing Daughters," which, while it has nothing of consequence in its plot, suc-

Critic

THIS MONTH

4 Devils
Our Dancing Daughters
The Wedding March
Moran of the Marines
The Mating Call
The Battle of the Sexes

ceeds in proving entertaining because of its atmospheric opulence, its colorful incident—and the personalities of the players. It has a title with more than its share of magnetism. Consequently it will appeal to the younger set. What is revealed of plot has been looked over time and again, but its obvious points will be overlooked in the general excellence of the production—and the spirit with which it moves. And there's where Joan Crawford steps up and takes a bow.

She it is who vies with another girl to win a gilded son of wealth. And there's a lot of animation in those scenes in which she and Anita Page strut their stuff. The picture is beautifully mounted and the array of shots help in making one forget the plot's shortcomings. It is synchronized in places to bring emphasis to the incident—and most of the synchronization is in harmony with the detail it expresses. Nils Asther and John Mack Brown and Edward Nugent carry out the principal masculine assignments and do very well. You should like "Our Dancing Daughters"—it is fairly hot.

At the top is a scene from "Our Dancing Daughters," a picture of the jazz age—with Anita Page, Joan Crawford and John Mack Brown carrying out the chief assignments. At the right Richard Dix tells Ruth Elder he loves her in "Moran of the Marines," a picture of a *leatherneck* who eventually has the *situation* well in hand. Below are Eric Stroheim, author, director and star of "The Wedding March" and Zasu Pitts

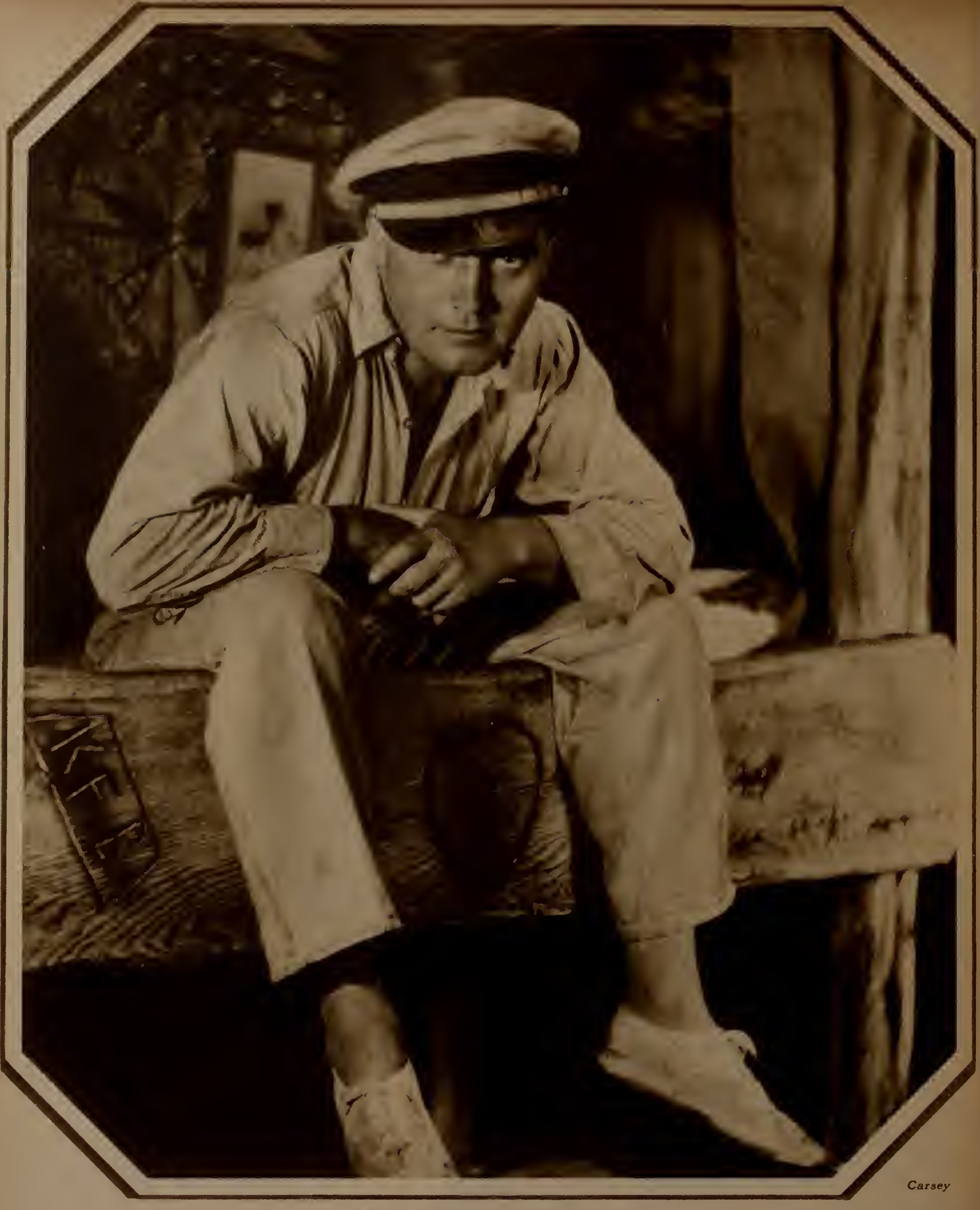
Let Not Vigilantes Put Asunder

THERE'S a left-handed wallop directed at the boys who wear the white sheets in this picture—written by Rex Beach and giving Tom Meighan another opportunity to play a strong, silent, but suffering he-man of the soil. It is entitled "The Mating Call" and develops a triangle in that Tom goes to the front over there and remains faithful to his spouse for four long years only to return to discover some goings-on around the old homestead. The vigilantes volunteer to straighten out the trouble but overlook the fact that one of their number is a conspicuous violator of the hearth. They also overlook the fact that a woman may lure a man to play around a bit.

It is a single-track story, but it is forcefully presented with just sufficient conflict to make it interesting despite the fact that you can spot the ending as early as the first reel. The Meighan man has two leading women here, one being Evelyn Brent, the other, Renée Adorée. Both give excellent performances and appeal to you in entirely different ways.

So it shapes up as perfectly K. O. It is right up the Meighan alley and James Cruze, the director, has brought forth a good romantic swing in the plot besides

(*Continued on page 88*)



Carsey

The Home Fo'c'sle

In "Scarlet Seas" Richard Barthelmess appears as a young fellow who all his life has dwelt in the crew's quarters of ships. And if Dick's attitude may be taken as a guide to the character of the one he impersonates, he's not the kind of chap likely—except when he's asleep—to stand for any bunk

For Loving Out Loud

Most Film Favorites Favor Noisier Necking

By HAL K. WELLS

CUPID struggled along very nicely for several thousand years doing his work with no other equipment than a bow and a handful of arrows. Now Hollywood comes along, and, with true Hollywoodian enterprise, proposes to equip the little god of love with a loudspeaker.

Love on the silversheet is no longer to remain dumb. It is to be given words to speak, incidental sound effects to go with the words, and possibly the U. S. Marine Corps Band playing "Indian Love Call" in the distance. Sound effects with screen love scenes are all right. But to allow the talkies to put actual words into the mouths of screen lovers is treading on mighty dangerous territory.

When love ceases to be dumb, it becomes very dumb,—at least, to total strangers who have to listen to it. In poetry, the language of love may be a beauteous thing of flowers, nightingales, and silvery moons, but in real life the language of love is usually a superbly idiotic combination of moonstruck sighs, baby talk, and inarticulate grunts. To the participants such talk is undoubtedly more exquisite than the music of the spheres. To the disinterested bystander, it sounds like an executive session of a home for the feeble-minded.

The greatest charm of love scenes on the screen has hitherto been their silence. Every member of the audience could imagine himself actually in the screen lover's place, and could imagine just what he himself would be saying. The minute you put words into the mouth of the screen lover that illusion is forever broken. Instead of being imaginary participants in the action, the audience becomes merely spectators.

I have yet to see a talkie love sequence on the screen that did not bring a ripple of snickers from the audience. Yet, with the talkie accompaniment eliminated, most of those same sequences were beautifully enough done to carry all the old-time thrill to the audience. With the talkies, instead of being thrilling they became merely ridiculous.

Nor is there any apparent way in which producers are going to change this condition in future talking love sequences. Can you, for instance, imagine the spoken words to go with a necking match between John Gilbert and Greta Garbo? What in the heck *could* they say that would not be a ridiculous anti-climax to the action itself?

Yes, I know that "Romeo and Juliet," the greatest love epic in dramatic history, owes its charm to its spoken words. But I haven't seen any evidence of William Shakespeare being numbered among the Hollywood writers of today. And, for that matter, I'm willing to bet that if the average motion picture fan had to choose for an evening's entertainment between hearing a distinguished stage company give "Romeo and Juliet," and seeing the latest love epic of Gilbert and Garbo in the silent drama, *Juliet* and her boy-friend would run a very poor second, might even be lost entirely.

I'm also aware of the fact that the love element gets over very well in the spoken lines of the modern legitimate stage. But

(*Continued on page 82*)

From now on, fans may not only see but hear the sizzling of scenes between their more feverish favorites. Above are, at the left, Dolores Costello and Conrad Nagel; Greta Garbo and John Gilbert; and, at the right, Mary Philbin and Don Alvarado

More Than Fare

Dorothy Sebastian

Photos by Ball

Enough and Gwen Lee Both Are and Have

On Thanksgiving, Dorothy Sebastian and Gwen Lee are able to satisfy both their appetites and the convention that those of ladies should be bird-like. They are indeed a most fortunate pair of gobbler gobblers: not only have they devoured a turkey as enormous as their following, but they have as well found a wish-bone so powerful as to guarantee fulfilment of their prayers for another fowl as big next year

Photos by R. H. Louise

Goudal and Velez Fight *to* Draw

All of Jetta's Generalship Needed To Withstand Lupe's Tearing Attack

BY
MARGARET REID

HOLLYWOOD is inured to warfare and unimpressed by current battles. But even its nonchalance was badly shaken by the recent volcano at the United Artists' Studio. Jetta Goudal and Lupe Velez, appearing in Griffith's "The Love Song," portrayed characters that provided drama by their mutual antagonism. That is, before the camera. Behind the camera, they portrayed Jetta Goudal and Lupe Velez, whose antagonism stopped just a fraction this side of fisticuffs. Exactly how violence was averted remains a mystery; and a cruel disappointment to all, probably including the participants.

It was a swell fight and will always have a warm place in the hearts of local boulevardiers. Bets on the possible outcome and victor were laid in every office of the studio itself, big money being won and lost. Already the incident has an historical quality; recollections are dated "It was along in the fall of '28, just after the Jetta-Lupe hostilities."

Here are statistics:

Jetta Goudal is temperamental as only a shrewd, experienced woman can be. Lupe Velez is elemental as only an untrained, hot-tempered child can be. In character, they are as divergent as the poles, each so positive an element as to be a lighted match to the other. Jetta is essentially a mental person, living from her head, every other function under the cool domination of her mind. Lupe is emotional, living from her impulses, which are fiery and intense. Jetta does not feel. She thinks. Lupe does not think. She feels.

Lupe Fires First

FROM the commencement of work on "The Love Song," friction was inevitable. Each was mistrustful of the alien quality in the other: Goudal the suave and silent, Lupe the tempestuous and candid. The two of them well-matched. Could their antagonism have been translated into active weapons, not a stage would be standing on the United Artists' lot today and two little graves would probably be the sole remaining vestige of Lupe and Jetta.

The first open shot is accredited to Lupe, albeit her fault may have been unwitting. During the first week of production, she gave an impromptu burlesque of Jetta, in the presence of all the troupe, including Jetta. That, in itself, signified little. Lupe mimics everyone, out of spontaneous impishness, rather than malicious intent. It is possible that there was no hint of spite in her mimicry of Goudal. It is also possible that there was.

At any rate, Jetta's customary hauteur increased after this episode. She was at pains to speak of Lupe as a charming child. This barb, accurate as are all of Jetta's, found its mark in Lupe's pride. Such an attitude doomed her to *gaucherie* whenever Jetta was about. It infuriated Lupe that she should be made aware of her crude youth by this self-possessed woman.

On the set, the difficulty became more acute. Lupe, while possessing a wealth of pliable emotion and feeling, is still untutored in the finesse of timing, spacing and the rest of technique. Griffith found it necessary to rehearse her, frequently and painstakingly, before each shot. This, in itself, inspired Lupe to nervousness. Added to this, was the presence of Jetta, sitting behind the camera. Sitting still and silent, and following Lupe's every gesture with enigmatic eyes and a faint smile on her mouth. The almost imperceptible smile may not have been contemptuous. If it was not, then Lupe misconstrued.

"I will not have her," Lupe exploded, "to sit there looking at me like a cat. She cannot laugh at me. I no work."

(*Continued on page 78*)

Carsey

The Dove-Cot

Who wouldn't build one in his back yard if he could hope to attract anyone with so brilliant a plumage of beauty as Billie Dove? And feed her willingly more than crumbs of the title of her next picture, "Adoration"?

With Billie Dove to play opposite him, Antonio Moreno, must have an effortless task. For the name of the photoplay is "Adoration"

Freulich

And by the same token Glenn Tryon justifies his fitness for the principal characterization in "The Kid's Clever" in choosing Kathryn Crawford.

Looking Them Over

Close-Ups From the West Coast

THE latest comedy-drama to engage our attention is a little local skit called "Meet the Prince." The leading rôle was portrayed by Prince George of England, a.w.o.l. in Hollywood, and the rest of the cast was made up of Hollywood belles engaged in meeting him.

June Collyer occupied most of the newspaper space with His Highness, with Lili Damita several columns and a couple of pictures behind. Up until the time the Prince met June, Lili had been right out in front; but the beautiful Collyer girl stole the lead at the dinner given by Mary and Doug at Pickfair when she arrived in a lovely black and white gown with a raft of orchids afloat on her shoulder. Lili and Mary Pickford sat nearest the Prince, but the next day when he lunched at the Ambassador, June and Gloria Swanson were the only ladies in his party.

Florida fruit-growers must indeed look to their laurels when California comes forward with such a product as Peaches Jackson

His Highness Plays Hooky

THE popular young royal visitor was in Hollywood for a mere twenty-four hours and did not remain any longer, for the uncomplicated reason that he was not supposed to have been here in the first place. His commanding officer had repeatedly refused Lieutenant Windsor permission to visit the movies. Just like the action in a good old plot, the Prince fooled 'em and slipped away. Considering his short stay, he got in a good deal of sightseeing.

My spies tell me that, following the Fairbanks' dinner, the Prince and his party, including Gloria, June and Lili, motored over to Roscoe Arbuckle's *Plantation* and remained until it was time to go to Gloria Swanson's for breakfast. Allowing for a time elapse to change from evening to street clothes, they were next spotted, with the exception of Lili, at the Ambassador for lunch.

One June Day

THE Prince, it seems, was really quite anxious to find out all sorts of things about June Collyer. For instance, where she worked. More than that, he wanted to see June actually working, but inasmuch as it was her day off, the best she could do was escort him through the Fox studios.

The highlight of his visit there was a one-reel Movitone feature of his brother, the Prince of Wales. They say that never did His Highness seem more like you and me than when he heard his brother's voice coming right out of the screen at him when three thousand miles and a couple of oceans separated them.

Flowers for the Lady

THE Fox visit just about completed his twenty-four hours of hooky from his boat and he had to hurry back following that. But he was not so much in a hurry that he didn't have time to stop by a florist's and order the largest corsage of orchids that has ever been made up in this town for June. Attached was a little card thanking her for her hospitality and extending the hope that he might be permitted to return the graciousness should she come to England.

Autrey

A Field who enters a new one of endeavor. Her first name is Sylvia; and temporarily she has deserted the stage to appear in Movietone features

Richee

With his appearance, it seems quite unnecessary that Adolphe Menjou take this measure with his wife, Kathryn Carver, to make sure that love be blind

Out Hollywood Way

By DOROTHY MANNERS

The Rest Has Been Silence

JUNE will not say whether or not she has heard from Lieutenant Windsor since his departure, but there is a rumor afloat that he has not had the opportunity to communicate with anyone. Maybe it is true and maybe it isn't, but I hear the daring young Prince is being disciplined for flying in the face of naval orders by visiting Hollywood.

Did He Tear His Harry?

HARRY COLLINS, *de luxe* designer of women's gowns, who practically stands at the head of his profession in this country, had just completed a lovely frock for Lois Moran. The pretty child was turning and twisting before her mother and Mons. Collins as an audience.

"And what do you think of it?" inquired the proud designer of Lois's mother.

The lady hesitated. "It's very nice," she granted; and paused, "but I'd like our dressmaker to see it before Lois wears it on the set. She might have some suggestions."

From Cabin Boy to Extra

REMEMBER "Down to the Sea in Ships"? Remember Jimmy Aldine, the cabin boy, who made such a hit along with Clara Bow in that picture? People said Jimmy would go far in the movies. Another Charlie Ray.

The other day I saw him. Not riding the crest of Hollywood fame, but as an extra boy doing a bit-scene with Eddie Quillan. Some people get the breaks in this business. But more—don't.

There were no pleas for exemption from duty among the jury of artists that voted Edwina Booth a perfect American beauty

How About Pearl White

VOICE of the radio announcer at the recent air races: "Ladies and gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure to introduce to you a few of our newest and most charming stars of the cinema. We have the pleasure of having with us today Miss Ruth Roland, Miss Wanda Hawley, Miss Priscilla Dean, Miss Juanita Hansen—"

Voice from the gallery, interrupting: "Ain't Marguerite Clark there?"

Al Et Al

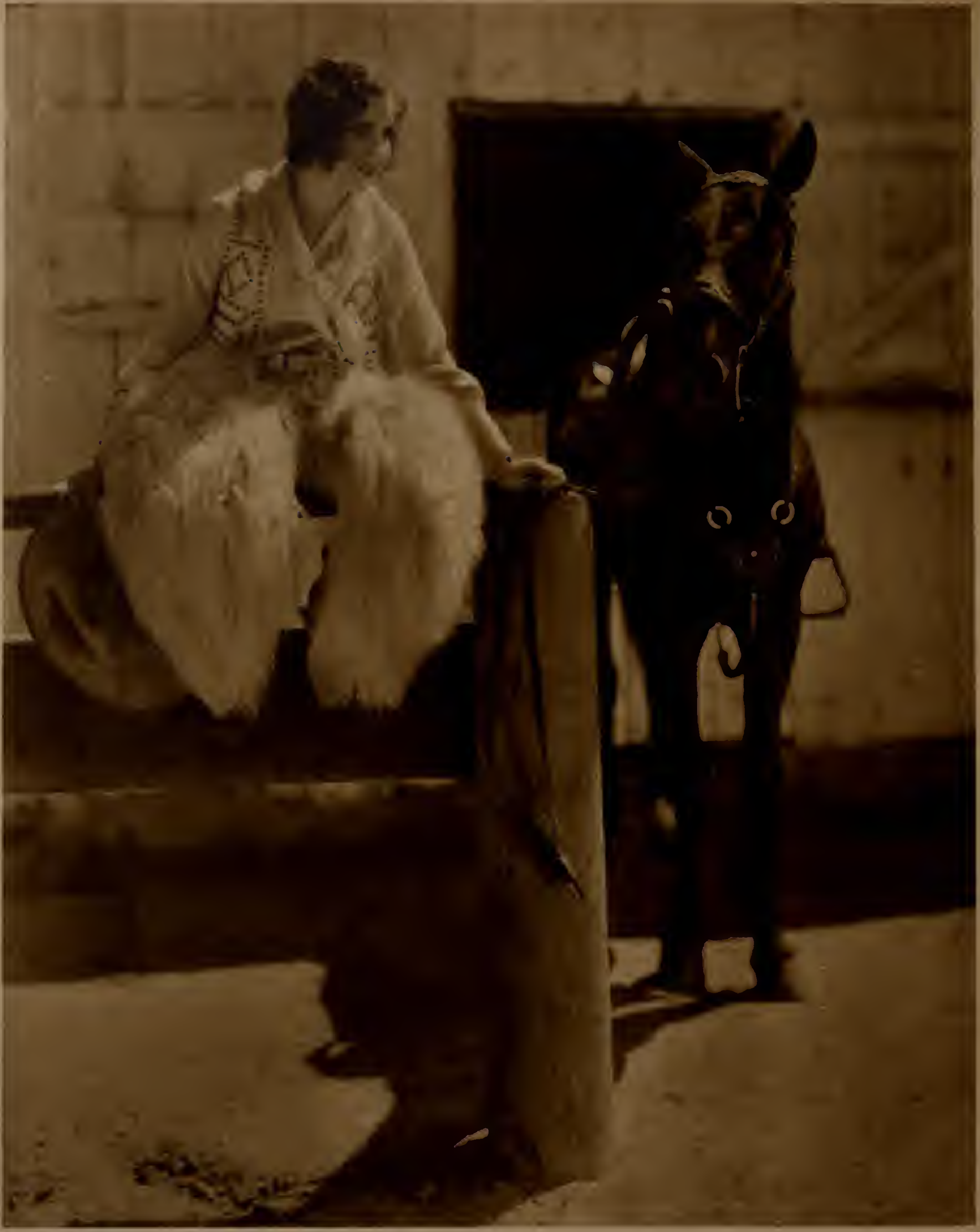
AL JOLSON'S premiere of "The Singing Fool" was broadcast from New York to Hollywood and all the first-nighters got lonesome for a *corsage* as they sat listening in.

But Hollywood got a Jolson thrill after all. Little Madge Bellamy came along to the Carthay Circle in "Mother Knows Best" and knocked the natives for a round of cheers with her impersonation of Al in that picture. There are moments in Madge's impersonation that she out-Jolsons Al.

Everybody turned out for "Mother Knows Best," because the report had leaked out that it was a wow a month or so before it was released. It was no idle rumor. This is Hollywood's favorite picture of the new fall releases.

The latest gag fad now is solitaire during the lunch hour, played with a tiny deck of cards. Mary Astor introduced it at the Montmartre and half of the cash customers spent their noon hour bending over Mary's table pointing out moves.

(Continued on page 73)



Otto Dyar

A *Rail* Cowpuncher

Not only is Mary Brian distinguished for her very young and very unspoiled charm; she is exceptional, too, among movie actresses in foregoing going to Europe for a vacation. Mary preferred to sojourn in Texas, where life has a mustang to it

Above, a few of those who contributed "The Racket": Lewis Milestone, center; Louis Wolheim, extreme right; extreme left, Sergeant Cook of the Los Angeles police. Below, an editorial from the "Hollywood Citizen"

Muffling *"The Racket"*

The Underworld Has Sought to Silence This Film-Fusillade Trained On It

By DUNHAM THORP

"LAY OFF, you lousy so-and-so, or we'll take you for a ride."

"Lay off, or we'll plant a pineapple in your something-else theater!"

So Tommy Meighan moved from the Beverly-Wilshire, the hotel at which he had been staying, to the Ambassador—and Chief Jailer Frank Dewar, of the Los Angeles County Sheriff's office, appointed himself as personal bodyguard.

Several plain-clothes men from headquarters mingled with the crowd in and about the Metropolitan Theater when "The Racket" opened and for several days thereafter.

How come? Just a case of a little *too* much realism.

When Howard Hughes, the president of Caddo Productions, bought Thomas Meighan's contract from Paramount and decided to try to stage a come-back for that sadly faded star, he realized that strong medicine was necessary. Spineless ga-ga had killed Meighan; to bring him back, the opposite would be necessary — the story must carry a wallop, as well as the dauntless hero's strong right arm.

So he bought the screen rights to Bartlett Cormack's "The Racket," a stage play that had been banned in sensitive Chicago; a play dealing with the alliance between bootleggers and corrupt politicians. Chicago *would* be sensitive. Not satisfied merely to start with raw meat, Hughes then hired a cook who could be depended on to save all the bloody juices. Lewis Milestone, the director he chose, is known to have taken as his hobby a study of the underworld.

In his turn, Milestone felt that he could add an extra touch of pepper if he were to engage some originals to help him with the incidental details. So he called in a friend who had often loaned him money when he was flat—the biggest bootlegger in Hollywood and proprietor of a high-class dive on Sunset Boulevard—and they went into conference.

But this was different from most movie conferences in that it had results. Eight genuine Chicago racketeers who, for various good reasons, were "on the lam" and temporarily going straight in Los Angeles, were rounded up and induced to work in this crook melodrama. They were led to believe that it was "just one of those things"; no hint was dropped at all that this was to be real stuff.

I have said that these men are real. They are. The leader, whom we will call John Doe, is a *peterman*, a safecracker, well known to all the night-men of the country who ply the original racket of treating a *keister* to a little grease (meaning expanding a safe with a little nitro-glycerine). He has served seventeen jolts in the stir. Another was a *hypo*, a drug addict, who cured himself with, of all things, absinthe. Yet another practiced the gentle art of writing. Lately, to that of putting other people's signatures on checks, he has added the craft of the short story, but without the success that attended his former vocation. The remaining five were bootleggers and their little hijacker playmates.

These were the little boys who got together and made a movin' pitcher. Just a pretty family group. Whoopee!

TELLING THE STORY

TROUBLE is being experienced by the author and producers of "The Racket," a motion-picture taken from the stage play of the same name.

They find that in some cities the picture is barred while in others it is viciously censored.

As many know, "The Racket" was written to portray the alliance that exists in some cities between organized vice and crime on one hand, and the police and politics on the other.

Crooked politicians do not like the picture at all.

They do not care to have the people realize even the possibilities of such an alliance which exists not only in Chicago and Los Angeles but in many large cities throughout the land.

So political censors have in certain instances sought to destroy the effect of the production in getting over the message of political despoliation.

That's one argument against censorship that is hard to meet.

The message of "The Racket" is one that every city resident should get.

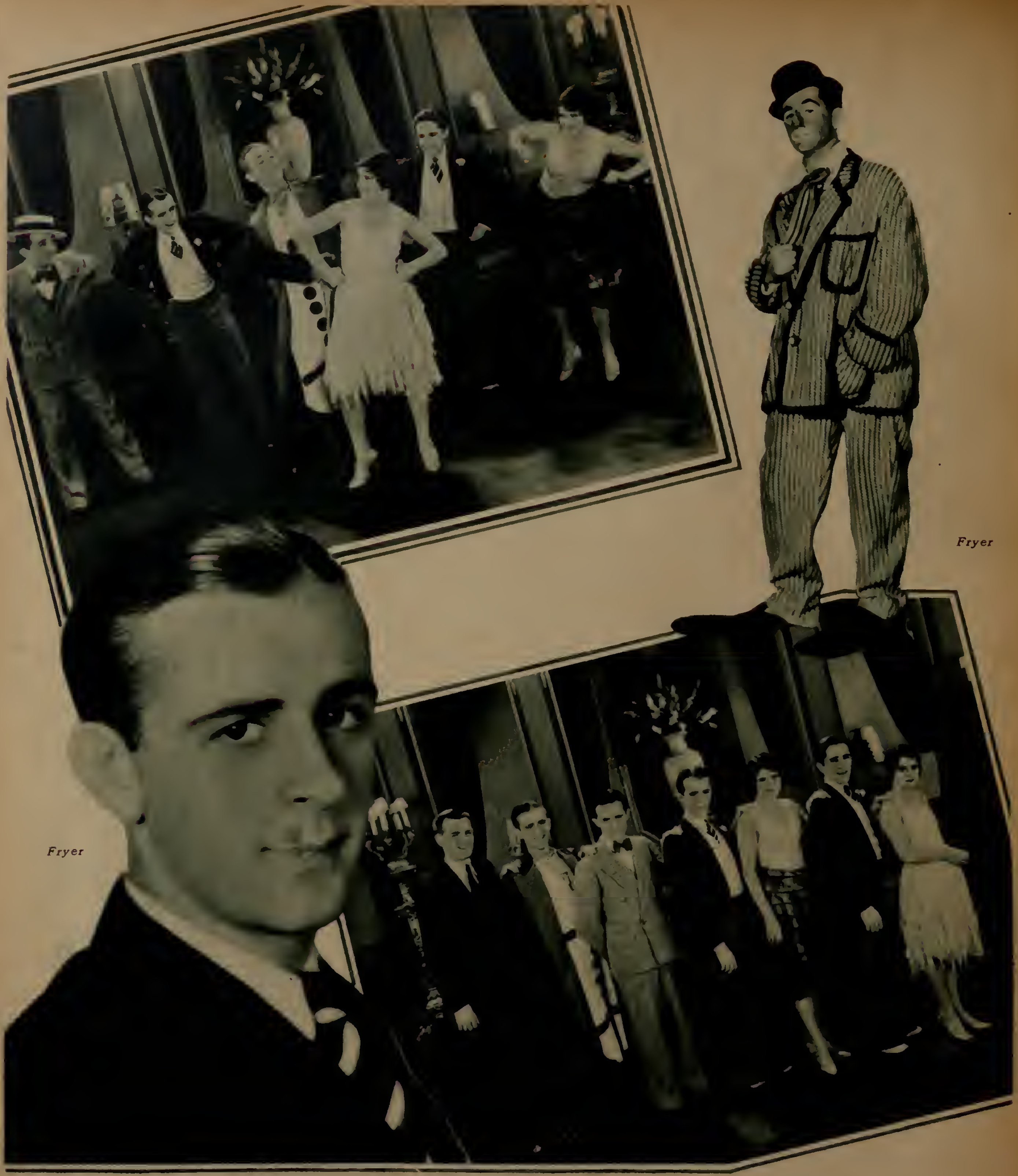
Organized vice gets its hold upon our city governments not because the majority of the voters want anything other than the best in government but because generally the majority have no idea of what it is all about.

Organized vice cannot control a police department and a city's governmental machinery where the public is informed.

Organized vice thrives on the ignorance of the public.

If the metropolitan newspapers will not keep the public informed as to the actual conditions, a few plays and motion-pictures such as "The Racket" are greatly needed.

(*Continued on page 66*)



Fryer

Fryer

Foys Will Be Foys

In the breasts of the seven children of the famous comedian, Eddie Foy, theatrical ability offsprings eternal. All are now engaged in making a talkie entitled, "Chips Off the Old Block"; and Eddie, Jr.—in the inset at the lower left and in the burlesque tramp costume above—has the leading romantic role in Texas Guinan's picture, "Queen of the Night Clubs." In the group picture below, left to right, are Bryan—director of the others—Eddie, Jr., Charley, Richard, Madeline, Irving and Mary

"He can't play... turn on the radio" *they all shouted*

but my revenge was sweet

"NOW that everyone is here, let's tune in on a good station and get some snappy dance music."

Olive Murray was full of pep as she adjusted the dials of her radio. "Shucks," she said as she discovered someone making a speech. "Let's try another station."

But there wasn't a note of dance music on the air. "Something like this *would* happen the night of my party," she moaned. "Never mind, there'll be a good orchestra on at 10:30."

You could see disappointment written all over the guests' faces. Suddenly I bucked up my courage and took Olive aside. "What's the piano closed for?" I asked.

"Why not? No one here plays. I only wish somebody could play, though."

"I'll try to fill in for a while, Olive."

"You're joshing, Dick! You never played before at parties."

"That's right, Olive, but I'll play tonight," I assured her.

I could tell she didn't believe me. For as she announced that I was to entertain with some piano selections I caught her winking to one of the fellows.

And what a roar the crowd let out when I sat down.

"He can't play," called out a voice good-naturedly from the rear. "Let's turn on the radio and listen to the speeches."

"Sure," added one of my friends, "I know that he can't tell one note from another. It's all a lot of Greek to him. How about it, Dick?"

I said nothing. But my fingers were itching to play.

"Give him a chance," said Olive, "*maybe* he can play."

Which Instrument Do You Want To Play?

Piano
Organ
Ukulele
Cornet
Trombone
Piccolo
Guitar
Violin
Clarinet
Flute
Saxophone
Harp
Mandolin
'Cello
Hawaiian Steel Guitar
Sight Singing
Voice and Speech Culture
Drums and Traps
Automatic Finger Control
Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor)
Piano Accordion

Also for Advanced Pianists a Special Course including 24 famous classics . . . a distinctive addition to any pianist's repertoire.

A Dramatic Moment

That settled it. There was no maybe about it. I played through the first bars of Strauss' immortal Blue Danube Waltz. A tense silence fell on the guests as I continued. Suddenly I switched from classical music to the syncopated tunes from "Good News." Everyone started to dance. Pep was once more in order. They forgot all about the radio. But soon, of course, they insisted that I tell them all about my new accomplishment. Where I had learned . . . when I had learned . . . how?

The Secret

"Have you ever heard of the U. S. School of Music?" I asked.

A few of my friends nodded. "That's a correspondence school, isn't it?" they exclaimed.

"Exactly," I replied. "They have a surprisingly easy method through which you can learn to play any instrument without a teacher."

"It doesn't seem possible," someone said.

"That's what I thought, too. But the Free Demonstration Lesson which they mailed me on request so opened my eyes that I sent for the complete course.

"It was simply wonderful—no laborious scales—no heartless exercises—no tiresome practicing. My fear of notes disappeared at the very beginning. As the lessons came they got easier and easier. Before I knew it I was playing all the pieces I liked best."

Then I told them how I had always longed to sit down at the piano and play some old sweet song—or perhaps a beautiful classic, a bit from an opera or the latest syncopation—how, when I heard others playing, I envied them so that it almost spoiled the pleasure of the music for me—how I was envious because they could entertain their friends and family.

"Music was always one of those never-come-true dreams until the U. S. School came to my rescue. Believe me, no more heavy looking-on for me."

Half a Million People Can't Be Wrong!

You, too, can now *teach yourself* to be an accomplished musician—right at home—in half the usual time. You can't go wrong with this simple new method which has already shown over half a million people how to play their favorite instruments. Forget that old-fashioned idea that you need special "talent." Just read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play, and the U. S. School will do the rest. And bear in mind no matter which instrument you choose, the cost in each case will average the same—just a few cents a day. No matter whether you are a mere beginner or already a good performer, you will be interested in learning about this new and wonderful method.

Send for Our FREE Book and Demonstration Lesson

Our wonderful illustrated Free Book and our Free Demonstration Lesson explain all about this remarkable method. They prove just how anyone can learn to play his favorite instrument *by note*, in almost no time and for just a fraction of what old slow methods cost.

Read the list of instruments to the left, decide which you want to play, and the U. S. School of Music will do the rest. Act NOW. Clip and mail this coupon today, and the fascinating Free Book and Demonstration Lesson will be sent to you at once. No obligation. U. S. School of Music, 6012 Brunswick Bldg., New York City. (Please write plainly.)

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Please send me your free book "Music Lessons in Your Own Home" with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

....

Have you above instrument?....................

Name..

Address .. ..

City.............. ....State...............

Muffling *"The Racket"*

(*Continued from page 63*)

Sing Sing Snickers

ABOUT two years or so ago I made a trip to Sing Sing, as a reporter this time, and interviewed one of the inmates on his confreres' tastes in pictures. Among other things, he told me that to them the most side-splitting of all slapstick comedies were the supposedly realistic dramas of prisons and the underworld. As an example, he cited a Tommy Meighan opus for which, in their search for realism, they had come to Sing Sing itself for their interiors.

Now we have Meighan in another underworld drama for which realism is claimed. But if scenes taken within the actual walls of Sing Sing did not seem real to the inmates of that place, will the hiring of a few gunmen, no matter how bona fide, guarantee the genuineness of this?

It would seem so, for this picture has been judged as altogether too realistic by the very men it tells of. Their testimonials have come in what is perhaps the most unique form in screen history. The very types of men it deals with have done their best to stop its showing.

Interviewing with alarm: Cedric Belfrage, come to Clara Bow's home in Hollywood to get material for an article, fails to find the door-knobs made of solid gold and fears he cannot actually be in a film star's abode

Thomas Meighan, as the star and thus seemingly the most responsible member of the company, received five anonymous letters and many phone calls threatening his life unless he saw to it that the film was never released. Gus Eyssel, manager of the Metropolitan Theater, where "The Racket" got its Los Angeles premiere, also received an anonymous letter and several phone calls. Howard Hughes, the producer, and Louis Wolheim, who plays the part of *Scarsi* the boss racketeer, got their mystery calls, too—and so also did our friend John Doe, warning him of the fate of those who turn stool.

A publicity gag?

That *was* the first reaction of everyone. The theater men called the studio, and called them names for trying to get away with anything as raw as that. And the studio said, "You're another!"

Our friend John Doe was the only one who did not laugh it off.

Chief Jailer Frank Dewar told me, when I visited him in the county jail, that he, too, had thought it only a gag at first. But, on second thought, he appointed himself Meighan's bodyguard, and advised a change of hotels *pronto.*

"I changed my mind the minute I laid eyes on this guy John Doe. I knew that guy well; and I also recognized other members of the cast as Chicago racketeers. If the friends or enemies of them babies had sent these letters, I knew it meant business.

"I called Doe down to the office here and put him on the grill. But I couldn't get anything out of him except that he thought the thing real enough, and not a stunt. I asked him who he thought the letters could have come from—but that guy's too damn "conwise," he wouldn't turn stool.

"So we dusted the letters and took the finger prints, but couldn't find any that would check with them. Three of the letters were typewritten, and two were in longhand. Of the latter, one was written by a man and the other by a woman. They seemed to have been written by persons of an ordinary education, but who misspelled and mispunctuated purposely. They are so filled with obscenity as to be unfit to print. We ran down all the clues we had, but couldn't find where they came from.

"Maybe Doe could have told, if he'd wanted to; maybe he couldn't. He and the rest of the boys used in that picture came from Chicago. Ten racketeers were picked up after a gun-fight on North Broadway last week. They were all from Chicago; their cars still had the Illinois license plates, even. That's all I know."

Precautions and Alarms

SO, on Dewar's advice, Meighan was very careful for several days. He was warned especially against bombs that might be planted in his car, warned never to start the car without first raising the hood and making a careful inspection of the engine and its wiring.

On one occasion, the chauffeur pressed the starter and there was no response. He tried again,—and again an ominous nothing happened. Waiting for absolutely nothing more, Tommy opened the door and—*lit out!*

But it was a false alarm. Nothing happened, either then or later. Meighan has now gone East, and the others who were threatened are still alive. Los Angeles gangland seems to have lost its old kick now that Marco, its alleged leader, is in jail.

And the name of Marco brings up a little point that will show why this picture comes a little too close to home.

In the picture, *Scarsi*, killing a man, hands the gun to his chauffeur and lets the latter take the bumps. In his trial now running in Los Angeles, Marco is accused of exactly the same thing. And the scene in the picture was shot before the charge at the trial was made. Is it surprising if there are several other little things that some people would rather not have shown?

So much for the gangsters. There still remain the politicians, without whose help the racketeers might have rough sledding.

In the picture, when *Scarsi* is arrested, a bail-bond shark appears with a writ of habeas corpus signed by the judge before the arrest. When Meighan, as a police captain, refuses to recognize the writ, *Scarsi* orders the district attorney to phone the "old man"—presumably the mayor. And there is enough of similar character to show that this well-organized, large-scale racketeering gang could not have lived unless the city administration had been with it.

So far, the picture has been banned in Chicago, Dallas, and Portland, Oregon. In Dallas an appeal was made and granted. But in the other two cities it still cannot be seen.

A Portland newspaper, speaking of the ban in that city, says: "This was apparently a political decision, the chief reason offered being that the film showed city officials as being crooks. Pure minded Portland must never see an official on the screen who was not honest. It might begin suspecting the home folks."

Although New York did not ban the picture, it emasculated it to the extent of cutting twenty-five titles. On the whole, the picture has practically no sex stuff; and the great majority of the titles cut had absolutely none. Thus there can seemingly be little or no argument as to the motive for the cuts.

Bartlett Cormack, the author of the play, is frank in his interpretation of it: "Twenty were purely political, and the board, being political, was inspired by the same protective and probably self-conscious, indignant motives that succeeded in barring the play in Chicago. I suppose the suggestion that a district attorney could be in league with an underworld baron is too much for a politician to let the public see."

Consider some of the titles cut, and then form your own opinion. For instance, there is the one where the district attorney tells *Scarsi:* "We can't carry you and this election both." Or where the racketeer defies the district attorney: "Do you imagine I'd let any lousy politician who'd knock his own mother over the head for a vote tell me what to do?" And the newspaper reporter's explanation of why the district attorney's assistant finally shot *Scarsi* when the latter threatened to spill the works: "So that government of the professionals, by the professionals, and for the professionals, shall not perish from the earth." Can you think of any but political reasons for the cutting of such titles?

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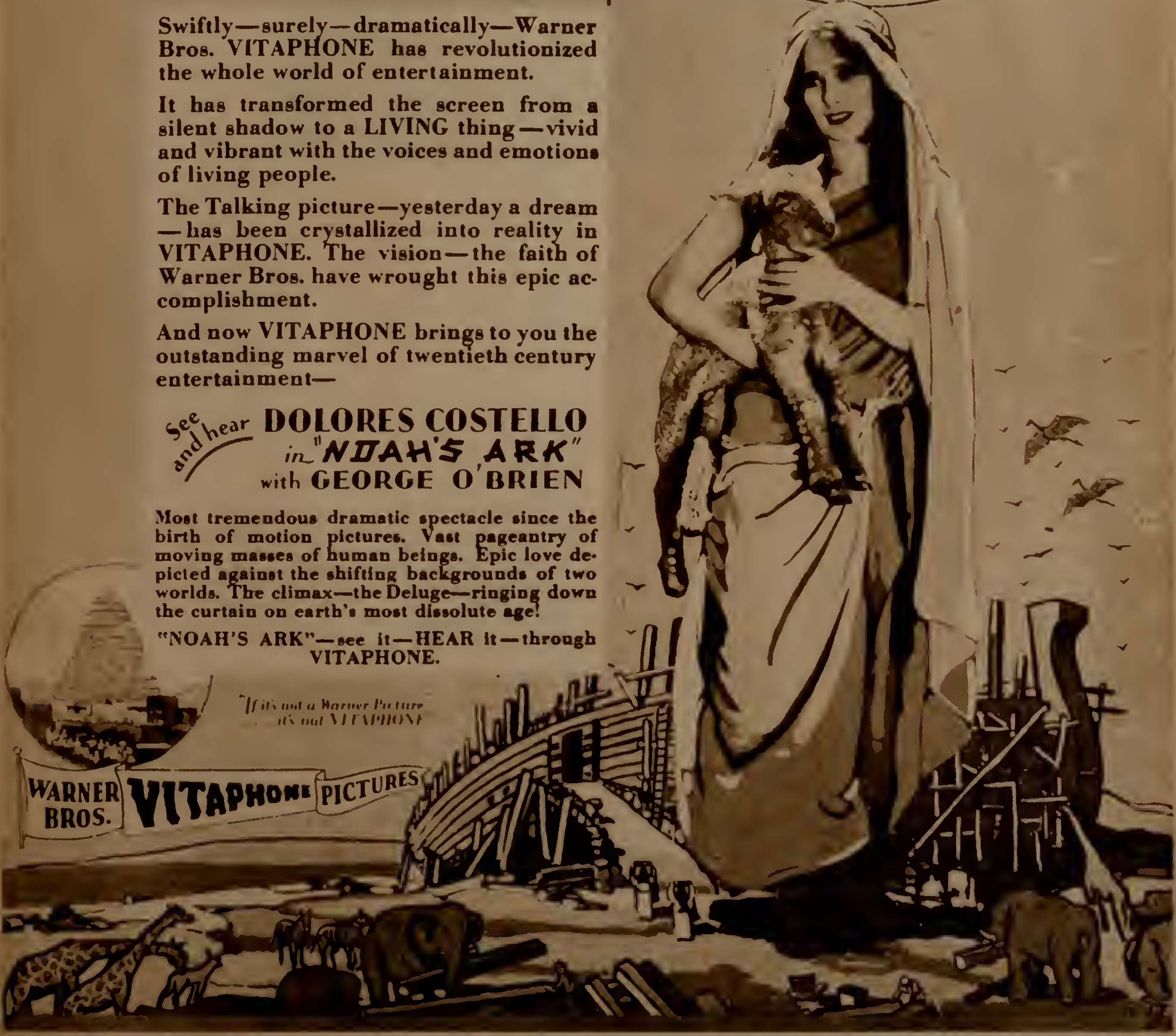

"If it's not a Warner Picture it's not VITAPHONE"

WARNER BROS. VITAPHONE PICTURES

Why Cry Over Extras?

(*Continued from page 31*)

woman of that type, so we arranged for her to work several days at seven-fifty. Whereupon she abused us roundly because the pay was not bigger. And I saw her afterward on Hollywood Boulevard riding in a new Packard car with a man, who, I was informed, was the husband she had told us was dead.

Supernumeraries innumerable: the army of extras required for one of the several big spectacular scenes in "Noah's Ark"

"She was a well-to-do woman who did not need the work but who was drawn here by this glamour thing, the desire to say she was a picture actress. There are lots of those."

Her Hair Bleached at Six

OUR conversation was interrupted constantly by calls on the telephone to which Miss Barton replied automatically, "Not a thing today, dear. Nothing today, Jack. Nothing. Nothing. Our only call is for eight Chinese. Nothing."

Now and then she left her chair to repeat the words to people who trickled into the office one by one or in little groups.

"I wanted to see about gettin' into pitchers," a shambling man with a pipe in his mouth would say. Miss Barton would explain to him about the Central Casting Bureau.

"Can't I even get a three-dollar job?" whined a chinless young man.

"Not here. We get them through a bureau."

"I want you to see my little girl," a stout matron, dragging a six-year-old child, approached the desk. "Honey, show the lady how you can do the Varsity Drag."

The child, pert, be-ruffled, rouged, with dreadful bleached curls clustering under her elaborate pink silk bonnet, instantly snapped her small fingers, wiggled her little hips and kicked her thin legs in preposterous, childish interpretation of lewdness, winking, grimacing, smiling, humming a tune the while. And her mother looked on with a fond, artificial smile, glancing with shrewd eyes at the weary Miss Barton to see what impression was being made.

Pathetic? Yes. Pathetic for the tot who is robbed of her childhood and forced into a hard precocity while she is still a baby. Pathetic that a mother should so exploit her child. Tawdry exhibition. Unbelievably cheap and ugly.

"There are thousands of 'em," averred Miss Barton when the two had gone away, indignant at not getting in to see the casting director.

Once An Extra, Always One

"I DON'T know what it is," she went on, shaking her head, "that keeps them trying and trying. Year after year we see the same faces. They don't give up hope. They don't make enough to live even in semi-decency. But they go on and on.

"Once a person has worked one day—one hour or five minutes—in a picture, from that time forth he is an actor. He will not admit that he ever did anything else in his life.

"There was a barber across the street from this office. He had a nice little shop and was doing well. One day we needed a big, burly chap to wear a certain costume and stand in a scene for an hour or so. Just atmosphere. It was an emergency call and we had to get a man right away. So we asked the barber, who happened to be big enough, to come and help us out.

"Next day he put out a 'For Sale' sign on his shop. He sold it and now he is making the rounds of the studios every day. He is an actor."

There is enormous bewilderment upon the part of all the people who deal with extra workers day after day. Why do they do it? How can they keep it up?

Fred Schuessler, casting director at United Artists, opines shrewdly that it is often "just plain laziness!"

"It is an easy life, really, you know," he said. "There are a lot of people who are not driven by any ambition to act but who don't want to work at regular jobs. They can hang around studios, work a few days at a time, loaf until the next job and make barely enough money to live. They are part of the glamourous bustle of the movies. They can say to their friends, 'I am an actor.' They can see John Barrymore and Mary Pickford at close range and bask in reflected glory when they tell about it outside.

The Money's Not the Thing

"THERE are men with dependent families who won't take any other kind of job because the lure of this thing has caught them. There are well-to-do people who make tremendous efforts to get this sort of work for the same reason. These people will some times offer to turn their pay checks over to anyone who will get them in."

"These people seem to expect to agonize," says Dave Allan, head of the Central Casting Bureau. "They seem to think it is part of the game. In spite of the fact that everything possible is done to protect them and to make conditions as fair as possible for them, in spite of the fact that every applicant is required to read a statement describing the conditions he will have to meet before he can be registered, and in spite of the fact that only one half of one per cent of applicants ever are registered—nevertheless they continue to insist upon agonizing.

"Extra work is, at best, only casual labor. A man who digs ditches may have been forced into that type of labor by conditions over which he has no control. But no one is forced to do extra work. They do it because they prefer to do it.

"Yet they trade upon their poverty and exploit their very hunger in an attempt to get work. They persist in thinking that we have personal grudges against them which are keeping them out of jobs. More than one extra has threatened me with physical violence.

"But the thing not one of them will ever believe is that he may have nothing to offer which is of any value to the industry."

Wasted Wailing

IT IS not conditions in the industry which make the extra a pathetic figure, really. The pathetic thing is that there are so many of that sort of people in the world. Deluded, childish beings, hoping where there can be no hope. Struggling where a struggle can be of no avail. Agonizing where agony is wasted.

Individual pathetic cases—yes. You will find those among any class of people. The old actor who has slipped from prominence and who knows nothing else to do. He is pathetic. But these are comparatively rare. But the rank and file, I insist, are here because they choose to be here.

With all too many the agony is a pose. Hunger is a ruse. They are not struggling; they are drifting. Flotsam. Hangers-on. Weak beings, choosing a futile existence because it requires little effort. The large number of these makes it difficult to discover the talented few among them who have reason to struggle and who have ambition and ability.

No. I am sorry. I simply cannot weep over extras as a class.

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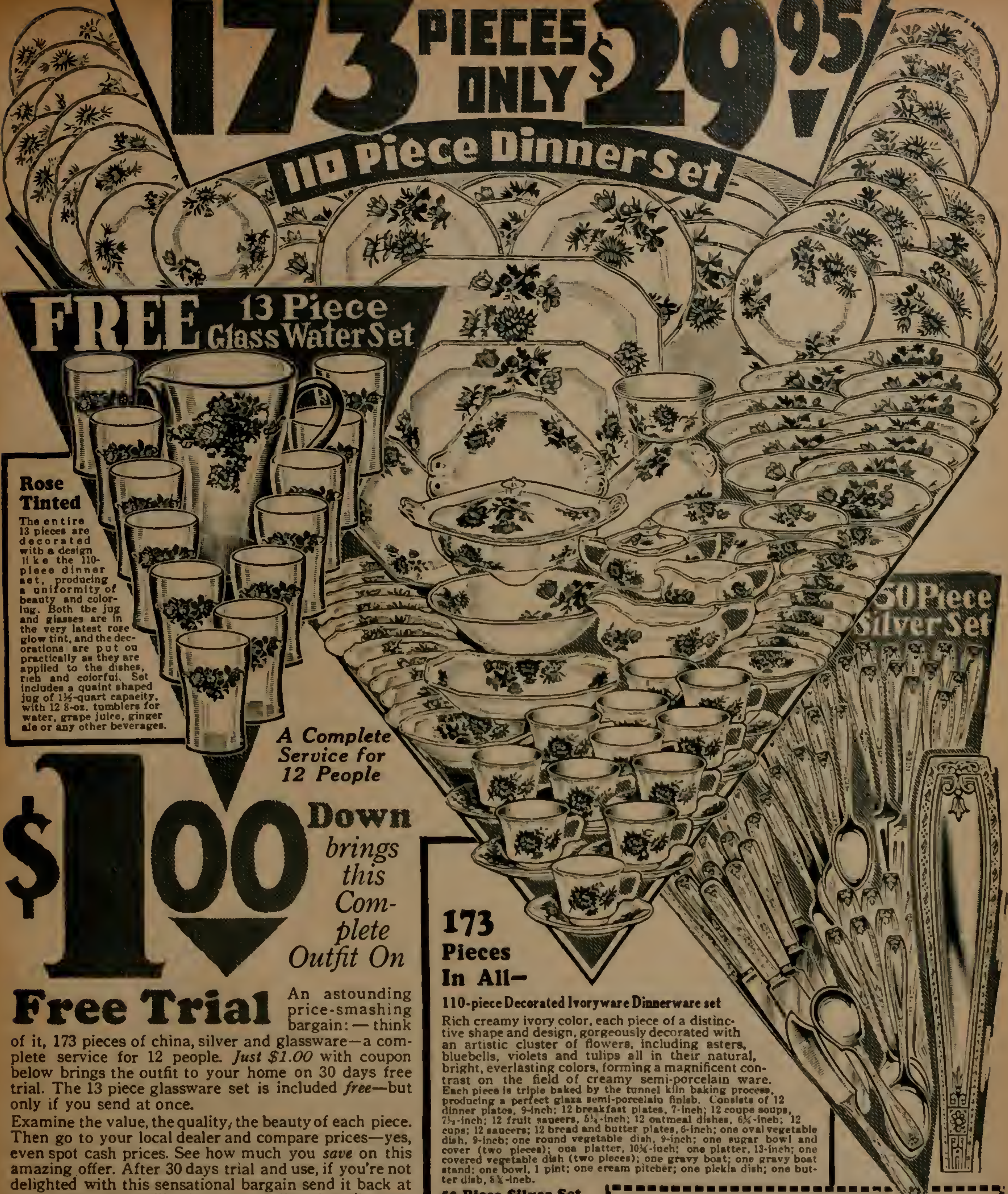

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The Daddy of Baghdad

(*Continued from page 43*)

Above, two views of Victor McLaglen—at the left and right—during his army career in India; and, in the center, above, an Arabian friend of his from the Mesopotamian campaign, the Sheikh Saad

me in my dreams. Ah, good sahib, this morning I awake as though refreshed by your presence. Sahib, my mother will starve if you do not give me permission to do washing for your soldiers.'

"When our troops occupied Baghdad, orders were given out that only one hundred and fifty women, natives, should be given permission to do the soldiers' washing. Couldn't have too many women around the barracks. Men are men and war is war. Maybe you don't think those women looked good to us. Here we'd been on the trail, fighting, marching, sweating, thirsting, and then more blooming battles for months. Sweet little things, those women, too. Snugly kind. Been man's slave for centuries. Expected to be for centuries more.

"This was a little Chaldean girl with the biggest, brownest eyes. 'But I've just signed the last pass,' I told her, looking down at her. 'Ah, A. P. M., please, please, let me do washing, too. My mother and I are so hungry. I must work.' There wasn't anything else for me to do.

The Chaldean Kid

"WELL, the next morning Shaughnessy, my dog robber—he was an Irish chap—was fussing around the quarters and the little Chaldean girl came again. A fine proud race, those Chaldeans. And beautiful. Say, if that little girl walked down Hollywood Boulevard today all eyes would watch her. They have natural grace and charm, the Chaldeans. 'A. P. M.,' the little girl said, 'See what I bring you?' It was a bouquet of desert flowers, already wilting under the intensity of the sun. 'I see the flowers, A. P. M., and I think of you. How good you are.'

"So I took them from her little brown hand, gave them to Shaughnessy, and told him to chuck them into a vase. And he did, just that way. The Chaldean glided over to them and re-arranged them. At that, they did look better. Every morning the Chaldean brought desert flowers to show her gratitude, and every morning Shaughnessy would wrinkle up his Irish face in a derisive grin."

Oh, the splendors of Baghdad! The golden minarets, the gleaming orange-colored Tigris. Victor had a twelve-room house hung with Persian tapestries, pearl-inlaid tabourets, jewel-encrusted hookahs. A stable housing forty horses. A boat to float up and down the Tigris in, manned by four Arabian youths.

And now he's a movie actor.

"I dressed them all in white," he continued, gazing meditatively at a bright blue cushion, at the green wastebasket with the nymphs, frisking. "White from top to toe. One of the boys—his name was Hussein ibn Abbass, Hussein son of Abbass—I picked up by the river one morning as we were returning from a skirmish at a nearby town where arms were reported to be secreted. Hussein was sitting alone by the water's edge and I asked who he was and where he was bound. He might have been a deserter. He might have been a spy. He might have been a Bedawi.

"He told me that his father had just died and that he was making his way to the coast, there to ship to sea. I took him along with me, willingly, and taught him a few words of English. Taught him something of boxing, too, and when I went back to England in '18, I was down around in Mesopotamia for about four years, Hussein went with me. In England I made him wear the regulation clothes, but I insisted that he wear his head cloth and the *agal*, the black cord that is wound around the Arab's head. It is used to tie his camel.

The Spell of East of Suez

"I THOUGHT, in England, that he might develop into something of a fighter, an Arabian boxer, his prowess enhanced by the fact that he spoke scarcely any English. But he didn't stay in England. Couldn't forget the freedom of desert life, the black tents of the Bedouins, the hot, hot sun. It gets you. Once you're there—well, you never forget it. Hussein went back to marry the girl he had been betrothed to when he was a child, according to the ancient Islam custom.

"But—strange—he returned to England after I had left for America. Went to all my old haunts trying to locate me and just the other day I received a letter from him. Wants to join me in Hollywood."

A town of five hundred thousand inhabitants—Arabs, Jews, Sabeans, Persians, Chaldeans. A town in the country where civilization was born. A fabled town, gleaming with the spun gold of legend. A town on the banks of the tawny Tigris, where the Tommies were breathing again after the long strain of battle. And the Chaldean beauties, brown-eyed and worshipful.

Oh, the tall, two-fisted tales this he-man recounts!

"One morning I was walking along the bund—" that's East Indian for embankment, believe it or not,"—I was walking along the bund and I saw this little lass of seven, playing. I patted her on the head, and she smiled. The next morning I saw her, and the next. The following day her mother came out and smiled. She spoke to me in Arabic. 'Nice?' she said, pointing to the girl. 'Very nice,' I answered, patting the little girl's head. 'Take her, then,' her mother offered, 'You can have her.'

"That's the custom of the Eastern countries. Baghdad had been under Turkish rule for years and it was the custom, if a man favored a child, to take her, put her in a school until she was over adolescence and add her to his harem. I had difficulty in explaining to the mother that I had no harem and no use for her little one."

(*Continued on page 82*)

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The most beautiful girls in New York are doing their hair the new way. It's so lovely, but so simple. That's why it appeals to popular girls, who need to save time wherever they can. One of the busiest of them is attractive Mary Chandler, for three seasons a member of "George White's Scandals" and now appearing in "Artists and Models." She says: "I am so busy. I don't know how I'd take care of my hair, if I hadn't learned the new way so many of my girl friends are doing theirs.

"All I do now is put a few dashes of Danderine on my brush each time I use it. This wonderful preparation keeps my hair looking so lovely that many friends want to touch it. I set my waves with Danderine, too, and it holds them ever so much longer. All dandruff disappeared with a few applications, and my scalp always feels fine. I shampoo just once a month, now. Danderine keeps my hair so clean."

Danderine removes that oily film from your hair and gives it new life and lustre. It makes hair easy to dress and holds it in place. It isn't oily and doesn't show. It gives tone and vigor to the scalp. All drug stores have the 35c bottles. A delicately fragranced necessity for the well-groomed girl.

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Gold Medal Won 1923

BEFORE · AFTER

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Confessions of the Stars

(*Continued from page 17*)

no sex life. I know better. I've seen it.

"I've been engaged times without number. I've never 'gone' with a man who has not eventually proposed to me and presented me with a piece of ice. May sound egotistical. It isn't. Fate worked that particular design for me.

"*I never intended to marry any one of them.* Not for one moment. I always knew I wouldn't.

"There is only one man in my life I ever had any intention of marrying. *I married him.*

"*My one unrequited love was Lon Chaney.*

"He never even knew about it. He'll never know about it unless he reads this: I saw him on a bus one day years ago. I didn't know who he was. Few did at that time. But every day thereafter for weeks and weeks I made it my business to be on that bus just so that I could sit and gaze at him. He had sex appeal for me—and I knew it.

"Perhaps my ideas on sex appeal are curious. To me John Barrymore has nothing. Absolutely nothing. Not even the ability to play a love scene.

* * * *

"Apart from love the dominant passion in my life is money.

"*Not babies—money.*

"I have a horrible, haunting fear of poverty. I don't give a hang whether I am starring or working on a big lot or creating for posterity so long as I am working and getting well paid for it.

"When my screen life is at an end I shall go into advertising. Sounds odd but actually I am now divulging the long cherished and hidden mania of my working life. I've always been rabid about it and believe I'd be good at it. I spend most of my spare time now doping out copy and ideas and campaigns. I have an idea right now for busses that ought to keep me in luxury until I have a beard down to the ground.

"I may not be very sentimental. At least *I think straight.*

"*I don't want babies.* I'm not a mother-type. That sort of life doesn't interest me.

"I've told lies about it—to sob-sisters and the like. It has occasionally seemed the thing to do—to look wistful and moist-eyed and to murmur something sweet about the longing for baby feet about our free-for-all-home. It's been a lie. I never meant it. I'm not fond of most children and what I'm doing interests me sufficiently. I'm too busy to have them.

"I suppose if I ever do have one, Nature will see to it that the proper emotions come along, too. So that's that.

* * * *

"My chief gratification in life is what I have been able to do for my mother. She is independent. No matter what happens to me she will never have to work or worry again. She has her own home. Her own money. Her own work, too, in caring for my real estate and investments. And we, she and I, get the most enormous kick in the world out of the revolution of the Wheel. We never drive down town in our limousine, done up in our new furs, sparkling with a few jewels, that we do not clutch hands, gasp and turn back to reminisce about the days when things were NOT like this.

"Of *course* it's a thrill having money and having it young and talking about it. Whoever says it isn't is a poseur, a liar or an imbecile.

* * * *

"We shall never be divorced, Jim and I. "In a world so unpredictable I dare to make such a statement.

"I've been in love with him for a long, long while. There were others in between—but I never forgot my very first impression of him. It was from a photograph in a fan magazine. When he was an actor and long before I went into pictures. I remember that he wore checked knickers and looked—well, just as a man should look.

"*I fell in love with his photograph and I never got over it.*

"Some years later I was dancing one night at an out of town cafe. Jim was there. I had never seen him before. He kept looking at me. Not a habit of his—looking at strange women—as I came to know. Soon he came directly over to me and asked me to dance. *Whatever he had asked me to do, I would have done.*

"We danced, then, and he asked me how I would like to play in one of his pictures. I said 'Oh, *yes*—'

"Then I went to Europe or something, things intervened and I didn't see him again for another span of time. There came the occasion when I was called to the Famous Players lot to make tests for a big part. I didn't get it. James Cruze had to tell me the sad results.

"I sat in his office and cried. I was heartbroken and beyond caring what impression I was making. I'd wanted that part so much.

"He was so kindly, so sympathetic. I remember he said to me 'Never mind, the next time we meet *you will be a star!*'

"*I was!*

"Later on he told me that he fell in love with me then. That day in his office when I sat and wept. He wanted to ask me to marry him then and there. It was just as well he didn't. I would have accepted him. And he wasn't free.

"Again time intervened—other things—and one day I met him again on the Famous Players lot and he invited me to take tea with him at his home. I accepted—*more than the tea.*

"He drew me aside shortly after my arrival. He said 'I think you've worked long enough. I can take care of you rather nicely. We'd better get married.'

"I said I agreed with him. That's all there was to it. Not one other word.

"No other words were needed. He had said exactly the right ones. Every other man I had been engaged to had 'encouraged' me to keep on with my work. They had all suggested that it would be a shame for me to abandon my career. I knew that line. Jim was the first man who didn't encourage me, who didn't give a damn about my career, who wanted to take care of me, the woman, not the star. I like *men.*

"Jim and I planned a *different* marriage.

"We talked it all out beforehand.

"*A marriage based on individualism and non-interference.*

"We were old enough to know what we wanted and what we didn't want. Wise enough to get it.

"And we keep to it. I know nothing whatever about his work. Half the time I don't even know what picture he is working on. And that goes both ways. I have never been on his set and he has never been on mine. I wouldn't embarrass his leading woman by sitting around—another actress *and* the wife!

"We each have our own financial arrangements, our own friends, our own hours, our own hobbies.

"I have frequently come home for dinner to find Jim entertaining a couple of his

(*Continued on page 86*)

Looking Them Over Out Hollywood Way

(Continued from page 61)

The first thing you know we'll have croquet games between acts at the theater. We gotta be entertained.

Dick the Barber

JOBYNA RALSTON has cut off her hair. Not since the announcement of the Pickford shearing has bobbing caused so much comment. Jobyna has a cute bob and the barber was none other than her popular husband, Dick Arlen.

"Dick hated to cut it all off at once. So he cut it short in relays. Each morning he would cut off an inch. It took us a month to get it entirely bobbed. But here it is."

Dick did a very distinctive job. Joby's hair is long (shoulder length in the back) and very short on the sides, giving the effect of a rather feminine page-boy.

Three Baby Beauties

IT'S wonderful how last year's batch of ingenues have developed into reigning beauties of this season.

The most conspicuous example is Janet Gaynor. Janet used to be a sweet-looking little girl. She was a great actress but nobody ever wrote home to mother about her looks. But all of a sudden Janet glinted her hair to a more colorful shade and fell in love—and you should see what a change it has made. The other day she dropped into the Montmartre for lunch, with Irene Mayer, in a smart golden brown outfit, and every eye in the room shifted from Claire Windsor to Janet.

Mary Brian is another youngster whose beauty has developed in the last couple of years.

Janet, Mary and Marian Nixon are certainly holding their own against all comers this season

Who Kin Tell?

SALLY EILERS has just announced her engagement to the third Hawks boy. Somehow or other, I can never remember their names, but one of them is married to Norma Shearer's sister and the other is married to Mary Astor. That will make sisters-in-law of Sally and Mary and Norma's sister.

Now what I want to know is, what relation is Sally to Irving Thalberg, who is Norma's husband?

Is Jack Jilting His Job?

JACK GILBERT slipped out of Hollywood not so long ago on a little jaunt to New York and the wise ones figure that the trip isn't so uncomplicated as it appears on the surface. There is an idea that Jack may switch his affiliation from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to United Artists.

There was also talk that Billy Haines might slip out of the Lion's den, also. But talk was all it amounted to. In place of signing with an English concern to make movies, the popular Bill will remain right in Culver City.

If Goldwyn-Mayer lose Gilbert, I hear they will attempt to groom Nils Asther for his place.

Hint to Star-Gazers

A FAVORITE spot for the anxious tourist to spot some of his favorite movie stars would be to take a look around the upper loge seats at the Beverly Hills Theater. This is just a little neighborhood house, but the girl who sells tickets must

(Continued on page 83)

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Adoree, Renee
Astor, Mary

Banky, Vilma
Basquette, Lina
Beebe, Marjorie
Bellamy, Madge
Borden, Olive
Bow, Clara
Brent, Evelyn
Brian, Mary
Bronson, Betty
Brooks, Louise

Carol, Sue
Carroll, Nancy
Collyer, June
Claire, Ethlyne
Corda, Maria
Costello, Dolores

Daniels, Bebe
Davies, Marion
Dana, Viola
Day, Alice
Day, Marceline
Del Rio, Dolores
Dove, Billie

Garbo, Greta
Gaynor, Janet
Gish, Dorothy
Gish, Lillian
Griffith, Corinne

Joy, Leatrice

Haver, Phyllis

Kent, Barbara
Kenyon, Doris

La Plante, Laura
Logan, Jacqueline

Mackaill, Dorothy
Marchal, Arlette
McAvoy, May
Moore, Colleen
Moran, Lois

Negri, Pola
Nissen, Greta

O Day, Molly
O'Neil, Sally

Pickford, Mary
Philbin, Mary

Ralston, Esther
Ray, Allene
Reynolds, Vera

Sebastian, Dorothy
Starke, Pauline
Shearer, Norma
Southern, Eve
Swanson, Gloria

Talmadge, Constance
Talmadge, Norma
Taylor, Ruth
Terry, Alice

Valli, Virginia
Velez, Lupe
Vidor, Florence

White, Alice
Windsor, Claire
Wray, Fay

ACTORS

Acord, Art
Alvarado, Don
Allen, Hugh
Asther, Nils

Barrymore, John
Barthelmess, Richard
Boyd, William
Brook, Clive
Brown, Johnny Mack

Carewe, Arthur Edmund
Chaney, Lon
Chaplin, Charles
Cody, Lew
Colman, Ronald
Collier, William Jr.
Coogan, Jackie
Cooper, Gary
Cortez, Ricardo
Chandler, Lane

De Lacey, Philippe
Delaney, Charles
D'Arcy, Roy
Denny, Reginald
Dix, Richard

Fairbanks, Douglas
Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.
Farrell, Charles
Ford, Harrison
Forbes, Ralph

Gibson, Hoot
Gilbert, John
Gray, Lawrence

Haines, William
Hall, James
Hamilton, Neil
Hanson, Lars
Harlan, Kenneth
Holt, Jack
Hoxie, Jack
Hughes, Lloyd

Jones, Buck

Keane, Raymond
Keith, Donald

Kerry, Norman
Kent, Larry

Landis, Cullen
La Rocque, Rod
Lease, Rex
Lewis, George
Lyon, Ben

McLaglen, Victor
Meighan, Thomas
Menjou, Adolphe
Maynard, Ken
Miller, Walter
Mix, Tom
Mix, Tom, and his horse Tony
Moreno, Antonio
Mulhall, Jack

Nagel, Conrad
Norton, Barry
Navarro, Ramon

O'Brien, George

Petrovich, Ivan
Pidgeon, Walter

Reed, Donald
Rogers, Charles
Roland, Gilbert

Steele, Bob
Stone, Lewis
Stuart, Nick
Striker, Joseph
Sills, Milton

Thomson, Fred
Tyler, Tom
Tearle, Conway

Valentino, Rudolph
Varconi, Victor

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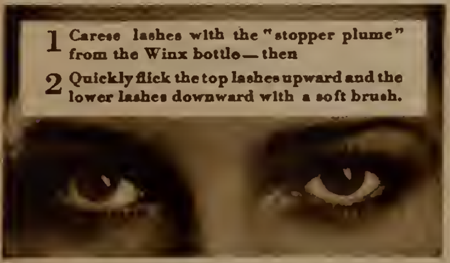

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A Very Square Peg

(*Continued from page 26*)

yeasting the loaves for them. Peg is of the mettle of Rabelais, Mother Goose and the Spartan Mothers. She can, and she does, call her girls damned fools and other tender appellatives, nor is the staunchness of her love one whit abated. Nothing soppy or sticky about the maternity of Peg.

When the girls were little, they lived, as you may know, in three rooms of a house in Brooklyn, said residence lent them by a friend, rent free. They were hard put to it to heat the three rooms, feed their faces and clothe their growing backs.

Peg will tell you the details of those days with a wink and a shrug and some slight yearning for the good old days when a dollar was a rarity and what it bought rang the bell for a national holiday.

Many women would have vapored with sentimentality over the situation. They would have been soft with the offspring, innocent victims of hard times. Or they would have wallowed in self-pity, later to grow into bitterness for life was like that.

Not Peg. She bought forty-nine cent panties, dollar shoes, ninety-eight-cent dresses and was an authority on basement sales the length and breadth of the borough. And she probably said to the girls what she now says when passing cakes to elegant guests at elegant Talmadge teas, "Take it; it's too good for you."

Money or no money, every afternoon, says Peg, the three girls were scrubbed and cleaned, inducted into starched white clothes and set out in a row to dry. They had two sets of friends. Muddy, morning friends and one or two starched friends for afternoon. "I'd hear 'em," said Peg, "when they'd go out in the afternoons, all starched and stiff. Some of the kids would call 'em and they'd say 'Oh, my mother won't allow us to play with *you*.' An hour ago they'd been thick as thieves, the brats!"

No, no sentimentality about Peg.

"I was married," she told me, "to the perfect gentleman type. You know, the kind who supports his family by dropping a quarter in the meter every now and then. But always there with a tip of his hat to a lady. You can't have everything."

No sentimentality and yet the three little Talmadge girls never went without bulgy stockings, glittering trees and other traces of Santa Claus at Christmas times. There were always candles on the birthday cakes and the Easter bunny never passed them by.

"Things were cheap in those days," Peg said. "Dolls for fifty cents and all kinds of toys for ten cents and a quarter. Money doesn't make for happiness. We were just as happy then as we are now. We got more kick out of Norma's first fifty a week than we have ever got out of sums ten times that amount. We didn't know what to do with it. Finally decided to buy phonograph records; and then nearly died for fear someone would scratch the damned things."

Peg's vocabulary would make a small boy's back-fence literature look like a first grade primer and the language of pugilists die of pernicious anemia.

But no one objects to the profanities of Peg. They are pungent and racy. They are rich and early-English. Heir of Rabelais that she is, there is something salty and of the earth earthy about Peg. She is so utterly and unequivocally what she is. She doesn't change her tune for the Prince of Wales or Lady This-and-That any more than she does for Bull Montana or Alice White. And if you don't like what she is, you can choose the nearest exit and no feelings hurt.

Peg is responsible for many things aside from the Talmadge sisters, of whom she says, "Why to have daughters instead of sons?"

She has been accused of supplying many of the wise cracks for "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." She and Anita Loos did some European traveling together; and the small Anita may well have gathered up the censorable pearls that dropped from Peg's uninhibited lips with the force and rapidity of Niagara.

Most mothers, modern and obsolete, could take lessons from Peg.

Where her girls go, there Peg goes also. They won't have it any other way. When one sister goes in one direction and the others stay behind, Peg becomes a bone pulled by the one taking the longest trip.

At the present writing she is in Nice with Constance, who is making a production there arranged for her by Joe Schenck. Which does, or should dispel the rumors that Mr. Schenck is gunning for the Talmadges.

On the morning of their departure I was sharing a trunk-top with Peg. Norma, Natalie and Buster Keaton all phoned her from Agua Caliente. They were week-ending there because Peg had told them she wouldn't have them hanging around the train saying farewells and telling lies. They all pleaded with her, long distance, not to stay away long. They wanted to know how they were going to get along without her. They made plans to get over there.

It is on Peg's shoulder that Buster Collier weeps when he is temporarily dethroned from the Constance affections. When he, half in fun and perhaps wholly in earnest, strikes an attitude and asks Peg for her daughter's hand, she says, "Take it, what good'll it do you?"

If Peg could ever get her cold broad humor across on either stage or screen, the entire Talmadge clan, including Joe Schenck and Buster Keaton, could retire on the proceeds.

Nor is this all. Peg is business manager, advisory committee and final say-so on all contracts and propositions brought up for discussion. Peg says the yea or the nay. Constance, the youngest and perhaps the dearest of the three girls, never sees her own checks or her own contracts. Peg does. A year and more ago it was Peg who created the trust fund for Constance that enables her to live for the rest of her life just as she is living now whether she ever works again or not.

It is Peg who says, "No more comedies for Constance," Peg who pleaded with Joe Schenck to buy "Sadie Thompson" for Constance. Peg to whom Mr. Schenck cables new plans and propositions and to whom he admits he was wrong about Constance and she was right.

Why wait for people to die to give them their just due?

Not that Peg's demise is in sight. Far from it, and God forbid! She can keep going better and longer than you and I. Not maybe.

But I am minded of Mrs. Pickford and the appreciations, eulogies and recognitions that have filled the press since her going.

She was a power and an influence. Not sufficiently realized until her power and influence were, actively, at an end.

Peg is a power and an influence, too. As Charlotte Pickford was back of Mary, so Peg has been back of Natalie, Norma and Constance.

Besides which she is a character on her own. Quite apart from her three "brats."

She isn't the Talmadge girls' mother. She is Peg. And that's achievement, all factors duly considered.

How to Become Unpopular Overnight

(Continued from page 29)

mumble something suitable to the occasion and let it go at that. Colleen Moore is one of the few big stars who writes personally to the critics. She even thanked me for a review on "Happiness Ahead," in which I said that Edmund Lowe walked home with most of the acting bacon.

Janet Gaynor once wrote me a note of thanks for something or other, but my pleasure was somewhat dampened when I found out that the letter, although a very close copy of Janet's own writing, was from the pen of a secretary.

Sue Carol was busy at work on two pictures when "Skyscraper" was released in Los Angeles, so she delegated the work of letter writing to her secretary. My letter read—"Miss Carol wishes to thank you for your praise in yesterday's review. She hopes to have soon the pleasure of meeting you personally."

It was a darned nice sentiment, but then I've known Sue ever since her skyrocket debut in "Soft Cushions." However, the secretary didn't know that.

Another well-known star seldom fails to reply to a review on one of her pictures. In these letters, which stretch over a period of years, she has never once spelled my name correctly.

Premature Remembrance

MOST of the mail from film people arrives just prior to the opening of a picture, the don't-forget-to-mention-my-name letters. Scenarists, title-writers, technicians and bit-players in the cast adopt this method to jog the critic's memory. One title-writer never failed to herald a forthcoming production boasting his handiwork. Once I mentioned that the titles were puerile, and he hasn't written since.

I've heard that Lois Wilson weeps over harsh criticism, and that May McAvoy was terribly upset over comments on her voice in Vitaphone.

On the other hand, Jetta Goudal is her own best friend and severest critic. I once went with La Goudal to a temple of the movies to view her latest picture. Her criticisms were just, sound and not always complimentary to the story, cutting, direction, or her own performance. But Jetta is different—a fact, I believe, which has been mentioned before.

It isn't so bad at that, this ticklish business of reviewing the films in Los Angeles. What if Tottie Twoshoes does get a mad on and sail by us in her Rolls, her saucy nose in the air? There are compensations. For example, those very ritzy luncheons that United Artists gives the press at the Biltmore, to say nothing of Dolores del Rio's garden parties with six kinds of sandwiches.

CONFESSION

—especially somebody else's—

is good for the soul

CLASSIC, having at heart the psychic health of its readers, has already published Confessions by Blanche Sweet and Constance Talmadge. And the spiritual robustness of subscribers has shown an amazing improvement. But CLASSIC will not stop there; it must make of its every addict a psychic superman or woman. More Confessions will follow. More stars will Tell All. And All is quite a lot. Don't miss your next soul-treatment; make an appointment now with your newsdealer for the January MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC.

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Stop Me If You've Heard This One

(*Continued from page 25*)

Absent-minded Prof.: "I have lost my umbrella."

Student: "There it is hanging on your arm."

Prof.: "Oh thanks. If you hadn't drawn my attention to it, I would have gone home without it."

BEN LYON: Flapper, describing her amazement.

"Astonished! Why, my dear, I was knocked spitless!"

MONTE BLUE: First Stude: "Leland Stanford University is built on the former site of Leland Stanford's stock farm."

Second Stude: "Ah! Perhaps that explains why we see so many calves on the campus."

RUSSELL GLEASON, James Gleason's son: "Do your daughters live at home, Mr. Smith?"

"Oh, no, they're not married yet."

LINA BASQUETTE: Jane: "Has your boy friend changed much in the six weeks you've been going together?"

Sue: "No, but he thinks he has."

Jane: "How come?"

Sue: "He's always talking about what an amateur necker he used to be."

CHARLES ROGERS: First Stude: "Is it possible to confide a secret to you?"

Second Stude: "Certainly, I'll be as silent as the grave."

First Stude: "Well, then, I have a pressing need for two bucks."

Second Stude: "Do not worry. It is as if I had heard nothing."

RICHARD BARTHELMESS: "Sedentary work," said the prof., "tends to lessen the endurance."

"In other words," said a smart student, "the more one sits, the less one can stand."

"Exactly," replied the professor, "and if one lies a great deal, one's standing is completely lost."

COLLEEN MOORE: "Hey, Bill, what are you going to do after you graduate?"

"I'm going to teach."

"You can't be a teacher, you're too dumb."

"I ain't gonna be a teacher. I'm gonna be a college professor!"

CHARLES MURRAY: "Yassah," said the bootblack to the college man, "mah frien' Bill was a great athlete but he died from overtrainin'."

"How come?" asked the student, who was going in for athletics himself, and worried about it.

"Why," said the colored gentleman, "a train ran right ovah his back!"

GARY COOPER: First Trustee: "But this ancient institution of learning will fail unless something is done."

Second Trustee: "Try, but what can we do? We have already raised the tuition until it is almost one percent of the fraternity fees."

DOROTHY DWAN: Son: "Yes, father, I know all about it. I understand women."

Father: "Then tell me what that one in the car ahead means when she puts out her hand."

Clara Bow Exposed!

(Continued from page 22)

Observing my inarticulate condition, Clara slid over to the radio and magically produced out of the void the shrill tones of Aimee MacPherson telling the world that she had found a mansion in the sky. Interested as we were in this disclosure, Clara and I decided it was high time we proceeded on our tour of inspection. No foghorn along the length and breadth of the Atlantic seaboard could have galvanized me into life, from the swooning condition I was in, more quickly than Mrs. MacPherson's voice. We swept out down a short corridor to Clara's bedroom at the rear of the house. Another swoon was on its way, however.

The bedroom of the reigning World's Sweetheart, the Empress of It, the girl who put Sex Appeal on the map. A small, almost tiny room containing an enormous red-quilted bed, a simple dressing-table, a chair or two. Quantities of color, mostly red—Clara likes it because it goes with her hair and her personality. No austere shading scheme, no priceless antique highboys, nothing *Louis Quinze*, not a particle of *Ming* nor a suggestion of *Recamier*—not even an expensive engraved toilet set. Just a few simple ornaments and effects such as any girl would have in her bedroom. On the wall, just one picture—a photograph of Rudolph Valentino. The view from her window—just a few square yards of back garden.

A GREAT STAR'S GOWNS

AFTER applying the necessary restoratives Clara had me sufficiently under control to guide my tottering footsteps into a sort of out-size closet built on to the bedroom. Here she keeps her shoes, her hats, her coats, her wraps, her frocks, You think of an awe-inspiring array of ermine, snakeskin footwear, Rue de la Paix millinery and Patou evening gowns? Forget it, please. Dead to all sense of shame, Clara Bow retains a morbid and almost primitive liking for simple clothes—but of a simplicity indeed astounding! She buys everything in the ordinary department stores of downtown Los Angeles. Believe me or not, her collection of hats in a row on one of the shelves contains nothing but the good old ninety-eight cent variety of pull-on. Her shoes are so plain and unassuming as to turn the stomach of any self-respecting star living in the hispano-moresque palaces up the street. Her dresses are practically all straightforward sporty affairs in every conceivable bright color, with only about three or four moderately elaborate ones for evening. Clara hardly ever goes out dancing to the *right* places where tourists come to view the stars. She stays home, or drives with a boy friend down to the beach to eat hot-dogs and ride on the switch-backs. She has no jewelry at all.

As I gave up consciousness for the third time I noticed with a sickening pang that there was not an inch of ermine in the Bow wardrobe. Merciful oblivion blotted out this appalling revelation.

Worse was yet to come. I cannot attempt to describe my feelings on discovering that Clara's bathroom is—just a bathroom! Not only is it not paneled with tiles in gradually deepening shades of purple, but—horror of horrors—the bath in which Clara bathes is actually one that you have to exert yourself by climbing into, instead of being sunken into the floor as in the home of really genteel stars. But let me draw a veil.

On returning to the sitting-room I was startled to see a small Australian bear clambering about on the sofa. By now I

(Continued on page 79)

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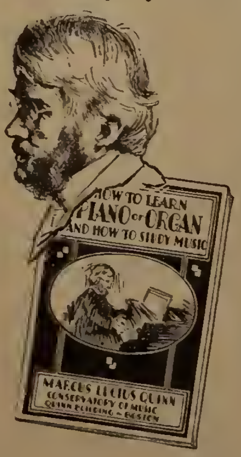

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Goudal and Velez Fight to Draw

(*Continued from page 58*)

It was suggested to Goudal that she sit farther from the camera when not working.

As the picture progressed and the breach between them became common knowledge, Lupe and Jetta made obvious efforts to simulate friendliness. Occasionally they sat together on the set, chatting warily: Jetta with an inscrutable smile the only indication of her amusement, Lupe with her tongue in her cheek, figuratively until Jetta's back was turned, and then literally.

Goudal's disdain was eloquent. She would openly admit to no disagreement.

More often, they avoided each other and exchanged only a scornful silence. Jetta's silences were consistent. Lupe's were subject to violent eruptions.

Goudal herself has moments of relaxation from her customary immobility. One of these occurred on the set. A prop-boy was bringing Lupe a glass of water. In his path was Jetta's chair. Carefully he went around it, avoiding the voluminous skirt of her costume which spread out around her. Despite his caution, he tripped on one of the flounces, jarring the glass so that some of the water splashed on Goudal's skirt. Furiously, she berated him; and at such length and with such venom that the boy, who was young and new to the job, began to cry in an agony of chagrin. When, with an angry toss of her hand, Goudal dismissed him, he continued on to Lupe. Impetuously, she put her arms around him.

Fire and Water

"DON'T now—don't feel bad," she soothed. "I'll drink the water," she added in a loud tone, glaring at Goudal over the rim of the glass.

Generally, though, Goudal's temperament is more subtle and its demonstrations the polished product of calculation. To the *n*th degree a cerebral type, she is skilled to perfection in mental combat. One might suppose that Lupe, whose head is primarily for decoration, would find such tactics beyond her comprehension and thus be unaware of any combat at all. But just here is the contrast which made contact between them inflammable. Were Lupe herself a mentalist, there might have been no antagonism. Nor might there have been any were she a dullard. Neither of these, Lupe is yet emotionally sentient, her perceptions as acute as a little animal's.

There is a theory advanced that Jetta is the victim of repression. Brilliant, sophisticated, cynical, there is evidence of weariness in her manner. It is apparent that the speed of the tempo around her, particularly in the studio, rasps on sensitive nerves. It is not unlikely that the high-keyed tension of Hollywood, as contrasted to her own low-keyed languor, has become a condition of real suffering. Ruled by her mind, hidden in the cold, impassive armor she has evolved for protection, Goudal has so long concealed her emotions that now their only visible manifestations are those outbursts when her raw nerves cry out in protest.

A climax was inescapable. Toward the close of production, Jetta was alone before the camera. Lupe, who admits that she has much to learn from her as an actress, was watching. After a while, Jetta became restive under that absorbed gaze.

"Please go away," she said imperiously. "Your eyes bother me. They are everywhere."

Lupe's temper flared.

"You no like my eyes, eh? Then watch: I make them *more* powerful!" and stared savagely, before she was forcibly led off.

Awaiting a propitious moment, when Jetta left the camera and walked toward a large group of visitors, reporters and officials, Lupe rushed up to her.

"Who you think you are, talking like that to me? You, you are nobody. You are only with a contract for thees picture. Me, I have contract with the whole company. I can send *you* away. *You* can't order *me!*"

After this rather vulgar tirade, Lupe flounced away, her back stiff with indignation and bravado.

Goudal glanced after her.

"Delightful, funny child," she remarked, with a faint icy smile.

A Good Little Sport

(*Continued from page 51*)

rest. She compromised by consenting to report to a hospital for rest every night after her day's work at the studio was finished.

This baby pioneer of pictures is eager to try talkies. She was a child-star on the stage. Bebe has no outlandish ambitions to be a Bernhardt. She loves comedy—anything with lots of action is her meat. She is not scintillating; she doesn't effervesce. But she has a magnetic charm that glows rather than glitters. Bebe wears well. Paramount, like her public, is still fond of her. The daughter of her boss, Adolph Zukor, is one of her best friends.

Grandma Is Bebe's Baby

SUCCESS has changed but not spoiled the Daniels girl. She has money and motors and real estate—but from none of these does she get the kick that comes from riding a pesky horse or the Pacific surf outside her beach house. She still prefers a bathing-suit to a Paris gown. You feel that if she had to leave pictures tomorrow—and all her money vanished—Bebe Daniels would still find life worth living.

She has always lived with her clever mother, Mrs. Phyllis Daniels, and her grandmother. This little old grandma is the apple of Bebe's eye. She pets her and waits on her and teases her. Lila Lee is her best girl friend and has been for years. Bebe's loyalty to old friends is an outstanding quality. Girls she grew up with are always sure of a welcome. Bebe still thinks the Ritz is a hotel.

She once served a sentence in a California jail for breaking the speed laws. With her customary good sportsmanship she accepted the situation humorously, dressed up her cell with flowers and the latest phonograph records and books and friends, and had a good time. She makes her own.

She is entirely devoid of pretense and treats an extra with the same camaraderie that she does her friends. She is in awe of no one, and is one of the few girls who are completely at ease in the presence and under the direction of Cecil B. deMille.

"Senorita" is a pet picture of hers. Capable of emotional excellence in her work she is content, right now, with the light, amusing things they give her to do. But she is too restless and progressive to continue indefinitely in the same theme. She believes the public knows what it likes and why, she argues, not oblige?

How to have Lovely, Lustrous Hair ~ *always!*

Does your hair ever seem dull to you—drab, lifeless? Have you not wished for something that would keep it looking prettier—richer in tone?

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Clara Bow Exposed!

(*Continued from page 77*)

was sure I must be the victim of hallucinations, but a moment later what appeared to be an entire herd of dogs, of all conceivable cross-breeds, wandered in from the garden. They all flocked about Clara, the bear climbing on her shoulder while the German maid, having finished her singfest in the kitchen, came up and crooned to the animal as she stroked it. Clara beamed affectionately on the assembled fauna, who obviously appreciated her patronage to the full.

Outside, at the back of the house, the other comfortably-shaped German fraulein had set up an ironing-board in the patio, and was beginning to do the sheets and pillow-cases of the establishment. Everything contributed to the horrible suspicion that had been growing in me that I had discovered a movie star flagrantly and shamelessly living the life of an ordinary human being. Need I add that I swooned? I think it is hardly necessary. Suffice it that when I regained consciousness Clara led the way out on to the lawn.

"Won't you come for a ride in my car?" she said.

My smile of acceptance froze on my face and I became deathly pale. For out of the garage there appeared—oh, the shame of it!—there appeared—a Cadillac!

The blood of the Fighting Belfrages boiled within me.

"Never," I cried, "never will I connive at this unheard-of, this ghastly and wanton destruction of Hollywood's most sacred tradition! You—a star—without even *one*—not ONE Rolls-Royce!"

It was at this juncture that I swooned.

Who's Hooey

(*Continued from page 49*)

Not long ago John Barrymore, no less, and Messire Myron Selznick emulated the late lamented Shakespearian scholar by engaging in fisticuffs close by the sacred precincts of the Ambassador. I don't doubt but that far more prominent gentlemen have at times done likewise. There was an occasion when a knight belted an earl. Learned senators have fanned the atmosphere in bourbon-inspired ambitions to mar one another. A prince once took one on the nose from a high-born pauper. But they socked and kept still. In Hollywood, they sock and say so to the whole wide world. There was no reason, and is none, why Jack and Myron should not have enjoyed themselves as they saw fit. But, sure enough, one of them blabbed. And the result was page one. And no good purpose accomplished.

Tom Mix has given as good as he has taken for twenty years or so. Whether he came out first or second best, he did so with a grin and a tight tongue. But a little fracas in Hollywood, and a worsted opponent dashes helter-skelter to a spot where police reporters might logically be expected.

Two lady stars almost come to a clinch over the affections of the husband of one of them. Casualties are avoided, but when the visiting luminary ascends to get her furs, they are found slashed to ribbons by the pale beauty whose face must be marred by red-faced rage. Who told? Why, the husband, of course. And no one knows whether to laugh at him or with him.

And so it goes. Maybe it's the climate. They say it's hard on animals. In any event, its rigors have proved too great for the three discreet little monkeys who cover eyes, ears and mouth to see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil. Hollywood has a bad tongue. It should have its mouth washed.

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Author of "Muscle Building," "Science of Wrestling," "Secrets of Strength," "Here's Health," "Endurance," etc.

What Do Women Want Most?

Women want he-men for their husbands and sweethearts. None of this chorus-man stuff for the real girl. She wants to be proud of his physical make-up, proud of his figure in a bathing suit. She knows that it is the fellow that is full of pep and vitality that gets ahead in this world. He's got the physical backbone to back-up the mental decisions he makes. He'll win out every time.

Look Yourself Over!

How do you shape up? Are you giving yourself a square deal? Have you got those big rolling muscles that mean health and strength inside and out? The vitality that gives you the ambition to win out at everything you start. Make that girl admire you first and foremost for a real he-man and the hardest part in winning her is over.

I Can Give It To You In 30 Days

In 30 days I can do you over so that she will hardly know you. I'll put a whole inch of solid muscle on each arm in 30 days, and two whole inches of rippling strength across your chest. I've done it for over a hundred thousand others, and I can do it for you. I don't care how weak and puny you are. I like to get them weak and puny, because it's the hopeless cases that I work with best. It gives me a lot of real joy just to see them develop and the suprised look in their eyes when they step before the mirror at the end of 30 days and see what a miracle I have worked for them.

You'll Be a He-Man From Now On!

And it's no temporary layer of muscle I put on you. It's there to stay! With those newly broadened shoulders; that perfect neck and great, manly chest, you can maintain your self respect in any society. Every woman will know that you are what every man should be—a forceful, red-blooded he-man.

I Want You For 90 Days

If at the end of 30 days you think you have improved, wait till you see yourself at the end of 90 days. Then the friends you thought were strong will seem like children by comparison. I'm not called the Muscle Builder for nothing. My system scientifically builds real muscle faster than you ever imagined.

Watch Them Turn Around

Notice how every woman prefers the fellow who carries himself with head up. Notice how the broad shouldered man always gets their eye. They want a dependable he-man when they make their choice—one who can protect them. *And you can be that man.* Remember, I not only promise it I GUARANTEE IT.

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The Crown Prince of Hollywood

(*Continued from page 33*)

tered, we would trot back again to his toys. Perhaps they were a miniature projection machine, a camera, a strip of film. Always he was made conscious of the fact that his destiny was to be First Chieftain of Universal.

From the age of five, the Crown Prince sat at table with his elders: with the Old King himself and the empire's wisest councillors. He heard talk of monopolies and mergers, of nets and grosses, of production and distribution, of sales and exchanges, of domestic and foreign markets, of all the ramifications of commercial strife and internal politics. By the time he was ten, his impressionable brain knew what it was all about. At twelve the retentive memory could recall facts and figures regarding Universal and Universal's product. There were tutors who taught history, geography and the like of that. But the study of a coming king is his kingdom. Young Laemmle was most interested in motion pictures. More explicitly, in Universal Pictures. History could be obtained from the Research Department. And what better way to learn geography than to tour the countries that seem so unreal when visualized merely as red or green blocks on a musty map?

At fifteen Carl, Jr. was in high school. His activities there included participation in the lesser athletic sports, such as basketball. And he made a creditable record as a writer in connection with the student publication. He was still the constant companion of his father. They went everywhere together: from coast to coast and across the oceans. The boy showed promise. He was clear-eyed, alert, erect. Already he had produced pictures for his own amusement. And these amateur efforts caused the Old King to emit his kindly chuckle of approval.. He had a son to be proud of.

At fifteen he took his first active rôle in the affairs of his realm. He wrote some stories of prep school life, and took them to his father. They were received with acclaim. And so the first series of "The Collegians" reached the screen.

"I could have fooled around in college," he says, "but my father had been such a good father, I thought it was up to me to try and relieve him as much as I could." So when the 'varsity year rolled round, Junior (as all the world calls him) left the lists of learning and girded on the armor of the fray. In other words, he became actually identified with the projects of Universal. He had his name on an office door. And his own personal yes-men. He labored indefatigably. And became a personality rather than a name. Within two years, before he was twenty-one, he was entrusted with important assignments. And added cubits to his stature by the manner in which he despatched them. His judgment was respected. He was consulted. And he was feared a little. He had become a Power to be reckoned with by the army of self-seekers. He was every inch the Crown Prince.

As his strength, his knowledge, his wisdom and his vision has broadened, the Old King, still holding every string in his cunning grasp, burdens the boy with greater responsibilities. Before he is twenty-one he will be promoted to the eminence of an associate producer. Meantime he has been thrust into one of the most perilous breaches in the industry. It has been put up to Carl Laemmle, Jr., to make a picture out of the play, "Broadway." By something that looks like somebody's blunder, Universal paid $225,000 for the screen rights to this daddy of underworld stories. And agreed not to release the film version before 1929. Along came sound and dialogue. And Universal was hooked $25,000 more for talkie privileges. It will cost $500,000 to produce the photoplay. Thus Junior has the terrific task of spending three-quarters of a million dollars on the screen translation of a play which has been emasculated of every vital essence by the pilfering of sequences and situations by predatory picture pirates. And mind you, in the eyes of the law, he won't be a man until next April.

He's a good-looking kid, slender and personable. He pays some attention to his tailor, and his haberdasher is probably the best in town. His eyes are dark and hold a tremendous sparkle. But if he should vanish into thin air, like the far-famed cat of Cheshire, his grin would be the feature last distinguishable. His smile is wide and dazzling. For his teeth are strong and white. It is almost too much in evidence. Somehow it creates the impression of a mask, a disarming mask, behind the protection of which the boy's real thoughts and emotions are carefully concealed. Perhaps his most obvious characteristic is boundless enthusiasm. He is very young. With something of the *naïveté* of youth which causes a smile, and also a little admiration. For instance, in mentioning a mediocre director under his jurisdiction he vouchsafes the opinion that the megaphone man must be all right because he's so good to his mother. You may snicker, but you've got to like the kid for that sort of thing. He likes music. The sort they play at the Cocoanut Grove. And he goes to hear it with one of his few intimates, or with a carefully chosen girl. He deplores the fact that he can't find more time for books. But adds that he makes out fairly well. His preference in literature seems to be for biography, the popular-classic type of stuff written by Emil Ludwig. Of course, he speaks and reads German. His English is American. He says sim-u-lar instead of similar.

He says he won't marry for ten years because women interfere with a man's work. But one wonders what the Old King thinks of this. And whether or not he would wish to see his dynasty established to the third generation. Junior used to be seen most with Alice Day. Now Lois Moran and Sue Carol are held in very high esteem. He was born in the same house, or the one next door to Sue's. Her name was Lederer. Her father almost became the Old King's partner. Junior has a host of acquaintances, but few friends. Which is wise for a Crown Prince, because there can be no entangling alliances.

He is very conscious of being his father's son. This fact tips every scale in which his career is weighed. It freights him with a somewhat false modesty, for as the heir-apparent he wishes to avoid the suspicion of forcing himself forward. As he puts it, of being a glory-grabber. Necessity has developed within him a certain shrewdness and secretiveness, a bit of suspicion and calculation. Which will doubtless be strong assets when *Der Tag* arrives. But which, nevertheless, mar the full light of a sunny, frank disposition which engenders love, and which without doubt was a natural heritage. It is difficult to draw from him any admission that his path is fraught with the terrible dangers of flattery, insincere approbation, the smirking obeisances of an ever-present clique of courtiers who would delight to see him ride for a fall. Yet the baby-smoothness of his well-shaped brow wrinkles with doubt and perplexity as he remarks that it is sometimes hard to be sure of just who one's friends may be. But he will learn that this is something no man knows. Not even the Old King.

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Yours truly,

Tim J McCoy

1—In what M-G-M picture does William Haines do a slide for life and love and what character does he portray?

2—What person playing in "The Cardboard Lover" does Marion Davies, in the same picture, imitate?

3—Name five out of the many M-G-M players who have had stage experience.

4—What do you regard as Lon Chaney's most interesting role? Answer within 75 words.

5—In what other picture besides "Gold Braid," which M-G-M is now producing, did Ramon Novarro appear in naval uniform?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 1542 Broadway, New York. All answers must be received by December 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

NOTE: If you do not attend pictures yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

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The Daddy of Baghdad

(Continued from page 70)

Camel's Milk and Beer

THE long hot afternoons drinking *lebben*, curdled camel's milk, or Japanese beer. And the long evenings listening to old men's tales.

"I decided to stay in Baghdad. You get so you like the place. The people, when you know them, are so fine. They take you into their family circle like a brother. I was going to ask for my discharge, when the Armistice came, and settle down in partnership with an Arab gentleman. We were to have a caravan of camels and do exporting on a large scale. I was very fond of his daughter, too. Her name was that which means apple in English. Dusky sunbrowned red cheeks, the name suited her.

"She used to watch from her room, behind the iron grille, in the evening when I would join the family at dinner. She could see me swinging down the road, and she would hasten downstairs, *abba* flying—that was her robe—and unfasten the heavy doors of the house, and when I pushed them open I'd find her standing in the little niche where the watchman usually stayed, and I'd pick her up and carry her into the dining room.

"There is something kindly and unpretentious about the Arabs. I liked it, after wandering all over the earth. I got golden coins from the Turks, some of them still lived in Baghdad following the British occupation, and had them melted down to make bracelets for little Apple. And golden anklets, so pure that they were flexible in the warmth of the hand.

"Then I was called back to England. I had to leave the good people. I wanted to return to Arabia. I had made up my mind to come back. But, somehow, when I got this sudden call to report, I felt a premonition that this was the last I would see of them. For sometime anyway. I couldn't walk down the bund and face them. I knew my sadness was in my face and they, divining with knowledge born of tolerance, would know that I was to leave them."

Modernistic lamps in Victor's motion picture dressing-room. Black nymphs on an apple-green wastebasket. Outside on an adjoining stage they were manufacturing thrills for a million fans who must have their tremors vicariously. Baghdad in the sunset. Little Apple with her golden bangles. The bazaar-wallas screeching their wares. Under the modernistic lamp Victor smiled his tight-lipped grin, half-sardonic, half-wistful.

"And when I got back to England, I had an offer to make my first picture. They wanted me to play a prize-fighter. And I did. And there were other pictures. And then I came to Hollywood.

"But, say, coming up from South Africa —Capetown—where I enlisted—there were all sorts of chaps joining up to fight. Chaps who had left the island and gone on sheep ranches, gone prospecting, gone all over the world. One chap had sold a flock of four thousand goats that he had been raising down in Africa, to join up. It was great. All these prodigal sons coming home to fight."

A modern Arabian Knight in Hollywood fetters. A Baghdad daddy gone movie. What, oh what, would Hussein ibn Abbass say?

The black nymph on the apple-green basket hung her head.

For Loving Out Loud

(Continued from page 55)

those spoken lines are usually just one blooming epigram after another. They are fine for an occasional evening. But if you feed motion picture audiences on that kind of wordy fare night after night, those audiences are going to begin staying at home and listening to the radio, where they can either take their talking or leave it alone.

John Gilbert believes that much more expressive love-making can be done with the aid of the recorded voice. Ramon Novarro also believes that the spoken word will help put across finer shades of meaning.

Adolphe Menjou believes that realism demands that love remain mute. "I would prefer to enact all my future love scenes silently," Menjou admits. "We all know that for true realism silence should accompany the sequences of love, for it certainly does off the screen."

Greta Is All for Talking

NORMA SHEARER believes that talkies in general have yet to prove their real value, but that if conversation is to be effective anywhere it should be in love sequences. Greta Garbo believes that the voice is often remembered when the face is forgotten, and that spoken words will enable film artists to make far more lasting impressions upon their audiences.

Clara Bow claims that the impression will depend entirely upon the quality of the voice. "John Barrymore, with his wonderful voice, could make a love scene idyllic," Clara admits, "but for some less fortunate leading man to pipe up with a voice like an asthmatic fish-horn would bring a reaction from the audience that would be just too bad."

May McAvoy believes that the spoken word will help a player to get into the proper emotional mood. "When making love, you *talk* love," May claims. William Haines seconds that motion. "A man always makes love by talking," Haines asserts. "The faster he talks, the more love he can make."

Conrad Nagel, who has made more spoken love sequences than any other player to date, believes that no attempt will ever be made to use the talkies with the very sexy, passionate embrace type of love scene, but that for interpreting the sweet, natural love affair the spoken words are far better.

Joan Prefers to be Dumb

JOAN CRAWFORD doubts the realism of the spoken word in any love scene. "Love-making sequences will get over far better in the silent drama," Joan claims. "A huge close-up shot of a player's face would never seem natural with a voice issuing from it."

Francis X. Bushman, who has been playing romantic scenes on the screen ever since those early days when a nickel would pay the admission to any movie theater in the country, believes that the talkies will be a godsend to an art that was beginning to stagger a little in recent years.

"Romance is often made a farce in the comparatively crude talkies of today," Bushman explains, "but that is only because the talking picture is not yet perfected. We must train our players to speak, our directors to employ that speech effectively, and our writers to produce really suitable lines for the players. When all this is done, we shall have motion pictures with many times their present effectiveness."

Looking Them Over Out Hollywood Way

(*Continued from page 73*)

get a better peek at the celebrities than a studio gateman.

The other night Billie Dove and her husband, Irvin Willat, were there to watch Pola Negri's "Loves of an Actress," and a couple of nights later Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., held hands all through the showing of "The Cardboard Lover." Eileen Percy and June Collyer and Sue Carol are often among those looking on.

Genius Prerequisite

MOVIE heroes are going to have a lot to live up to from now on.

Here's the new recipe: He has to be handsome, expert at pantomime, have a good speaking voice and be able to stage a good song-and-dance act.

Harry Beaumont promulgated this new formula for a leading man when he started hunting for a hero for "The Broadway Melody." Anita Page and Bessie Love, both of whom have all these qualities, have been cast. The man hasn't been found yet.

The next thing you know they'll be wanting a ventriloquist.

Collegiate and Cute

ZIEGFIELD picks 'em out of the colleges for his shows. That is, he picked one beautiful little girl, Mary Doran, from Columbia University and now the movies have gotten her. M. G. M. thinks she is going to be a valuable addition to their talking pictures.

Anyway, she is a cute little red-headed girl and she dances and sings along with her acting.

Regarding "The Regulars"

"THE Regulars," a club of Hollywood's young screen girls, had their fourth annual dinner party at the Roosevelt Hotel lately. Duane Thompson succeeds Priscilla Bonner as president of the group that includes Esther Ralston, Sue Carol, Marian Nixon, Sally Eilers, Jeanette Loff, Alyce Mills and Marjorie Bonner.

Hollywood's Police Record

(*Continued from page 21*)

in these cases. Believe me, I feel sorry for these girls. Right now I have a man working out of my office whose job is solely to check up on girls whose parents have written us. Runaways from good homes most of them. I guess we get three or four hundred letters a month from families begging us to look up some girl."

"And if you find her?—"

Don't Blame the Movies

"I HAVE a little talk with her and try to scare her into going home if she's under age. And if she isn't, there isn't much we can do. There isn't much we can do anyway. They all seem to think they're going to be Gloria Swansons or Mary Pickfords." Captain McCaleb shook his head. "The movies aren't to blame, though. Nobody's to blame. It's just human nature.

"I'd like to say right here that it's just the hangers-on in the movie business, the drifters on the fringe, who give us any trouble at all," he declared. "The real movie folks who are established in their profession seldom see even the outside of this building."

(*Continued on page 85*)

One KNOCKOUT *After Another*

One home run doesn't make a Babe Ruth or one song hit an Irving Berlin or one knockout a Dempsey.

Better one than none, of course: but it's not enough merely to perform brilliantly once: you've got to keep it up—to gain and maintain supremacy.

That's the way MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE sees it. It has presented, for example, within the last two issues, this one and the November, two of the most engrossing features ever to be published in a screen periodical: the Love-Life Stories of Clara Bow and Alice White.

Stories that got right down inside the hearts of two of the most popular stars of the screen, told what was there, and all there was to be told.

MOTION PICTURE is proud of the opportunity it's had to offer these articles to its readers. But it isn't stopping with that. Its idea is to keep going, to keep adding to its achievement.

And so next month, in the January issue, there will be a third love-life story—that of a third vivid young personality of the films.

Besides, of course, a dozen other features of equally exceptional interest.

MOTION PICTURE, in short, seems to be just one great number after another. It's not satisfied with publishing just one or two—or a dozen. Every one's got to be good—and the next one better—somehow.

You may not believe the next can be better than this one. But you will when you see it—on the news-stands, November 28th.

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Her Scandaless Reputation

(*Continued from page 37*)

with someone else? Or have the name wrong?"

"Certainly not," sniffed the outraged lady. "I guess I know who I'm talking about! The idear! It certainly was May McAvoy—er—that is—well, maybe I did get the last name wrong. It was May So and So. I remember now. But what's the difference? All those movie stars are alike."

"One way not to be talked about," said May, "is not to talk too much yourself. Most people start the gossip about themselves. They make a wild statement in fun, or they think it's smart to say something indiscreet, or they pour out confidences to their maids, or talk too freely to interviewers. Now I've been interviewed for years, but nobody has ever asked me for my heart secrets. And if they ever did begin on sexy subjects as they do with some of the new stars, I'd—I'd just cut the interview off short.

"All the time I've been on the screen," she added, "I've never told anything intimate about my life, except last week when a newspaper sent a writer to get my life-story."

Some stars, we reflected, think any publicity better than none. They allow themselves to be made the victim of sensational campaigns. They pose in lingerie or less for newspaper roto sections. They air their views on companionate marriage and divorce. But May McAvoy has chosen to go along quietly, letting her screen work speak for itself. Even her publicity pictures have always been conservative and clothed to such a point that editors looking at them would bleat, "My God! Hasn't that girl got any legs?"

"People confuse the way you look on the screen or in photographs with your own personality," May said shrewdly, "and that may be one reason why I've been so lucky in keeping out of gossip. I've always played good parts. I never have to do anything wrong on the screen. Now the vamp is almost certain to be gossiped about, and have lurid legends attached to her name, while in real life the vamps I know are happily married."

The most miraculous escape from gossip May has had, has been in the matter of her rumored engagements. In Hollywood engagements are too often the subject of jocose remarks, wise-cracks and idle speculation. But May McAvoy many times has gone through the harrowing experience of reading the report of her engagement in the morning papers and denying it for weeks thereafter, and come out unscathed.

"I suppose it was because I wasn't rumored engaged to a lot of different men, but to one man a lot of times," she smiled—a bit distastefully.

We felt that perhaps she regarded this subject as sexy and might at any moment cut the interview off short. "The whole secret," we suggested, "is probably that you have no enemies."

"Oh, but I have," May said anxiously, "that is—there are people who don't like me. But they don't envy me either. I live so quietly I don't attract their attention. Mother has always been with me. I'm never away from her week-ends or overnight. I don't go to the wildest parties; I'm not invited. I have such a reputation for being proper that people think I will be shocked by a lot of things that really don't shock me at all.

"It's rather a handicap sometimes. Lois Wilson told me once she had felt the same thing: a sort of embarrassment and constraint in the room where people were having a noisy good time, as soon as she came in. And really Lois and I are the broadest minded people in the world."

"And you can go to the liveliest party without fear of being gossiped about," we marveled, "In Hollywood! You're fortunate."

"Yes," said May McAvoy, "I suppose I am." Was it imagination, or did she sigh the tiniest sigh in the world?

Barthelmessmates: Dick and his daughter, Mary Hay Barthelmess, sunning themselves on the deck of the star's yacht, "Pegasus", in the course of a recent cruise down the California coast

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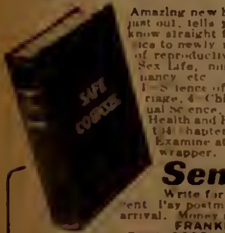

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Hollywood's Police Record

(Continued from page 83)

"Jack Gilbert was in jail," I put in.

"Not here," said the Captain rather proudly I thought, "Mr. Gilbert's little disturbance took place in the Beverly Hills station. And I don't know as I would go so far as to say that there was any great disturbance. He was probably more excited than dangerous. They locked him up and he slept it off—and went home the next day. Sometimes police stations have to serve the purpose of nurseries as well as lock-ups," he chuckled. Didn't I say he was a sympathetic man?

Neither did the Tom Mix-Will Morrisey prize-fight, which landed Morrisey in jail because he got pugilistic without a license, happen in Captain McCaleb's precinct. The Santa Monica station handled that big event. "If a person is prominent, the papers make a lot of these things that would otherwise pass unnoticed.

Policing the Premieres

"SID SMITH is the only movie name we have recorded in this station in some time," he went on. "And that was a death case. They called for us one night down at one of the receiving hospitals. I sent a couple of men down there and they found Smith dead. Bad liquor had killed him. Not any particular batch, however.

"Our dealing with the movie people is usually at the time of some celebration of a picture premiere. I detail squads of men to handle the crowds at every Hollywood opening. When 'White Shadows in the South Seas' opened at Grauman's Chinese Theater, it took thirty of my men to handle the sidewalk crowd. I guess there must have been twelve or fifteen thousand people there to watch the stars come in. They start lining up about lunch time and most of them bring little camp chairs and box lunches to help them over the long tedious wait. Now, strictly speaking, people aren't supposed to be picnicing on Hollywood Boulevard, but I know how anxious the tourists are to see the movie folk and so I tip my men off not to be too observing. The crowd is always orderly and friendly."

"Does Sid Grauman, or any of the picture producers, ever break out with a lot of passes for the police?" I wanted to know.

"It's easy enough for a policeman to get a pass to the theaters," said the Captain. "But I discourage that as much as I can. Naturally I can't stop managers from giving my men passes to their shows, but I do stipulate that they aren't to *ask* for them. The police cannot afford to be obligated to the movie people, the theater people, or any other group."

That brought up the idea of the favor-asking business working just the other way around. Did the picture people ask any special favors of the police?

The Captain shook his head. "The police are not here to grant special favors. We are no more lenient with the picture people than any other class. They pay their traffic fines just like others. Tom Mix, I believe, has been granted the use of a police siren on his automobile. That gives Tom the courtesy of right-of-way through all the streets of Los Angeles. This little special attention was awarded Tom in appreciation of the police benefits he had so often helped to put over and make successful. I think there are one or two others who have been permitted the use of sirens also. But these special favors are awarded by the Chief of Police of Los Angeles and only in rare cases."

Such is Hollywood—on the police blotter.

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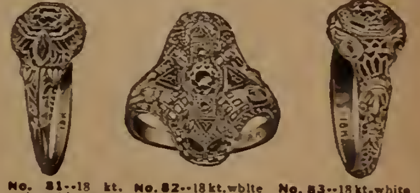

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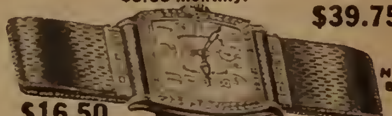

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MOVIE STARS REVEAL ALL

Series of Confessions Bares Hitherto Unknown Secrets

FANS STORM NEWSSTANDS

NEW YORK—Reports from throughout the country indicate that the most sensational interest in motion picture personalities ever developed is following the publication of a series of confessions of the screen stars in Motion Picture Classic. These confessionals are written by Gladys Hall, one of the most brilliant and authoritative writers of motion picture celebrities and their activities.

Readers of periodicals devoted to the cinema and its people have for the last several months been storming newsstands on the tenth of every month, the date of issuance of the magazine containing these articles. In several instances police report measures of violence against newsdealers whose supply of Classics has been sold out before the entire populace had opportunity to make purchases.

Henry J. Smurt, president of the Brotherhood of Newsvendors, in a statement to the press today, pleaded for tolerance from the public under such circumstances.

"Newsdealers," said Mr. Smurt, "are every month ordering nearly double the number of Classics they compute to be sufficient. They are taking every possible precaution against a disappointment of the public. If there is fault to be found, let me direct the attention of readers to the publishers of Classic. They are steadily and remorselessly making the magazine so much better every month that excessive demand is inevitable."

When shown Mr. Smurt's comment, the publishers of Classic said:

"It is true that we are every month improving the magazine. But for this we have no apology to offer. We intend to continue in that policy, regardless of the personal risk to newsdealers and the occasional demolition of their stands at the hands of a confession-hungry public. Let the newsdealers, if they fear further outbreaks of indignation, insure themselves against it by not only doubling but quadrupling their order.

"Classic, however, has one suggestion to make for the purpose of bringing about a more amicable arrangement between the buyer and the distributor of itself. It is that the fan make a definite reservation when he buys his one month's Classic, for another the following month. This will at once insure him against disappointment and the newsdealer against the unjustified ravages of public fury. Classic appears the tenth of every month. A reservation then for the following month should straighten out the entire distressing situation."

Confessions of the Stars

(*Continued from page 72*)

women friends, I may never have met them or heard of them before. It's quite all right with me.

"*Our house is open house. Our marriage is open marriage.*

"I know that he would never hurt me. By hurt I mean that he would never have an actual affair with another woman. That *would* hurt, of course. Normally. But having the confidence I have I don't care what he does and he feels the same about me. It may be egotism. I think I'm pretty nice and I doubt that he would find anyone much nicer. Perhaps he feels the same way. He ought to.

"I like him as well as love him. He's the most interesting man I have ever talked to. We've had about three dinners alone since we were married, keeping open house as we do, but on these rare occasions we've had the time of our lives. We always have so much to talk about.

* * * *

"*I'm perfectly happy. Perfectly.*

"If I had it all to do over again, I would do exactly what I have done, in every way, large and small, good and bad, the mistakes along with the successes. Only by living as I have has it been possible for me to come to the understanding I have.

"I have no regrets. None whatever. And I wouldn't waste time thinking about them if I did have.

"Live and let live—Make love and make money—that's my philosophy!"

* * * *

Betty Compson, self-confessed.

Her Royal Shyness

(*Continued from page 40*)

has leaked out I hate the idea of—" She made a sort of little gesture with her hands that included all the vulgar newspapers and questions and things.

"You're crazy," I said, a little ungallantly, but thinking of how most of the gals would have dashed right in to make publicity out of it.

The Opposite of Peggy

BUT June only shook her head. No fooling. She looked sorry.

I suppose that's what June's early training and background has done for her. Unfortunately for her press agent she was raised by a family in New York whose social rating was high. Ever since June can remember, she has lived within the conservative bounds of good taste. One did certain things. One did not do certain other things. One tea'd and made one's début and belonged to the fashionable group of New York girls known as the Pall Mall Club. But one did not flaunt one's self, or friendships, in newspaper headlines. Even in Hollywood, where she eventually landed, after meeting socially Winnie Sheehan of the Fox Studios, it goes against the grain. In other words, June has different ideas of getting in print than Peggy Hopkins Joyce, for instance.

"Of course, I'm awfully flattered," she admitted a little shyly. "What girl wouldn't be? And I was excited, too." After all, a Prince is a Prince. "I don't mean to be stand-offish in not giving out statements to the papers, but everything was such a good time and such a lovely experience I don't remember all the details that make good newspaper reading. Really I don't," she apologized.

"When people ask me what we ate and what all the guests wore, I couldn't tell them to save me. I hardly know what I wore myself. Mary Pickford looked lovely, I know.

She always does, and I think she wore white."

"Did the Prince dance more often with you than anyone else?" I went on relentlessly.

"Oh, he danced with everybody," replied June, helplessly.

"And have you heard from him since he left?"

Missing Her Mamma

"NO." There was a little quaver in her voice. She looked very much like a little girl who would like to have her mother with her to help straighten everything out. But mother was away in New York. And June was in Hollywood all by herself with headlines and newspaper pictures popping around her.

It may have been vulgar, but the world was interested, so I went on. Like *Simon Legree*. "But you posed for pictures with the Prince after the luncheon at the Ambassador, didn't you?"

June nodded. "We had to. I think the papers were under the illusion that Prince George would not consent to pose for a picture and so quite a dreadful thing happened just as we were going into lunch. Gloria Swanson and I had just met the Prince and his party in the lobby of the hotel and we had started for the dining room when all of a sudden some one jumped at us from behind a post and there was the awful noise of a flashlight. It sounded just like a shot and unnerved the Prince terribly. After that he promised the photographers that if they would not jump out at him from behind posts and bushes he would consent to pose for pictures after luncheon. He kept his promise."

"And he sent you orchids before he left town?"

"Yes," said June. But that's all she would say.

"It sounds lovely and hectic," I remarked without intending to give her a chance to change the conversation. Which is exactly what she did.

Parties and Pictures

"BUT not nearly so hectic as making movies," she smiled—as though inwardly pleased with herself at seizing the opportunity to discourse on a more legitimate publicity subject. "I used to think that parties and teas and dances tired me out, but I didn't know what it was to be exhausted until I came to Hollywood. I've only been here a year and in that time I've made so many pictures. The social rounds can't compare to the movies for late hours. 'Me, Gangster' was the worst of all. We worked all day and all night during the filming of most of that picture. I was so tired and nervous I thought I couldn't stand it unless I had a rest. But the minute I finished I was sent to New York to prepare for a trip to Europe with one of the Fox units. I was keeping up on my nervous energy alone and when I got word that the trip had been cancelled I took time off for a nervous breakdown."

I said that was too bad. "Do you suppose they are disciplining the Prince for being social in Hollywood?"

She looked a little bewildered. "Oh, that," she said, "I don't know."

Somehow I didn't have the nerve to pry any farther. But can you imagine a movie star dodging the issue like that? June must be a very unusual girl.

She is.

There is but one protection against pitched battles between husband and wife over who is to read MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC first. That is to have two copies reserved, instead of the customary one. And not to let either Aunt Hattie or Uncle Otto know about it until breakfast has been served. This is particularly important in the case of the next the January issue of CLASSIC. Out December 10.

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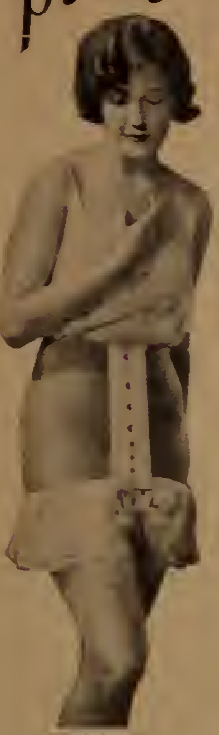

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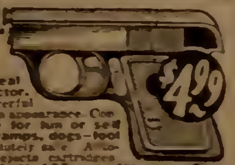

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The Celluloid Critic

(Continued from page 53)

giving it a first-rate atmosphere dressing. You ought to like it. It marks the last of the seven pictures which the star made for Paramount under his million-dollar contract.

D. W. GRIFFITH has made an up-to-date version of one of his early triumphs, "The Battle of the Sexes," and manages to invest it with moments of his genius, though the picture is far from being the master of the close-up at his best. Some of you may remark—"Where have I seen this story before?" Well, you can answer yourselves in the same breath—"Why, it's like 'Variety.' "

The same gold-digging vamp is in this yarn which concerns a much-settled married man kicking over the traces and going berserk. His peregrinations on the primrose path cause no end of worry and anxiety to his wife and children—so much so, that the little woman even makes a move to end it all, while the daughter goes to the vamp with tearful entreaties backed up by a revolver.

It seems old fashioned, does this plot, probably because the original served as a model for triangles gone whoopee. At that, it contains some good spots—and is sure to appeal with its good production values. Phyllis Haver has the vamp rôle—the same type of rôle which she portrayed in "The Way of All Flesh," though the characterization isn't half so genuine.

The lady of the late afternoon in the Jannings number was more real. The lady in this instance goes to extremes and loses the human touch. Belle Bennett makes a sorrowful figure of the wife and mother—and the children are in character as played by William Bakewell and Sally O'Neil. Jean Hersholt is the battler of the sexes and true to form, he comes through with another sterling performance, though he is inclined to exaggerate the rôle. This is undoubtedly the result of too much direction. The picture has its appeal. Who can resist the title or the Haver person or the Bennett-Hersholt names in the cast?

It is Richard Dix this time who has the time-worn *situation* well in hand in "Moran of the Marines," a picture of a marine and his light o' love. It's a familiar routine story smacking of G. A. Henty without the romance. And it takes its characters from America to China where the General's daughter is rescued from bandits by the husky marine. The title gives it away as one of those things with the customary trimmings—such as the mild conflict engendered when the old boy frowns on his daughter falling for a plain, ornery leatherneck. You can chalk it up as orthodox when you learn that *Mr. Moran* turns out to be one of America's richest millionaires.

What saves it is a certain freshness of treatment, its moments of humor and the buoyant acting by Richard Dix—who breezes through the part as if he had parked in marine barracks all of his life. Ruth Elder was especially engaged for the picture due to its flying incident. The girl does her aviation specialty very well. Oh well, take it or leave it. But Dix is always good and he always succeeds in making himself real.

The long-awaited Stroheim opus, "The Wedding March," which has been going on and on and on and on in typical *Stroheimish* style now greets us from the *silversheet.* And that is a two-dollar word which isn't needed for the time and expenditure placed upon this number. Eric is Eric again—which is to say that he enacts the principal rôle, playing it for all he's worth after the style he established in "Blind Husbands."

It smacks of the Continental touch and considerable editing has been done to it, so that it loses considerable of its spark. But its foreign flavor gives it tone and quality, even if the story isn't what it's cracked up to be. There are some gorgeous shots. These are to be expected from a director like Stroheim who always "shoots the works." His scene of the processional to St. Stephens is magnificent. And Fay Wray climbs to really great emotional heights in the principal feminine rôle. She is surely over now—and the picture is truly worth seeing. Stroheim is more or less fascinating as the militaristic playboy and ZaSu Pitts is splendid in a humble rôle. Look for some extraordinary shots and Miss Wray's great performance.

Glorifying the American Screen

(Continued from page 19)

Closed Doors." Metro-Goldwyn is to make another murder mystery in "The Trial of Mary Dugan," while Famous Players plans a perfect orgy of bloodshed in "Behind That Curtain," "The Benson Murder Case" and "The Greene Murder Case," the last two being from the homicidal pen of S. S. Van Dine, whose *nom de plume* has been guessed successively as covering H. L. Mencken, Henry Canby, Carl Van Doren and Willard Huntington Wright.

It is right and fitting that the author of mystery stories should remain himself a mystery, so Van Dine sends from the East clues to himself instead of a biography. He is, he says, passionately fond of chocolate cake, plays the flute, wears a monocle and a Van Dyke beard, smokes Turkish cigarettes instead of the conventional Sherlock shag, and took up writing detective murder tales to rest his brain after a nervous breakdown.

But he is more specific in regard to the rules for producing sure shivers, in books and motion pictures.

"*The author mustn't cheat the public,*" he says severely. "I am sorry to say that a good many writers of murder mysteries do cheat, especially women writers. There are different ways of cheating in mystery stories. Holding out clues and not telling them to the reader or the spectator is cheating. Concealing important characters till the end of the story, making the detective the real culprit, or an unimportant character like a servant, having it turn out to be a dream or a practical joke—all these things are unfair to the public."

Murder! That is the watchword of the motion picture studios for the moment. At the pre-views the producers count with a stop watch the number of women who are carried out fainting, the number of children who go into hysterics. Only in this way can they tell whether their picture is a success or not. As for the fans, if they go home from the theater pale and shaken, if they jump at every shadow and lie awake listening to the floors creak, they will know by these tokens that they have had a good time.

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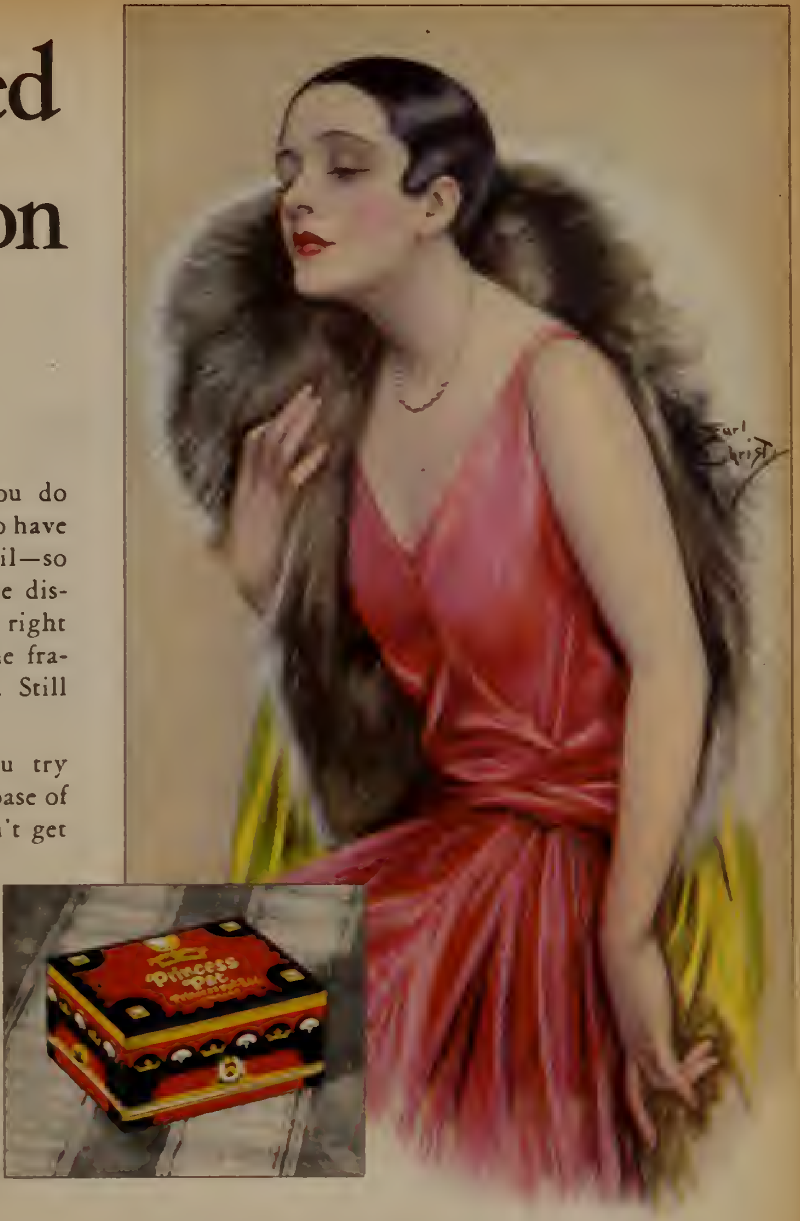
Your powder! What would you do without it! Yet usual powders do have their faults—don't they? They fail—so often. Soon after powdering the distressing shine is back—just the right velvety beauty is lacking—or the fragrance does not altogether please. Still you *must use powder.*

Be assured of this: once you try Princess Pat—with its exclusive base of soft, caressing almond—you will say, *not* that you couldn't get along without powder, but that you couldn't get along *without Princess Pat powder.*



Just the Invisible Beauty You've Longed For

It has been every woman's dream to discover a powder that would velvet the skin, impart patrician beauty, yet—as powder—remain invisible. You have dreamed of this magic powder, longed for its cool, delightful "feel," visioned its perfection under trying conditions. But have you found it? Yes, if you've used Princess Pat; no, if you haven't.

How, you may say, can *one* powder be so different. Ah, but that's the story. There is no other powder in the world like Princess Pat. The fine domestic powders are not like it; the expensive imported powders are not like it.

The Exclusive Almond Base Is the Chief Difference

Usual powders are made with a base of starch. Princess Pat does not criticise. But believes the more costly, the more soothing, clinging almond infinitely superior. Millions of women using Princess Pat believe this too.

For Princess Pat goes on like a caress, as softly as a rose brushed across the cheek. It has a certain "pliancy." Thus when you smile, Princess Pat remains supremely smooth over the smile lines. It is as though nature had given you a new and perfect skin. *Of course* it clings—by comparison—longer than any powder you may try.

Keeps the Skin Healthy—Protects Against Blemishes

Of course you select powder for the immediate beauty it gives—for make-up that is *perfection itself.* This perfection Princess Pat gives.

But, in addition, the Almond Base is *good for your skin.* Think of that, when you recall that some powders parch and dry the skin. Princess Pat, on the contrary, *soothes and softens,* is delightful to the most sensitive skin—is loved by women who had despaired of using powder at all.

Princess Pat prevents coarse pores—and blemishes. Its almond, held in contact hours and hours with the skin, is constantly bringing *permanent beauty.* And you'll definitely notice all these advantages. Select your cherished weight, medium or light, and your favorite shade, and let Princess Pat delight you. Shades: Olde Ivory, Flesh, White, Brunette, Ochre, Mauve.

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The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON *and 25c (coin). Only one to a customer. Besides Rouge, set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and SIX other Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.*

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Concerning fair, white hands

and how to keep them fair and white

Hands that reach up in tenderness can be as soft and cool as moonflowers . . . if they guard their youth by using a kind *soap in all their working hours!*

LOVELY hands that speak a welcome . . . hands that express your every mood, now eloquent, now listening, now tender, now gay! Do you ever wonder how you can *keep* them soft and smooth when they are busy all day? Don't be discouraged. You can!

You may have thought that you must use rough-and-ready kitchen soap for your household tasks in order to keep things shining and spotless.

Yet you know that strong soap burns the skin, parches it into tiny lines and roughens its smooth texture so that lotions can't repair the damage.

Ivory—whenever hands touch soap

May we suggest that if you use Ivory whenever you use soap, your house and everything in it will shine and sparkle, and your hands will be *protected*—all at the same time?

Ivory will cleanse everything a stronger soap can cleanse—and much more pleasantly and safely. Ivory makes silver and china shine. Its pure, bland suds safely removes tiny finger marks from creamy woodwork or washes cheerful housedresses to smiling cleanliness. And it *never* leaves a "laundry-soap" odor behind.

But even more important—Ivory helps your hands stay smooth and white. For after all, when you use Ivory for any soap-and-water task, you are merely giving your hands a *bath* with as pure and fine a toilet soap as you can buy . . . Ivory's purity protects sensitive complexions and the skin of tiny babies . . . and if you wish, it can keep your hands lovely—to say the pleasant things that fair white hands can say so well.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

Free: A little book on charm. What kind of care for different complexions? For hands? For hair, for figures? Send a post card for *On the Art of Being Charming* to Winifred S. Carter, Dept. 43-K, Box 1801, Cincinnati, O.

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Kind to everything it touches · 99 44/100 % Pure · "It floats"

Hands that set a charming tea table should themselves be ready for the occasion. They will be—if *they use gentle, pure Ivory.*

IVORY FLAKES
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Quick, dextrous hands which keep a home bright also keep their own charm—if, when they use soap, they touch only Ivory.